This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

THE

Hagerman Collection

OF BOOKS RELATING TO

HISTORY AND POLITICAL SCIENCE

BOUGHT WITH MONEY PLACED BY

JAMES J. HAGERMAN OF CLASS OF '61

IN THE HANDS OF

Professor Charles Kendall Adams

IN THE YEAR

1883.

DB
914
T62

9115

UNKNOWN HUNGARY

BY

VICTOR TISSOT

AUTHOR OF 'LA RUSSIE ROUGE,' 'LES PRUSSIENS EN ALLEMAGNE,' 'VIENNE ET LA VIE VIENNOISE,' ETC.

Translated from the Fourth Edition by Mrs. A. Oswald Brodie.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON

Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen

1881.

Hoagman Coll.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

CHAPTER I.

PAGES

From Paris to Fiume—Journey by sea: Capo d'Istria, Umago, Cittanuova, Parenzo, Pola—Journey by land: Pragerhof, the Carso, Castua, the Gulf of Quarnero—Fiume: the old town and the modern one—Search for M. Antonio Scarpa—The mills of the Fiumara—The Tersato—Fiume by night—A Gipsy Orchestra 1-32

CHAPTER II.

Tunny fishers of the Bay of Prelucca—Voloska—The Villa Angolica at l'Abbazzia—My visit to the Torpedo Manufactory of Mr. Whitehead—The Chevalier Sivel—The port of Fiume—Coasting—The Isle of Veglia—Buccari—Segna, the town of the Uscoques—Return to Fiume . . 33-63

CHAPTER III.

Departure from Fiume—Landscape of the Liburnian Carso—The valley of La Draga—Verbovsko—First apparition of Croatian women in their national costume—The Station of Ogulin—The Military Frontiers—Aspect of a village of the Borders—Moral remarks—Origin of Military Frontiers—The actual population—Life and chief facts about the heiduke Paulowitch—His establishment in the Borders . 64-83

CHAPTER IV.

PAGES

Carlstadt—Starting for Bosnia—Conversation with an officer who had travelled much in the country—Configuration of the land—Virgin forests—Extent and population—Mahometans, Christians, Jews, and Gipsies—'Golden Bosnia'—Dwellings of the peasants—The interior of the country—Hospitality—Compacts of friendship—Ignorance and superstition—Mahometan Bosnians are not Turks—Marriage and Divorce—The Raïa—Taxes—Justice—The district of Novi-Bazar—Problems of the future . . . 84-109

CHAPTER V.

Setting out of Croatian Soldiers—The Slaves of the South, and the Occupation of Bosnia—The Yougo-Slaves—Their National aspirations—Croatian villages—Arrival at Agram—First impressions—The upper town—The University—The Diet—Croatia and Hungary—Jellachich—His military *début* in the Borders—The part he took in the Revolution of 1848—Struggle of the Croatians against the Hungarians—The siege of Vienna—Retreat of Jellachich—Walk in the Environs of Agram 110-139

CHAPTER VI.

Sunday at Agram—Costumes of the peasants, men and women—The fashionables—The *fête* of the waters—Two shops—The condition of women amongst the Slaves of the South—The *Sokoli*—The handsome monk and the little shoemaker girl—Sunday pleasures 140-157

CHAPTER VII.

PAGES

M. Quiquerez, private ex-painter to H. R. H. the Prince of Montenegro—His stay and adventures in the Black Mountain—The Marovska-Illica—A rustic inn—The field of the Fair—Gipsy cookery—The *Kolo*, national dance of the Yougo-Slaves—The beautiful Militza . . 158-172

CHAPTER VIII.

The popular Slave songs—Meeting with an old 'Guslar'—The voïvode of Daïtchim—The Pasha of Zagorjé and the beautiful Ikonia—Mirko, the nephew of the man who was hanged—History of a blind assassin . . . 173-193

CHAPTER IX.

Departure from Agram into the interior—A Croatian Coachman—Rain and fine weather—Arrival at the Castle of Biskra—View of the interior—Croatian hospitality—My host's wine—Virgin land—Gambling and the nobility—Awakening—Croatian clergy—In the garden of the Castle—Visit to the clan Borovèz—Organisation of the Croatian clans—The 'Moba'—Haymakers—Manners and customs—Festivals—Croatian Switzerland—The baths of Krapina—Superstitions—Justice 194-241

CHAPTER X.

From Agram to Zakany—First Magyar Village—The Hungarian Army—Heroism of women—Kanisza—An abduction—Hungarian roads—Nagy-Atad—The *puszta*—Arrival at a friend's house—A Nurse's song . . . 242-269

CHAPTER XI.

PAGES

Stories about brigands—Two Slovac engineers—Patko—Bétyars and 'poor companions'—The Pandours—Sobry—Mylfait—A Jew who passed a 'mauvais quart d'heure' . 270-289

CHAPTER XII.

Dawn on the puszta—The Dwellings of the labourers—The rustic prolétariat in Hungary—Extent of the domains—The labourers on them—The revenue and produce of estates—The Harvest—The Fair at Nagy-Atad—Various races and types—Visit to the Monastery at Nagy-Atad—The beer-garden—Election scenes—The *Czardas*—The county prison—Return to the puszta—Popular Hungarian ballads 290-317

UNKNOWN HUNGARY.

CHAPTER I.

From Paris to Fiume—Journey by sea: Capo d'Istria, Umago, Cittanuova, Parenzo, Pola—Journey by land: Pragerhof, the Carso, Castua, the Gulf of Quarnero—Fiume: the old town and the modern one—Search for M. Antonio Scarpa—The mills of the Fiumara—The Tersato—Fiume by night—A Gipsy Orchestra.

THOSE readers who kindly accompanied me last year, in my excursion to Vienna, remember perhaps the road we took in travelling from Paris to the capital of Austria. After having crossed Mont Cenis we touched at Venice and Trieste, then passing over the Semmering—the Austrian Mont Cenis—we arrived on the banks of the Danube—which river is only blue in the title of Strauss' Waltz. This is the tourist's track. From Paris to Vienna the journey is easily made in thirty-eight hours, travelling through Alsace, Würtemberg, and the rich and level plains of Bavaria.

Following this route the traveller can also enjoy

the advantage of being taken for a propagandist of socialism, and the honour of being escorted to the frontier; but once having tasted that pleasure and made the nearer acquaintance of German gendarmes swaggering about in their long boots, not the smallest wish remains to cultivate their society.

We however, as a prudent or *blasé* traveller, wishing to reach the shores of the Danube, follow the route by Italy, which, though longer, is more certain, more varied, more picturesque, and so rich in interest of all kinds. The Cathedral of Milan is less sombre than that of Strasburg, which is guarded by Prussian sentinels as if it were still a prisoner of war.

The palaces of Verona and of Venice are well exchanged for the smoky and mal-odorous beer-saloons of Munich. Trieste is a charming town, full of flowers, sunshine, and pretty women, the three aspects of nature which only appear at their brightest when seen together. The grottos of Adelsberg and the passage of the Semmering in themselves would alone repay a longer journey. Leaving Grätz, the traveller might imagine himself transported into the heart of Switzerland; a new country reveals itself, at once stern and gracious, sublime and wild, full of contrasts and surprises, of unexpected charming scenes—green hillsides,—ravines with craggy flanks, gentle slopes, steep hills of varied cultivation, dark overhanging forests, amphitheatres of mountains, here delicately serrated, there with wild and broken sweeps, har-

monious in their bold and rugged outlines, plains with tufts of grass, and starred with lovely flowers, as if a shower of pearls had fallen on the sward. All these offer themselves successively to the view. Here, open verdant valleys, overshadowed by beautiful trees, where nestled smiling farmsteads, with doors and windows standing open; there, rise abrupt walls of yellow rock, whose dark crevasses serve as a refuge for birds of the night; lower down, deeply-furrowed ravines strewn with old pine-trees bearded with lichen, and fallen to the earth through the weight of years or stricken by the thunderbolt. At the bottom of an unfathomable gulf roars a torrent which chafes against the immense blocks of fallen boulders; then there are cascades which appear at a distance as if congealed in their fall like a sea of ice or of crystal.

At intervals appear unexpected vistas at the entrance of a gorge, or, in the midst of some upland valley lost in the infinite, roofs of hamlets, their red tiles contrasting with the green fields of the prairie; or perhaps, nearer at hand, on the edge of some precipitous rock, the sharply-defined outline of some herdsman resting on his long crook in the attitude of a statue, his leathern bag strapped on his back, his large hat over his eyes, watching without moving a flock of goats seemingly suspended over the abyss. Farther still are bare hillocks deeply scored by the rains, surmounted by blocks of white stones marking out where battlements once stood, and flanks of

crumbling walls now fallen in, broken arches of Gothic windows, where perhaps in other days the tender heart of some fair *châtelaine* responded in secret to the love ballads of the *Minnesinger.* Yet another view in the far horizon displays mountain ridges pointed as needles, whose edges sharp as javelins seem to cut the blue heavens and the floating cloud; their serrated peaks showing like a pile of bayonets against the background of the Schneeberg and the Raxalp, which, wrapped in their long mantles of snow whiter than the ermine, display summits crowned with silver diadems of light. This entertainment lasts half a day's journey, and the constant changes of scenery succeed each other as in a fairy spectacle.

But it is not necessary at Trieste to go as far north as Vienna to get into Hungary and to reach the Danube. At the station of Pragerhof a branch of the south line takes you straight to Pesth in eight or ten hours; and from Trieste the journey to Fiume can be made by land or water. Fiume is the maritime port of Hungary just as Trieste is of Austria, and the voyage between these ports is made in a day and a night by steamboats. These double the cape of Istria, which is shaped like a large vine-leaf lying on the surface of the Adriatic, the shores capriciously gulfed and bayed, forming a multitude of sheltering harbours azure and tranquil, fringed with olive-trees; peaceful anchorages belonging to picturesque villages white

and sparkling on the rosy hills, and here and there seeming like terraces of flowers floating on the waves, so far do the headlands covered with vegetation extend into the sea.

Here is Capo d'Istria with its finely wooded promenade, its great prison of yellow stone looking more like a granary for corn than a jail; its Roman and Italian ruins, its market-place, its winding and tortuous roads, its long covered passages forming dark and tunnel-like alleys where the footstep resounds on the flagstones as in a catacomb, where the eye is arrested and dazzled by the medley of little stalls offering promiscuously for sale massive jewellery and perfumed pyramids of oranges and melons and vegetables, as in the market-places of Venice. Towards the north the sea lies calm as a sleeping lake, its shores studded with villas and as thickly clothed with foliage as the most fertile coasts of Piedmont and Lombardy.

Ten minutes later Pirano, on the ruddy pedestal of its promontory, bursts on the view; its campanile bearing aloft on its summit in the clouds an angel weary of flying. The tall, massive, and square-built houses of the little town, celebrated as the scene of the victory won by the Venetians over the fleet of the Emperor Frederick, press closely one against the other as if by a common movement they joined together their walls to present to an enemy's attack their strong bastions arranged in a circle. The harbour is commanded by

an old crenelated castle proudly planted on a hill bristling with gigantic pines forming a leafy donjon.

It was in this castle that the son of the Emperor Frederick, after the defeat of his father, was kept prisoner. The pier of Port Glorioso, where the largest ships can anchor in foul weather, is crowded by sailors sitting on the edge with their legs hanging over the sea, dressed in their tattered shirts, low cravats, and Venetian hats, their arms swinging, and their pantaloons tucked up over their knees. A group of chocolate-tinted old women squatting on the sand mend their nets: the smallest details of the landscape and of life are pictures here; under an Italian sky, everything takes an original and individual character, delighting both the poet and the artist.

Soon we come to Umago, which has preserved its bold physiognomy as a town of defence and of war, having had to do battle both with men and the waves. Then comes Cittanuova, a small market town with houses of the colour of lees of wine, contrasting with the pale foliage of the olive-trees which frame it, and with the deep green Adriatic.

A cape which resembles the prow of a ship surmounted by a mast, is crowned by the old church of Parenzo, built on the ruins of a Roman temple. In the little town are still to be seen the ancient Capitol, the Forum, the Curia, the Comitia, the temples of Mars and Neptune, and the theatre. The Crusaders sailing to the Holy Land made this

their first port. The palaces facing the quay are real gems of architecture, constructed in the Byzantine style, with pointed windows, and covered balconies, ornamented with leaves and lace-work in stone, of aërial lightness and elegance, and with fragile colonnades, having capitals of acanthus leaves; around these climbs the luxuriant vegetation, roses, and star-like creepers. At each of the four corners of the palace keeps watch the lion of St. Mark, proclaiming its nationality. Opposite Parenzo in the midst of a wooded island, close to the ruins of the Convent of St. Nicolo, a lighthouse raises its pyramid of granite, flashing like the porphyry of Egypt in the golden glare of the sunshine.

Farther south the steamer touches Rovigno, surrounded with olive woods, and whose sunny hills produce the strongest wine of Istria. Rovigno is one of the busiest commercial towns of this coast; its cathedral, built on the model of St. Mark's at Venice, rises from the summit of a hill and commands the sea.

After leaving Fasana, which sleeps in a veil of olives, the islands of Brioni suddenly appear like the advanced guard of the gulf of Pola. Myriads of sea-gulls, weary of the ocean wave, literally cover as with a sheet of snow the rocks which were formerly the quarries of the Venetians; on the heights of the coast, at a right angle, the eye catches the first view of the fortifications of Pola. Driven out from Venice, Austria

established herself firmly on these coasts, where she guards the Adriatic; but all is still Italian here, language, climate, landscape, costumes, manners and customs. Pola has developed considerable activity of late years; the town is full of life and bustle. Armour-plated vessels and men-of-war are often in considerable numbers in the harbour, showing the urgency which Austria thought necessary to use in renewing and completing her munitions of war both for land and sea. As far back as the old Roman days Sulla had made the port of Pola the most important of Istria. When the civil war broke out, Pola placed itself on the side of Pompey, and Octavius punished it with fire and slaughter. At last Octavius, raised to the dignity of Emperor, repaired its ruins and rebuilt the town, to which he gave the name of his wife, Pietas Julia. From this epoch Pola again became a flourishing town, and under the reign of the Emperor Severus, she took the title of *Respublica Polensis*, and numbered 50,000 souls.

Hardly have we cleared the narrow strait formed by the Brioni islands, when a magic spectacle presents itself to our view. Half way down a bold and abrupt hill scorched by the summer sun, rises a gigantic amphitheatre, more imposing than that of Verona; its three rows of grand arcades seem to open their doors to the heavens. The sinking sun spreads a rosy tint of coral on the enormous ruin, whose immense shadow, like a colossal cameo, is traced upon the surface of the

lapis-lazuli of the sea. The effect is astonishing, the impression ineffaceable. Neither the fortified towers which defend the entrance of the port, nor the batteries which protect the shore, are ever noticed—nor the armour-plated vessels which encumber the quay, nor yet the large naval arsenal which spreads its long black line of sheds to the end of the town. This Roman amphitheatre, with its giant architecture, made as if to last for ever, dwarfs all.

Fifteen thousand spectators entering by the four gates of the circus, which is flanked by salient gables, could place themselves comfortably on the sloping rows of marble benches; these the Venetians, when they seized Pola in 1148, carried away to Venice to build their palaces. Here, as at the Colosseum, applause encouraged, excited, demanded bloodshed, 'the men among the spectators always calling for more bloodshed, the women mercy for the dying.' Thorns and thistles and a harvest of parasitical plants now fill the basin hollowed by the hand of man for the mock sea-fights; in these naval fights two or three thousand slaves butchered each other to distract for a little the ennui of their masters.

A café now faces the temple of Augustus; the municipal Council of Pola assembles in the temple of the Capitoline god, at the back of the hill of Diana; carts of rubbish pass under the gate of Hercules, and the theatre has been destroyed to raise a bastion. What various fortunes these towns, once so rich and

prosperous, of the Dalmatian and Istrian sea-shores, have passed through! We contemplate with wonder these noble and imposing ruins, and we ask ourselves whether, when other men shall have invented other laws, and shall adore other gods, the travellers of future times will in like manner come to seek for ancient cities once flourishing on the shores of the Rhone and the Rhine, and to search on the banks of the Seine for the site of the grand Opera and the ruins of the Louvre, the Arc-de-Triomphe and the Pantheon. Athens, Sparta, and proud Tyre have all disappeared; herds of cattle wander to-day over the ruins of Thebes, the town of the hundred gates. What is it to be eternal? To be born, is it not to begin to die—for men as well as for civilisations and cities?

The steamer doubles the headland of Istria and the cape Promontore during the night; and at early dawn something white, floating above the sea, is discerned in the depths of a bay, sheltered by a bare rock. As we float nearer it takes a more distinct form in the iridescent and transparent morning air; it lengthens and enlarges and lights up; it is Fiume, which presents itself in the rosy tints of the dawn with the grace and coquetry of a woman who, hearing her lover's footstep, throws open the curtains of her couch. But the features of this picture are so fine, so delicate, so aërial, that it seems like a poetic mirage which must fade on approach.

However, the ship advances, the windows of the

houses sparkle in the early light like so many suns, and the town presents itself in all the reality of triumphant youth, with its large new façades glittering against the dark background of the vegetation. The sea-mews hover round the fishermen's barks, which unfurl their red sails to the morning breeze. We run past the large steam-ships, at anchor, with their funnels of obelisk shape. We have arrived.

The journey by land is shorter, but not less interesting. It is by way of the Carso; a sea of stones rolling its rocky waves in disorder, its billows solidified as far as the eye can see—an ocean struck by the thunder, torn by the winds as living water might be, but more forlorn than even the desolate Dead Sea; without a living being, without a plant or a bird; in the summer spreading its savage and sombre melancholy under a fiery sun, in winter losing something of its skeleton-like rigidity beneath the winding-sheet of the snow. Up to the very wheels of the locomotive it is a tide whose waves overflow in flints, in eddies of large white blocks,—a veritable flood, not of water, but of stones, inundating all, covering all, drowning all, forming foamy masses of granite, rising into gigantic and petrified billows. It suggests the enormous ruins of a tower of Babel, the calcined soil of an extinct planet, or perhaps some wild and primitive globe, not yet ready for the habitation of man and animals.

However, the scene imperceptibly softens and changes with the gradual approach to the sea and

the coast; mosses begin timidly to clothe the hard stone, and curious plants venture to appear between the interstices of the rocks. If the sky is calm and the summer already come, farther on stunted bushes shelter themselves behind the higher blocks, becoming as we advance larger and bolder. By the time we reach the station of Castua, the transformation is complete. It is a new world. Small cottages appear half-hidden in luxuriant vegetation, which gives forth delicious perfumes; the hedges tremble with the fluttering of birds and their songs; at the top of the silver poplars, the cicadas utter their castanet-like sounds, and crowds of buzzing insects sparkle in the sunshine like a shower of gold. Nature restored to life and love, to the sweet caresses of the sea breeze, exults in her returning liberty, and intones a hymn of gratitude and joy. After descending some of the steps of these natural terraces, forming successive plateaux shaded with vegetation of a thousand forms, of a thousand tints and a thousand odours, all of a sudden the blue and limpid sea comes into view like a fallen firmament, whose glittering fragments form a frame around the islands of the Gulf of Quarnero, unfolding, in its calm and radiant beauty, its creeks, its headlands, its roadsteads, and its pretty little bays marked out with a capricious fineness of outline, and its shores clad with the beauty of perpetual spring. White villas, like tiny barks with their sails spread, stand amid the perfumed

masses of the thick vegetation, orange-trees and citrons waving rich odours from their foam-like blossoms. And, in the offing, upon a sea which the sun has clothed with a sheet of quicksilver, poise myriads of fishermen's boats, motionless like butterflies arrested on a mirror.

On the right, Monte Maggiore, majestically seated on its vast base, covered with forest, rears its abrupt cone of yellow rock gilded by the sun through the deep blue of the sky. The harmonious arch of the gulf describes a sweeping verdant bow dotted with white spots; these are houses which, in the distance, in the midst of their bushy gardens, resemble eggs in a nest. On the left is Buccari, idly sleeping like some Italian girl at the foot of an amphitheatre shaded by vine leaves, on the edge of the blue waters of the sleeping bay. And at the entrance of the valley, Fiume raises its church steeples, exhibits its dusty streets, and throws forth into the sea the two arms of its port as if in friendly welcome to the ships that arrive. The admirable position of the town recalls to memory Geneva; yet under these skies, there is a something of oriental passion and warmth which the Swiss town lacks, and of the freshness of an oasis in the profusion of brilliant vegetation.

It was by the land route that I made my journey into Hungary this time, and by which I arrived at Fiume. This journey is less hackneyed; indeed, I am not aware that any French writer has described it before.

The railway station of Fiume is far from the centre of the town. An omnibus rolling in the midst of clouds of dust conducted me to the *Hôtel de l'Europe* on the Place du Port. Nearly all the venetian blinds were hermetically closed. Outer blinds, forming tents to the balconies, screen the rooms from the heat of the day. It is now one o'clock; the town takes its siesta; there is not a passer-by—not a sound; some paroquets alone, from the shady side of the street, utter their sharp and piercing cries at the sound of carriage-wheels.

Fiume—the ancient Tersatica destroyed by Charlemagne—was formerly a little republic, like Genoa, Venice, and Ragusa. A council of patricians presided over the destinies of the country, and a commune occupied itself with the wants and interests of the town. When some foreign danger menaced the republican city, she claimed sometimes the protection of the Duke of Istria, sometimes that of the Patriarch of Aquila. At last on one unlucky day the council decided to hand over the keys of the town to the Emperor Charles VII., who never returned them, but left them as a legacy to his descendants.

It was Maria Theresa who made a present of Fiume to Hungary. In 1848 the Croatians entered it as conquerors, and occupied the territory until the conclusion of the Austro-Hungarian compromise.

Fiume, although once more incorporated into Hungary, has preserved a certain amount of autonomy,

and its prerogatives as a free port. Its schools are Italian; the deliberations of the municipal council are carried on in Italian; the only newspaper which appears in the locality, *la Bilancia* (the Balance), is edited in the same language by a writer of merit, M. Mohovich. It cannot be said that the Hungarians oppress subject nationalities. Under the Croatians the *régime* was less easy. But the Fiumese, like the inhabitants of Trieste, still look longingly towards Italy, though they would have nothing to gain by the change. What has Italy done for Venice since the Austrians abandoned it? Venice has never been more miserable and *triste.*

Fiume now consists of two towns which are in fact but one, the old town and the new; the latter stretches along the port, commanding the sea, and consists of two or three streets formed of fine houses with four *étages,* looking like all other houses of four *étages;* the principal of these streets bears the name of Vià del Corso, but the shops show neither active industry nor a demand for objects of luxury.

Leaving the Porte de l'Horloge du Corso, we pass into the old town which has remained immovable in the past; the narrow walls seem to cramp it, and to have prevented it from developing. It is still exactly what it was in the sixteenth century, and presents an original and unexpected aspect when contrasted with the new town, built by line and plummet like the Rue de Rivoli. The tour of the town is striking in the

extreme. The streets are but alleys, dark, steep, tortuous, confused, Italian in their aspect, physiognomy, names, and inhabitants, Italian by the tongue spoken and the dirtiness which reigns around. Here are vaulted passages with holes at the top for air and light, broken archways with long sprays of creepers; there, half-naked children grovelling on the threshold of infectious and dirty hovels open to the street, the whole of their furniture consisting of a table, a bench, and torn mattresses spread on the ground. Old women, thin and dirty as brooms, withered and wrinkled, and slipshod, come and go with phantom-like movements. The sun, which beats on the blistered façades of some of the houses, seems to cover their old walls as with a spotted leopard's skin. The windows, with blear-eyed panes pasted up with paper, are hung with curtains of spiders' webs, and garlanded with tattered shirts, petticoats, and stockings, drying in air. The larger doors remind one of wide mouths stretching from ear to ear as they laugh, the smaller ones of lips pursed up to keep a secret or to hide a mystery. At the end of a dilapidated street, and lighted by one of the pierced arches before described, an Inn spreads its green-painted tables, shaded by creeping plants; here sit some men drinking, out of stone pots, a thick and heady wine which makes them sleepy: a little higher, near some barracks established in an ancient tower, are grouped a number of Hungarian soldiers smoking, in their scarlet police-caps

and tightly-fitting pantaloons thrust into their high-laced boots. They are talking with some peasant girls, dressed in the scanty clothing of these coasts, showing the lovely contour of their arms and throats, as firm and white as marble, their coal-black eyes darting forth glances at the passers-by.

At the entrance of these ancient precincts, stamped with the impress of Venetian medieval life, springs a Roman arch, the base built into the surrounding houses, which, tottering with age, seem to lean one against the other for support. Here too are the Churches of the Assumption and of Saint Vito; the portico of the former recalls that of St. Peter's at Rome; the latter is built on the plan of Saint Marie-du-Salut at Venice.

In the Church of St. Vito there is an enormous crucifix, held in great veneration by the people of Fiume. The legend goes, that it was formerly in a chapel in the environs. One day some sailors were sitting on the sands at its feet and playing with dice. One of the players turned round suddenly towards the figure of the Christ on the cross, and exclaimed, as he brandished the dice-box, 'If thou dost not make me gain this time, I'll destroy thee.' He lost, arose, and flung a stone against the image; when, oh, miracle! the stone buried itself as if in the flesh, and caused blood to flow from the wooden effigy: the sailor terrified took flight, and ran and drowned himself in the sea.

The streets of the old town enter into the valley of the river Fiumara, which has been turned into a canal, and was formerly the actual port of Fiume. Even in these days this port offers so safe a shelter, that it is crowded with craft which do not require too great a depth of water, whose cargoes are wine, staves for making casks, and bones of various animals. These form a perfect entanglement of cordage stretched like filigree silver, a moving forest of masts, a confused medley of shipping ornamented with images of the Saints, and each carrying on its front two great eyes painted in red or blue as if to distinguish the approach to reefs, or for the purpose of sweeping the horizon of the sea. In the shade at the mouth of the river are many small shops for the sale of magnificent and succulent fruits; apricots yellow as amber, musk melons and water-melons, their rinds polished and shining like glass, sweet limes, and bursting figs distilling a delicious syrup sparkling like golden beads. The pavement is here oddly separated from the roadway by a series of palings grotesquely sculptured, representing turbaned and grinning Turks, Hungarians, and Bosnians with moustaches bristling like tusks, or falling in long ends—the whole resembling a row of heathen idols.

At Trieste, I had been given a letter to a gentleman of Fiume, M. Antonio Scarpa. Wishing to present it myself, I took a fiacre that was passing. I had been told, 'Every one at Fiume knows M. Antonio Scarpa.' 'You know where this gentleman lives?' I said to the

driver, showing him the address on the letter; 'he is well known here, I am told.' 'Certainly,' he answered; 'he lives at Martinsciça.'

As I did not know where Martinsciça was, I let him take me there. The road was most pleasant, following the line of the shore, sometimes rising on natural terraces shaded by figs and laurel trees, and sometimes descending into rustic little valleys, where were cottages nestling in clusters of verdure. We passed many peasants returning from the town. In Bosnia the peasant never goes out without his chibouk, and in Montenegro without his arms of defence; here, notwithstanding the benevolent aspect of the skies, the Slave peasant is always armed with an enormous umbrella! It is all that he does carry, except a gold ring in his left ear, whilst his wife marches behind him groaning and perspiring, bent in two under a weight sufficient for a beast of burden.

In an hour we had descended to the further end of a narrow valley whose rugged slopes recalled the bold landscapes of Salvator Rosa. The gigantic blocks of rock which were used in the construction of the harbour of Fiume were quarried here. Labourers bronzed by the sun, and dressed simply in a shirt and trousers, were pushing wagons loaded with stones and ballast on to the rusty rails. My conveyance stopped before a sort of smoking forge, against which were lying broken wheels, great iron screens in holes, lame carts, out of gear and upside down.

'Here we are,' said the driver.

I got out and presented my letter to a gentleman who had the appearance of an inspector of works.

'Antonio Scarpa?' he answered me smiling, 'that is not I; it is one of my cousins whose surname is Scarpeto; he lives at Fiume close to the harbour;' and he explained to the coachman in the Croatian language where the desired house was to be found.

We returned on our way, having continually at our feet the spectacle of the sea strewn with little white sails, resembling swans, their wings spread, sailing with great rapidity, while glimpses of Fiume were seen through a curtain of trees. At the end of half an hour the carriage stopped again, this time before a fine new house whose ground-floor was occupied as a warehouse and a counting-house.

I handed my letter to a gentleman who was standing on the threshold of the door, which was encumbered with cases and piles of merchandise.

'Ah!' exclaimed he, 'Antonio Scarpa, that is not for me; it is for my cousin who is called Scarpetina; he's gone to the country.'

He glanced at the pair of horses in the vehicle, and said, 'But you will get there in twenty minutes;' then tracing with his pencil a few lines on a board, he explained the road to the coachman, adding, 'You must go to the left, then to the right, then again to the left, then straight on in front of you, after which turn to the right again.'

A real voyage of discovery! The driver however

whipped up his horses with an air of indifference which reassured me. I thought to myself that he must understand, and that the family Scarpa would perhaps end with Scarpetino.

We returned into the street that we had crossed a minute before; but instead of following the coast line, ascended, under a blazing sun, a road steep as a ladder, which lengthened and lengthened out of sight, between two high white walls, giving out dazzling heat and light, and finally branched out into several other roads. Neither the coachman nor myself knew which to take, and on each of these the high walls continued like the corridors of a deserted cloister.

Taking the first that came, by chance, after having turned to the left, then to the right, and again to the left and right, we discovered in a recess overgrown with thorns and weeds withered by the summer heat, a dilapidated garden door.

'I'm sure it's here,' said the coachman, with the intuition of his calling.

There was no bell, so he struck the door with blows of his fist, but no one answered.

Then to vary the music, he took a stone.

This time a formidable barking was heard in various keys, and as it was of no use talking to the owners of these melodious voices, we began both of us to shout 'Signor Antonio, *ohé!* Signor Scarpa, Scarpeto, Scarpetino.!'

At these reiterated calls a door strongly barri-

caded in the interior opened wide, and revealed the figure of a young man with an intelligent aspect and pleasing manners.

'Monsieur Antonio Scarpa,' said I, presenting my letter to him.

'I'm Antonio Scarpa, Monsieur,' said he.

'At last,' I exclaimed; 'I have been hunting for you for three hours; from Fiume they sent me to Martinsciça, from Martinsciça back to Fiume, from Fiume I was sent here. I'm done up. I feel more like a shuttlecock than a man; my voyage would make the theme of a second Odyssey.'

He read the letter, we exchanged a few words, and then we shook each other by the hand as if we were already old friends; then M. Scarpa showed me his little property which he had lately bought.

Grass was growing everywhere, starred with soft purple flowers. The branches of the trees were bursting with savage profusion; it was a little corner of the earth, this garden, in all its original freshness. Luxuriant vines interlaced the trees, suspending graceful festoons to the very tips of their branches, the pomegranates were covered with coral buds, the fig-trees spread a second harvest; a pretty cottage opened at the end of a row of yoke-elm trees, its hospitable doors sheltered from the mid-day heat by a lovely pale green creeper.

M. Scarpa kindly proposed to accompany me in the excursion that I wished to make before sunset to

the castle of Tersato, which commands the valley of the Fiumara.

'We shall pass by the mills,' he said, 'they are well worth a visit.'

'Let us go by the mills if you wish it,' I said. 'Are there millers also?'

'Alas! even in these remote places,' he said, 'we have long since ceased to be primitive, and I regret to say, the poetry has vanished from the picture; the millers and their wives have completely disappeared, and are replaced by very well made machines.'

Instead of crossing the bridge thrown over the Fiumara, which leads into the town, we took the romantic road to the left, turning round the foot of the rocks of the Tersato, and overhanging the gorge of the Ricina, at the bottom of which roars and boils the river, fresh from its source in the side of the mountain a little higher up. This bold path, which continues for nearly seventy miles, and which, cut out of the solid rock, takes the name of the gate of Hungary, was constructed under the direction of General Vukassovitch with a strategic rather than a commercial object. At the time it was made, about 1839, the Eastern Question was, more than it is even now, on the tapis; at every turn the entry of the Russians into Bessarabia was announced, and as Austria had the promise of an alliance both with England and France, a fleet coming either from Plymouth or Toulon could very easily land a body

of troops at Fiume. In two or three days, by this route, the troops could arrive on the Save and reach the Danube. The Save falls into the Danube opposite Semlin and Belgrade. If the Franco-English alliance, so much dreamed of two years ago in Austria, and above all in Hungary—for the latter country felt itself more directly menaced by Russia—became a realised fact, and if the sending of an army corps, French or English, to the Austro-Hungarian territory became necessary, the landing could be made with great advantage at Fiume, which is the nearest point to the Save and the Danube.

We left the road and crossed the Fiumara on a wooden bridge. Beneath us the torrent roared with a voice of fury, struggling in the midst of enormous boulders, around the interstices of which pines and oak-trees clung by their strong roots. Ringdoves with pearl-grey wings, and throats of the colour known as *cuisse de nymphe émue*, flew in numbers about this peninsula of rocks. We followed a shady road, and came out into a fresh and smiling valley—into a beautiful park hidden in the midst of a gorge of Alpine ruggedness.

On the farthest side stood a large building with a yellowish façade, pierced with a hundred windows, and looking like a hospital, or barracks. As we drew near we heard the regular sound as of clock-work of the great wooden wheels put in movement by the water. Both the English and the Austrian

armies draw their supplies of flour from these great mills, which the whole of Hungary does not suffice to feed, for they consume also the corn of the Crimea.

'Often,' said M. Scarpa, 'the purchases made in the North Sea ports are more advantageous than those made at Pesth.'

A little further on in the same gulf stands another industrial establishment half a century old; these are the great paper-mills of Messrs. Smith and Meynier, which supply the whole of the Levant; the one partner, as his name indicates, is English, the other is French.

Here we turned back into the road we had quitted when we crossed the Fiumara, and sending away our driver, who was waiting for us, we began to climb the face of the rock of Tersato, which rose almost perpendicularly before us. We held on to bushes, stones, tufts of grass, as we crept up the steep ascent. After half-an-hour of this highly salutary though painful exercise, we arrived at the top, and were rewarded by a view of a magnificent panorama. At the foot of these dilapidated walls is an old castle which crowns the mountain, formerly the eagle's nest of the Frangipanis, and now the property of the family Nugent. It is only a ruin, but an Italian ruin, covered with flowers, bathed in perfumes, draped in foliage, full of birds' nests, and which has preserved in death something of the charms and coquettishness of youth and life; honey-

suckles and glycinas, a white creeper, cover its terraces, climb up the walls, fall in draperies or cascades, forming tri-coloured plumes in the old windows and battlements. It is impossible to imagine a more beautiful natural decoration.

On the principal terrace of the garden, in front of a Campo-santo flanked by two towers, stands a column of marble erected by the French soldiers on the battle-field of Marengo, in remembrance of the victory of the First Consul. This obelisk, very simple in itself, was given after the fall of Napoleon to Field-Marshal Nugent, who had it transported here. The Comte de Nugent was an Irishman in the service of Austria. He bought the ruined castle of Tersato after the capture of Fiume by the English, and the return of that town to Austria in 1815.

In the vault, built in the form of a temple, are the tombs of the count and countess, ornamented with their busts in marble. The fresco which decorates the ceiling represents two angels embracing, like two souls which find each other again in the ethereal regions. The interior of one of the two towers is peopled with Dianas, antique Venuses, Cupids with broken bows, nymphs, gods and goddesses, in profusion, in every imaginable attitude,—in short, the whole court of Olympus. In one corner were large stone bullets used by the Fiumese to ward off the visits, not quite disinterested, of the Uscoques and the Venetians.

In the warden's lodge was a collection of pictures

—Canalettos, Titians, and Tintorettos, of doubtful authenticity. Amongst these pictures of the Venetian school are some which are not wanting in originality: St. Sebastian spread out on a mill-wheel, whilst three women, with nothing celestial about them, delicately pick out the cruel arrows that pierce his flesh. The manly and beautiful figure of the Count of Frangipani, whose tragic death has been related elsewhere,[1] is animated by a vivacity and frankness of look, and an air of resolution and of high intelligence. Then comes a long series, grey and monotonous, of all the family faces, rising one above the other to the very ceiling. Yet in the portrait of the last of the Frangipanis, ferocious and energetic—one sees a vision of the future—the Hungary of the sixteenth century embodied in this striking and firm forehead, which speaks to you as though it were yet alive, and pierces to the depths of your soul.

Leaving the castle we went to visit the church and the monastery of the Tersato. A Franciscan monk came up to us and asked us if we wished to see the portrait of the Virgin painted by St. Luke.

'Is your picture authentic?' we asked.

'Sir, it is signed!' These words were said in a tone that admitted of no reply.

We followed the Franciscan, who conducted us to the grand altar, and proceeded to light the candles;

[1] '*Vienne et la Vie viennoise.*'

then he pulled a cord, and the picture coming from out a trap-door, slid into its groove and presented itself to our view; it was framed in solid silver, garlanded with necklaces, and bracelets, and hearts, and little arms and legs in silver. The head of the Virgin is truly Raphaelesque, wonderfully sweet, of exquisite feeling, with a smile bringing to mind some beautiful moonlight flower. The eyes are dark and pure, the whole physiognomy breathes a noble serenity; the style is so grand, the purity of the lines so irreproachable, as clearly to indicate the work of some inspired artist.

Around the monastery the cottages of the village are built at random, without the least attempt at order, their front walls painted with some staring colour hardly hidden by the trailing creepers. The Tersato is almost entirely inhabited by old sailors, daring pilots or true salts, returned with their little hoards from perilous voyages or distant expeditions.

We went into an inn with white-washed walls, its ceiling in fresco. Above the door was a cock with red and yellow plumes and a very vain air, his head on one side, and his tufted crest like a Phrygian cap, uttering the following gasconade, which was considerately pencilled as flowing from his beak—

'Quanto questo gallo cantara
Credenza si fara.'—
'When this cock doth sing
To you credit it will bring.'

An obliging hostess brought us wine, somewhat sour, which tickled our throats, but had a lovely tint of rubies. The casks were ranged on stands in the hall itself. On the case of the old clock, which was out of order, and ticked in a most disorderly way, were scores written with a piece of chalk. To the left a door opened into the kitchen, illuminated by a large fire, before which was roasting a string of fowls and pigeons in bunches. An old woman holding her spindle in her hand with all the dignity of one of the Fates, watched the slow rotation of the spit. In the distance was a white vapour, in the midst of which some girls, with their sleeves tucked up to their shoulders, were seen through the steam from the tubs. A young one, with her arms raised in an attitude full of harmony and grace, was wringing a white cloth, showering the water into a trough like so much rain. All of a sudden a burst of laughter was heard in the corridor, curious heads with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes advanced to the half-open door, then suddenly retired, light steps and rustling gowns disappearing in the passage. These comprised the youth and beauty of the village, who had come to inquire if the lovers invited to a little *fête* had arrived.

We returned to Fiume a little before sunset; sounds of music were heard on the Place du Port; all the town was promenading to inhale the sea-breeze, which had begun to blow, carrying

freshness on every side; the windows were thrown wide open, and each casement disclosed a pretty head.

The type of the women of Fiume is much that of the Venetians; the same dark velvety eyes, clearly pencilled eyebrows, the same pale complexion of the shade of old ivory, the same magnificence of hair, dressed with a fringe of gold or silver coins, the mouth large and smiling, and the teeth of the brilliancy of pearls.

In front of the cafés were tables with scarcely a vacant place, and amongst the crowd, girls walked up and down as at Trieste, their uncovered tresses turned back, their air truly that of conquest, as, playing with their fans, they dart glances either murderous or languishing on the passers by. At last the music ceased, the sun disappeared behind Monte Maggiore, which at that moment, with its cupolas of topaz and sapphire, resembled Babylon; the sea took a dazzling, indecisive tint, the windings of the rivers became more faint, the whole was fused into an indistinguishable grey. Some made for their carriages, others crowded into a tramway covered with an awning, and so went off to supper or to finish the evening in a large beer-garden in the environs, where that bright liquid flowed to the sounds of the waltzes of Verdi, Bellini, or Strauss, where cutlets and maccaroni on white plates were tinged with the rosy reflection of Bengal lights and fireworks, lighting

up the vast range of terraces which turned towards the sea their groves of trees and baskets of flowers.

I believe that this park has been given to a well-known restaurateur, one able to supply the requirements and amusements of the people, by the Fiumese themselves. In the upper part of this *Giardino Publico*, there are wooded lanes and alleys which wind and cross each other with the capriciousness of a labyrinth, with mysterious walks and nooks as in a forest, and alcoves where night falls on the dark and bushy tops of the pines. The breeze wafts odours of citron and orange flowers as intoxicating as kisses; and along the avenues, under the blue and starry heavens, lovers wander in the veiled light, their arms entwined around each other, as they slowly pass and disappear like visions.

Geographically and politically considered, I had been in Hungary since the morning, but up to the present moment I had not perceived the least appearance of a uniform or the Magyar moustache. I had heard nothing but Italian spoken around me. But at last, on returning to my hotel at eleven o'clock, I discovered something Hungarian; an orchestra composed of gipsies with their fine sunburnt faces, their long curling hair, their sparkling eyes, their teeth white and sharp as those of a young wolf, their costumes as full of character as the uniforms of the civic guard of the gipsies of the Paris Exhibition.

Poor gipsies! they were here, in their own land; they played divine waltzes, they scraped their violins with frenzy, vivacity, with an enthusiasm almost demoniacal; but there was not a Fiumese man or woman to hear or applaud.

It is easily accounted for; in the gardens I had just left, the evening air was so tempting, the women were so beautiful, and the orange trees so balmy.

CHAPTER II.

Tunny fishers of the Bay of Prelucca—Voloska—The Villa Angolica à l'Abbazzia—My visit to the Torpedo Manufactory of Mr. Whitehead—The Chevalier Sivel—The port of Fiume—Promenade—The Isle of Véglia—Buccari—Segna, the town of the Uscoques—Return to Fiume.

M. SCARPA had spoken to me of Abbazzia as one of the wonders of the environs of Fiume. This magnificent property belonged to one of his relations; but from the sketch he gave me of its inhabitants I did not notice any family vanity. We had arranged when parting a rendezvous for the next morning early, in front of the Café de l'Europe. To rise early is the first and most important rule in the art of travelling. Our coachman of the day before, with the golden earrings, was waiting for us. We took the road opposite to that to Martinsciça, and which, like the latter, threads in a white line the green hills and lovely sea-coasts. We passed by the railway station, the Austro-Hungarian Naval School, and the Torpedo Manufactory of Mr. Whitehead, then we found ourselves quite in the country. The sun was just beginning

to rise, the flowers opening and blushing under his caresses, and the sea rippled joyously. We picked our way through a forest, at the roots of whose trees the waves left fringes of foam. In the various gardens, laurels, citrons, and pomegranates arose in thick clumps, bathed in delicious perfume. The islands, the gulf, the promontories, the mountains with their varied slopes, covered with verdure of a thousand shades, formed a vast circus, spread like a splendid panorama before our eyes. At the end of the canal of the Farasina we perceived the far-off line of the open sea; ships entering the narrow channel, growing perceptibly larger as we gazed at them, though they appeared immovable, while the fishermen's barks, with their red sails, skimmed like large roses the dimpled surface of the sea. At a turn of the road we saw on a rock a custom-house official, his gun on his shoulder, watching the sea, his figure standing out in bold outline in the limpid morning air.

We arrived on the high cliffs of the little bay of Prelucca; a part of the water was obstructed by a large net, with immense ladders placed in front. On each of these there was a man on the look-out, and their elongated shadows fell on the calm surface of the sea. These vedettes are the fishermen, who look day and night for the arrival of the shoals of tunny-fish, often very numerous in the month of May in these latitudes. The tunny, like

herrings, sardines, mackerel, and mullet, move only in large shoals. Nothing could appear more graceful than the evolutions of this fish in the transparent water. Its under surface shines like a silver cuirass, its back has a metallic green brilliancy, as if it were set with emeralds, its forked tail spreads and lowers itself like a plume, or unfolds like a sheet with movements full of caprice and coquettishness truly feminine. Notwithstanding its great size and weight,—for the tunny often reaches from 170 to 190 pounds,—it is quite as agile as the trout. Friendly as the porpoise, this fish never goes far from the coast-line, which it follows in all its windings. One might imagine that it seeks the neighbourhood of man, for it sports in numbers before ships and boats that leave the ports, or that arrive from a distance.

The man on the look-out for the tunny is only relieved once in three hours; for this, the appointed time, it is very fatiguing work, as he has to keep his eyes unceasingly fixed on the entrance of the bay, so as to signal at once the approach of the prize to the other fishermen waiting in wooden huts on the edge of the water. The moment the signal is given, the latter run to the ropes of the net, which brings into play a second net, and this forms a trap for the fish, in such a manner that the tunny continue to crowd into it. Then the fishermen jump into their boats, and, armed with hatchets and

harpoons, perform a veritable massacre. The sea becomes dyed with blood. The unhappy tunny struggle confusedly, some trying to escape, others in death convulsions. At last all the dead bodies are drawn into the river; and it is not unusual to find five or six hundred. Each fish is immediately cleaned and salted carefully, and is thus preserved until the time for exportation. Our coachman told us that some years before the tunny fishers of Prelucca had caught a dolphin in their nets. 'It had,' he said, with a serious air, 'the breasts of a woman.' Sharks and seals are also found on these coasts; the sharks are not rare; we were not allowed to bathe during our stay at Fiume, because several of these dangerous visitors had been seen in the port.

Our path now descends, and we are at Voloska, whose white houses seem almost to dip into the sea. All the balconies are ornamented with flowers. Glycina suspends from the façades its bunches of violet flowers. Honeysuckle twines over the pillars, giving forth an intoxicating perfume. Groups of happy mortals revelling in absolute idleness smoke under the shade of the vine and fig-trees; at one place a bunch of laurel leaves, tied by a string to the top of a door, indicates that wine is sold within; at another some shavings, floating like a knot of satin ribbon, mark where beer can be bought.

Around the village-fountain, singing, whilst their

copper-bound jars were being filled, were peasant women with red stockings and sandals of straw, a corner of their dress tucked up, showing their slender ankles; they were singing and chattering, exuberant with life and health as the surrounding nature, and merry as the famous 'Wives of Windsor;' the sparkling water showering diamond-drops on the moss which grew beneath in the cracks of the marble basin, and beautiful pigeons with iridescent plumage were strutting around. How one regrets to have only a pen with which to describe these lovely scenes! It is not possible to give an idea of the play of light and shade, or to describe the expressions, attitudes, and gestures.

The temperature is so mild that camellias and laurels bloom in open air in the depth of winter. Abbazzia, ten minutes' distance from Voloska, is a little red village hidden in flowers like a nest. The doctors of Vienna send invalids here who cannot bear the voyage to Mentone or Algiers. The Villa Angolica, where we have at last alighted, is a princely dwelling in the midst of a paradise on earth. All known plants seem to be collected here, so great is their variety. As Boccaccio says, the collection of rare perfumed flowers recalls all the spices of the East. Vegetation is so rich here, the fertility is so active, that it overflows on all sides, breaking forth into flowers, leaves, bushes, grapes, corn, or fruit. In the centre of a lawn, a yucca reared its ornamented

stem like a Chinese hat; its silver bells shaken by the morning breezes, ringing as it were for a wedding of the butterflies and flowers. The papyraceous leaves of this tree, on which one can paint and draw as on ordinary paper, bend during the day to the earth like the curved blades of scimitars, but at night they rise; the plant indeed only displays its true beauty to the discreet light of the stars, when it opens its luminous coronal, having the appearance of pendants cut in crystal or diamond. By the side of the yucca was a bread-fruit tree spreading its denticulated leaves, which envelop a fruit tasting when roasted like the chestnut; it serves for the daily bread of the inhabitants of the islands of the ocean, the interior being white, farinaceous, and soft like the crumb of bread. Palm-trees, whose cylindrical trunks, like columns of an Egyptian temple, spread their leafy crowns impenetrable to the sun. Then there are cedars, imposing and calm as the solitudes from whence they come, raising their sacred dais, always green, under the majestic dome of the skies; also gigantic fig-trees whose ancestors furnished forth, gratis, garments for our first parents.

Wellingtonia, rhododendrons, and pomegranates, covered with crimson blossoms; aloes opening their azure sheaths; mimosas, whose flowers seem to be composed of the feathers of the ibis; jasmine and nopals in shrubs; bignonias from Florida, in whose flowers on their native soil are found humming-birds with bodies like emeralds set in coral: all these and

many more cover the land with a thousand colours or shades, all the warm tones of brocaded silks in all the marvellous combinations of oriental carpets, with simple and varied effects of ancient tapestry. Many of these plants would with us be worth their weight in gold. And then the roses in every shady corner seem as if they had stories to tell of the magnificence and warm life of these countries. Lilies in their white robes seem like young communicants. Jasmines twined around the sumach branches pour forth their souls in perfume. Ivy hangs from tree to tree, birds with diaphanous feathers swing in its loops like acrobats in their show dresses, and creepers cling everywhere, falling in perfumed cascades of rose, blue, or white.

Here, an avenue of fir-trees is the entrance to a forest where the beams of light fall through the arches and pillars as in a Gothic cathedral lighted only through its painted clerestory; there, paths for lovers seeming 'too narrow for one, yet wide enough for two;' farther on a pond, where the water-lilies spread their satin stars, as if the water reflected the heavenly bodies. Happy in the midst of these flowers were frogs in their green coats and gold-encircled eyes. And at the far-off end of all these avenues, and glades, and leafy swards, the majestic perspective of the sea added to the astonishing grace and beauty of the scene. And yet before this feast of the eyes and soul, the villa stood, its doors closed, its blinds down,

dumb, as though struck by death in the midst of so much life. It had the effect of a forgotten sarcophagus, which the earth has covered and draped with flowers and verdure.

We sat down for some minutes on a terrace, at the foot of which the waves were gently breaking; the melancholy rhythm fell on our ears, and our eyes beheld a spectacle more glorious than any we had ever seen. Opposite stretched the point of the island of Cherso; on the right the wavy lines of the magnificent sea-coast, dotted with white villages at the edge of the sea, or on the slopes of the hills, bearing the melodious names of Ika, Lovrana, Césara, Moschenizze, Fianona.

Lovrana means the 'town of laurels,' and the laurels here are trees as large as our own apple and pear trees. The castle of Lovrana was built by the Romans, who knew how to choose picturesque sites. Throughout the country are scattered enormous chestnut trees, having on their branches panicles of red flowers as delicately formed as the spun-glass candelabra of Venetian workmanship. These splendid trees fling out rich masses of verdure of the rich and deep colour of Gobelin tapestry like old green velvet. Here grow the large chestnuts that the confectioners of Venice understand so well how to preserve in sugary ice.

Monte Maggiore, like a great athlete, raises itself from the midst of this varied and profuse vegetation,

its naked shoulders scorched by the sun, and its bare head the colour of saffron.

On the left the gulf of Fiume takes a sweep, as if cut out of marble; beyond, again, the soil is chalky, less verdant; the breath of the *bora*[1] dries up the soil; but still, what tenderness of outline is ever melting in the distance, in paler, still paler shades of violet! One might imagine oneself in Greece; the pureness of the sky, the transparent blue of the atmosphere, the warm light that surrounds one, floating like ether, increases the illusion. However, we were obliged to relinquish for the time being the delicious sensations created by the sight of this landscape, warm and sympathetic as fireside dreams, during those winter nights when Paris shivers under the snow, and imagination like a half-frozen bird takes its flight to sunnier regions. I had accepted the welcome invitation of a French engineer, M. le Chevalier Sivel, residing at Fiume, to make a steamboat excursion with him on the Gulf of Quarnero; besides, I had also got permission when returning from Abbazzia to visit the torpedo manufactory of

[1] 'In the south of Europe the north winds are of great violence and severity, the extremes of temperature existing between the Mediterranean and the glacier-covered Alps giving rise to aërial currents of frightful rapidity. When the effect of these gusts is combined with a general north wind, there is produced a north-east wind of extraordinary violence. In Istria and Dalmatia, where it is called *the Bara*, it has been known to overturn horses and ploughs. A similar wind, named the *mistral*, at times sweeps up the valley of the Rhone; and in Spain, a north wind, called the *gallego*, is of a very formidable character.'—(Hughes' *Outlines of Physical Geography:* 'Meteorological Phenomena.')—*Tr.*

Mr. Whitehead. It was high time to put ourselves *en route.* The promise of a *pourboire* to the coachman had happily the effect of doubling the speed of his horses, and in less than half-an-hour I reached Mr. Whitehead's, whilst my companion retraced his steps to Fiume. I arrived at a happy moment. Mr. Whitehead was just then on the beach, with the three French Commissioners of sub-marine defences, M. Hanès, captain of the frigate, and MM. Hélet and Desdouits, engineers of Cherbourg intrusted with the taking over and testing the torpedoes bought by the Government. Count Hoyos, son-in-law and partner of Mr. Whitehead, perceiving me, came forward and presented me to these gentlemen, and I then witnessed some most interesting and curious experiments.

It is not necessary to be one of the initiated to comprehend the complete revolution that such engines are destined to create in naval warfare. The Whitehead torpedoes have such an appearance of life, so terrible a power of destruction, that they are not less formidable than the sea-monsters of mythical history. Imagine an enormous steel fish shaped like a tunny of twenty to twenty-four feet in length, which swims with the velocity of twenty to twenty-four knots an hour, and which, first grazing the object against which it is directed, causes the supply of gun cotton with which its head is charged to burst, thus sinking the largest armour-plated ships!

In Mr. Whitehead's workshops the men call the torpedo *la bestia*, *i.e.* the beast, so much does its structure resemble a living thing. It is in its head that the mine is placed, whose charge varies with the amount of destruction required from the *bestia;* thirty-six pounds of gun-cotton are enough to destroy the largest vessel. A needle and percussion-cap produce the explosion at the first moment of contact. Behind the head is placed the 'secret chamber,' enclosing an ingenious mechanism which regulates beforehand the direction of the torpedo, and maintains its position during its whole course, at the same depth of water. This mechanism, the most complicated and most important part of Mr. Whitehead's invention, he preserves a secret; it solves one of the most difficult problems in physics. The rest of the body of the torpedo contains a reservoir of compressed air at a pressure of seventy pounds to the square inch, which puts the machine in movement, and starts the screw that forms the tail.

The torpedo being lighter than water, floats on the surface when it is not at work, or when it has arrived at its destination without having met any obstacle.

I must give a description of the kind of experiment I was allowed to witness. Two men placed the *bestia* in the frame-work, something like a gun-carriage, specially invented by Mr. Whitehead for the launching of his torpedoes. The commissioners of the French marine took out their chronometers: at a

given signal the torpedo was filled with compressed air—this operation takes less than a minute—and the torpedo with the quickness of a cannon ball, springs from its tube, plunges under the sea to a depth of sixteen to eighteen feet, and proceeds on its way, producing a slight bubbling on the surface of the water, striking at a distance of about a third of a mile floating targets placed on the buoys to represent the enemy's fleet; then the torpedo, not being loaded, returns further on to the surface like a great dead fish. Three times the attack was begun by the same torpedo; when its path had been regular, when it had arrived at the given spot at the exact time, and without any irregularity, it was registered, and the commissioners of the French marine took it over in charge. If, on the contrary, the test had revealed any defect, the torpedo was put on one side, and returned to the workshops like a faulty horse to the stables. These engines cost the little trifle of from £200 to £240 a piece, so it is necessary to submit them to very severe tests.

Whilst these experiments were going on, I took the opportunity to glance from time to time at Mr. Whitehead, whose appearance is eminently typical. Dressed completely in white, like a planter in one of the English colonies, he carried over his shoulder an enormous umbrella, which shaded his square and massive head; his bronzed complexion was lighted up by dark eyes, small but piercing and

sparkling; his features indicate energy, the sharp outlines of his mouth show perspicacity, patience, and perseverance; he is of the silent race of great thinkers and great inventors. He speaks but little, listening incessantly to the ocean of thoughts which is for ever bubbling in his brain.

His origin is but humble. Born on the 3d of January 1828, at Bolton in Lancashire, he attended the grammar school up to the age of fourteen, when he went into a factory managed by his uncle, Mr. William Swift, in Manchester. At the end of seven years, having finished his apprenticeship, he followed his uncle, who had been appointed to take the management of the manufactory of Philippe Taylor at Marseilles, and he remained in this establishment as draughtsman up to 1847. Young Whitehead then started for Milan, with the intention of studying the trade of silk weaving; but the revolution broke out, and he went to Austria and engaged himself as setter of machinery in Lloyd's factory at Trieste. Two years later the management of the Strudthoff Machine Manufactory was handed over to him, under the name of *Stabilimento tecnico Triestino.* At last, in 1858, Mr. Whitehead left Trieste to direct a new engine manufactory at Fiume, which was just established; the owner however became bankrupt, and Mr. Whitehead bought the concern in 1872, to turn it into a manufactory of torpedoes.

'Would you like to see the machinery at work?' asked Count Hoyos, who was doing the honours of his father-in-law's establishment with truly Hungarian politeness.

'Gladly,' I answered.

We returned by the road which we had taken before, and walking on planks placed end to end on the ground over the thick black dust, in which we should otherwise have sunk to the ankles, we crossed the threshold of an enormous flat building, whose dusty windows had the appearance of being curtained with spiders' webs; an engine which reached the ceiling puffing out jets of white steam. A dim twilight pervaded the immense shed where five hundred workmen laboured, their sleeves tucked up over their arms, their chests bare, their hair in disorder. When the vast roof was lighted up suddenly by the red bursts of reflection from the forges, one saw the perspiration beading their foreheads like drops of blood, and the muscles projecting from their tawny skins, like roots of trees on a red and arid soil. The effect produced by the figures of these men bending over the forge, or leaning far back to increase the force of their blow, was increased by the fantastic play of the lights and shadows, bestowing on them gigantic proportions; they looked like Cyclops forging their thunderbolts. The noise was deafening, a perpetual ring of hammers, as the iron was beaten, a harsh grating of pulleys, the

snorting of great bellows, a continuous buzz of work, grinding of files, clanking of bars of iron, with the heavy and monotonous thud of the engines that produced the steel. In one place floated sheets of fire, spreading in red waves of flame: near us on the ground were strange instruments like monstrous animals. Tubes of steel opened their jaws as if to snap us up. These burning forges were like lighthouses; they flung livid gleams on the walls blackened with coal dust, and threw against these fitful lights the wild figures of those who were working at them. We advanced amid sheaves of sparks and falling stars flung out from the anvils on all sides, in the heavy and charged atmosphere.

The men worked by sections in the manufacture of the same pieces; some always made the head, others the body, others the tail of the torpedo. In a separate department, enveloped in mystery like the laboratory of an alchemist, sits a solitary workman, who unlocks the door only at the voice of Mr. Whitehead or Count Hoyos. It is he who is intrusted with preparing the ingenious mechanism necessary for regulating the path of the projectile at an equal depth—a mechanism that, as I have said, remains the secret of the inventor.

We came out into a court paved with iron dross, open to the sea; the Count showed me strong nets of iron chains, torn and twisted from side to side as if by a shell. 'You see,' he said, 'that these nets with

which it was thought that ships could be protected against torpedoes, are not of much use.' Then he conducted me to the model of a little fireship, constructed by Captain Luppis.

'The torpedo,' said the Count, 'derives its origin from this little sloop, which was to serve, according to the plan of its inventor, for the defence of the coast in time of war. It was in 1860 that the public heard for the first time of this novelty, but it was in vain that its inventor, M. Luppis, addressed himself to the Minister of the Austrian marine, for he always answered, "You must find means to regulate the direction and speed of your boat." Now M. Luppis had no other method of directing his fireship to the right or left bank of a river except by ropes, and to put it in motion by clock-work and an apparatus of petroleum. It was sufficient, but we shall see how one idea leads to another.

'Meanwhile, M. Luppis was introduced by one of his friends to my father-in-law, Mr. Whitehead, at that time Director of the *Stabilimento tecnico* of Fiume, and who had acquired agreat reputation by his construction of machines of defence for the Austrian Marine. It is to Mr. Whitehead that we owe the excellent machinery of the frigate *Ferdinand-Max*, which in the battle of Lissa sunk the iron-plated frigate *Re d'Italia*. M. Luppis explained his idea to Mr. Whitehead, and had no rest until he was associated with the skilful English engineer.

Mr. Whitehead set to work with that ardour which he brings to everything he undertakes, but he soon convinced himself that M. Luppis' invention was too defective to have any chance of success. "We shall never," he said, "contrive to direct our fireships in stormy weather; so it would be of little practical use. We must rather turn our thoughts to invent a smaller body, which can direct itself at a certain depth under the surface of the water, like a great fish, and which shall be at the same time sheltered from the winds and waves, and also invisible to the eyes of the enemy."

'M. Luppis comprehended the wisdom of this advice, and Mr. Whitehead day and night, without ceasing, thought out the idea, at first vaporous as a cloud, mentally turning it round and round, and considering it under every aspect, seeking to give it a bodily shape.

'At last he evolved his torpedo—the fish torpedo. M. Luppis' faith in him in every attempt upheld his courage. After eight years of work, study, attempts, and experiments of all kinds, Mr. Whitehead at last proclaimed that his work was finished, and he addressed himself to the Austrian Government. The Archduke Leopold, Commander of the Engineers, and Inspector of the Navy, at once saw all the advantages to be derived from such a discovery. This happened in 1866. In the month of May in the following year a special Commission, of which I was a member,

arrived at Fiume to study the new discovery on the spot. The carriage, or framework which supported the projectile, consisted then of a simple iron tube placed three feet under the water, and which shut or opened by means of a valve. The model of an iron-plated frigate was made with a wooden bottom; this was laden with stones, until it was sunk about fourteen feet in the water. The torpedo, hurled at this target, cut the wooden keel all along its length as if it had been sawn in two, and the stones were flung into the air by the enormous wave caused by the explosion.'

'The experiment was completely successful,' I remarked.

'Yes,' answered the Count, 'but the Commission required some improvements. It was then that Mr. Whitehead found means to regulate, by a mechanism of his own invention, the irregular path of the torpedo, and this mechanism also maintained it at an equal depth, the whole length of its course. In consideration of such a brilliant result, the Austrian Government offered to Mr. Whitehead the sum of £20,000 for his invention, which he refused. But, once adopted by the Austrian Navy, the Whitehead torpedoes were successively taken up by England in 1870, by France in 1872, by Italy and Germany in 1873, also by Sweden and Russia. Holland, Spain, and Greece have held back so far, on account of the expense, although small countries which do not possess a large fleet would derive

great advantage in having torpedoes to defend their coasts. An enemy's fleet would never care to face a battery of our torpedoes.

'In the Russo-Turkish war,' continued the Count, completing the information I had asked of him, 'the Russians being provided with torpedoes, made use of them before Batoum. During the night of December 27th, 1877, as the Ottoman fleet had taken refuge in that port, two sloops, the *Tchenné*, commanded by Lieutenant Zajurenny, and the *Sinopé* by Lieutenant Tschehskinsky, approached under cover of the darkness, and launched their torpedoes; but instead of reaching their intended destination, they passed between two vessels at anchor, and reappeared on the water at a distance about sixteen feet from each other, and quite close to the armour-plated frigate, the *Okhania*. The Turks captured them. On the night of the 29th January, the two Russian sloops came again before Batoum, and this time they launched their torpedoes with complete success. A gun-boat of the enemy was struck and sunk in a few minutes, though the Turks always pretended that the crew managed to save themselves.'

'How many torpedoes do you make in a year?' I asked my good-natured guide.

'From five to six hundred.'

'And which country gives you the largest orders?'

'Russia.'

The Count then showed me an unsinkable lifeboat invented by his father-in-law, Mr. Whitehead. And indeed, even since my visit to Fiume, this celebrated discoverer has invented a very useful apparatus to be placed upon ships, or in front of locomotives, by which the electric light may be used at a great distance, on a railway line, or at sea, in dark nights, so as to avoid collisions.

If, on the one hand, Mr. Whitehead has found means to destroy human life, on the other, by way of compensation, he has also discovered ways of preserving it.

Fulton, the inventor of steamboats, had long ago studied the means of defending coasts, and of destroying the fleet of an enemy. He it was, in fact, who gave to these engines the name of *torpedo*, after the fish whose contact produces an electric shock. Fulton filled a floating body with powder, which had the power of lighting itself at will, on its path, by means of clock-work adapted to the lock of a gun. In 1805 he made trial of his invention before the Lords of the Admiralty; it was directed against an old brig, which it struck within ten minutes, and, raised to a great height by the explosion, it fell completely shattered. In 1807 Fulton repeated his experiments in the United States, but with less success.

No further notice, however, was taken of the invention, until the war of the Secession, when the

Americans, borrowing Fulton's idea, constructed a little ship, 'the Spitting Devil,' furnished with a mechanism in front, putting into movement a long lance, at the extremity of which was a torpedo in the form of a shell which should dart under the ship destined for destruction. In the present day all this seems very primitive; for, as we have seen, Mr. Whitehead has brought torpedoes to such perfection that they seem to be almost living things; and who knows if even here submarine warfare has reached its last limit?

Count Hoyos then courteously reconducted me in his carriage to Fiume, where at the restaurant of the Hôtel de l'Europe I found M. Scarpa waiting for me. After a hurried luncheon, we quickly joined the Chevalier Sivel, head Engineer of the Works of the Port of Fiume, on his steam yacht.

Hungary has not grudged her millions of florins to embellish and endow the town of Fiume with a port, which, when it is finished, will be much larger and finer than that of Trieste, whose surface of anchorage is much more limited. In 1857 the ships which arrived at Fiume were still obliged to take shelter from the *Bora* in the mouth of the river Fiumara. But now the port consists of an embankment of 918 feet in length, and of a mole of 230 feet, and also of 988 feet linear of quays, joining the mole with the embankment, at an angle of 45 degrees. A Parisian Company, 'The Society for the General Con-

tracts for Railways and Public Works,' is intrusted with the construction of the port of Fiume. All the great works of public utility executed in Austria, Hungary, and Italy have been made, one may say, by Frenchmen or with French money.

M. Sivel conducted us through his domains, that is to say, the interior of the port. We beheld the immersion of gigantic blocks of stone, transported to the shore, and which were now being lowered into the water by means of strong chains. But the most curious operation is that of the unloading in five or six minutes of the barges, which bring every day from the quarries of Martinsciça the materials for the piers, representing 500 railway trucks. This is the way it is managed: At a given signal the valves are opened, the water wells up into a compartment in the middle of the boat, in such a manner that, as the reservoir fills, the barge is seen slowly to dip over; the great blocks, here called *canons,* are piled up on the shore; immediately the barge capsizes, and with a see-saw movement getting rid of its weight of water, rights itself immediately, and rises to its old position. Nothing is more wonderful than the agility and skill displayed by the sailors at the moment of seeming disaster; they spring to the opposite side, to which they hold on with their hands, or simply with their feet.

Other barges, also employed in constructing the embankment, are furnished with sliding-floors; the

bottom opens like a trap-door, and the blocks of stone are shuffled out of sight like a nut in a conjuror's magic-box. The Roman Noyades must have been conducted on this principle.

Two small steamboats constructed at St. Denis from M. Sivel's own plans, which ply in the roughest weather when all other steamers of the coast run into harbour, carry on also the service of the port. The one on which we were, bore the name of *La Pia* (the Holy one), and was bought second-hand. Oh, irony of fate! It served formerly to transport the gamblers of Nice to Monaco, and behold it to-day, reduced to towing old pontoons laden with stones in the port of Fiume!

We bore off from the land, directing our course towards the island of Veglia, along whose deeply indented shores we coasted, until we arrived at the pretty bay of Lecina, at the foot of Castelmuschio. Standing on its pyramid of rock, with its white houses, and sharp church-steeple, it looked like a town of Calabria. At the end of the bay was a shady valley, full of chestnuts and olive-trees, and dotted with smiling villages. Cat-fish, here called sea-wolves, are caught in the bay of Lecina by torch-light or with a trident. The interior of the island of Veglia, the largest and most densely populated of the Gulf of Quarnero, is very fertile. The harvests of wine, corn, olives, and honey are very abundant; it is in fact the orchard and kitchen-garden of Fiume;

produces sheep, and also a very good breed of horses, active, muscular, sure-footed, and quick of eye, as those of Corsica. Hares and rabbits swarm everywhere. Woodcock are shot even in winter, and wild duck and partridge all the year round. Sportsmen come from Vienna to shoot in these islands; and the Princes of Windischgratz and Coburg sometimes organise shooting parties, as English noblemen do, for bears in Transylvania. There are fifteen little towns in Veglia, besides about fifty small villages, and its population reaches 25,000 souls. Formerly this island was a republic, with a chief chosen once a year, to whom they gave the title of Count. He represented the executive power; but to escape the incessant attacks of pirates, the inhabitants of Veglia, in the twelfth century, put themselves under the protection of the Republic of Venice. The island was made over in fief to the brothers Juana Schinella, who exchanged that name for the title of Counts of Frangipani, and the Senate declared the supreme power hereditary in their family. When the King of Hungary, Bela IV., was conquered by the Turks (about 1240), he took refuge in the island of Veglia, where he succeeded in reconstituting an army with which he made himself master of the country. He gave the towns of Segna and Fiume to the Frangipanis, which family thus became one of the richest and most powerful in Hungary. Its last descendant having conspired against the Emperor of Austria,

was beheaded at Neustadt in 1671. Tradition has it, that it is in memory of his tragic death that the inhabitants of Veglia still continue to wear their clothes of a colour so sombre as to resemble mourning.

About four o'clock, having left behind us the island of San Marco, we entered the charming bay of Buccari; we passed in front of Porto Re, whose castle has been transformed into a hospital for the skin diseases so common in this country, some of which (*le scheliero*) present symptoms of the leprosy of ancient days. This castle, with its orange-coloured walls, and flanked by two large round towers surrounded by outer walls, belonged to the Frangipanis, indeed, tradition further affirms that it was within its walls the Count prepared the plot against Austria which cost him his life.

At the entrance of the Bay of Buccari there are still to be seen the old works of defence erected by the French under the orders of General Marmont; but the port itself has been formed out of an ancient crater; it reminded us of the lake of Bourget in Savoy. Half the population of these gay little villages were employed in the excavations of the Suez Canal; and it is here that the Austrian navy finds its best sailors, and the merchant-marine its most skilful captains. Tunny-fishers, from the tops of their high ladders, watch the surface of the sea, too calm for their trade; a little further, in the timber-yard, are seen the

skeletons of large boats and ships, looking like antediluvian monsters in course of reconstruction for a museum. Prince Lichtenstein's yacht, the *Hertha*, whose crew were at Buccari, was at anchor in front of the town. Prince Lichtenstein is one of the richest proprietors in Bohemia, and has made a voyage round the world in this yacht. The houses of Buccari are all built of stone, with two or even three stories, and tastefully decorated in the interior with objects of art, and curiosities obtained in long voyages. At many of the windows, spreading their brilliant wings in the sun, are parrots of every colour, cockatoos or green paroquets chattering and flirting their tails like Japanese fans. With the aid of our field-glasses, we made out on the Place du Port stalls of fruit, mountains of lemons, figs, and apricots. The apricots of Buccari and Segna are in great request, and are carried in boat-loads to Fiume.

Our little steamer tacked about, and we began once more to sail along the coast of Martinsciça with the swiftness of a bird. What a charm there was in cruising thus under a beautiful sky and on a smooth sea, in a gulf that reminded us both of Naples and Geneva! Flocks of sea-gulls hovered around us like garlands of white roses; the shores of the various islands and of the continent opened successively to our view with a smiling grace, the sumptuous richness of colour and variety of shade delighting the eye. We smoked excellent cigars, and drank

genuine Zara Maraschino, worthy of perfuming the lips of a sultan; the sea, dazzling and as smooth as glass, reflected our ship as in a mirror, whilst in our wake delicate flakes of foam seemed to ornament our track as with lace.

If I had not been engaged to dine at Fiume with the French Consul, Baron du Règne, we should have continued our excursion to Segna, three or four hours distant from Porto Re.

Even in this incomparably beautiful and interesting gulf there is no town which affords so many recollections as Segna—memories of feasts and poetic contests, where all seems ideal or theatrical, where the drama was woven out of fabulous and romantic adventures; on one side a handful of pirates, on the other the united fleets of the three great powers. Segna is the ancient town of the Uscoques, 'a nest of Christian corsairs;' as the popular Slave song says, 'feared from Bagdad to the end of Egypt.' The mountains in those days sheltered the town from attacks by way of the land, and by sea there were formerly so many reefs and shoals that it was impossible to land except in very flat canoes or very light barges.

The name of Uscoque is derived from *Skoko*, that is, fugitive. The Uscoques were originally Turkish deserters who had taken refuge in the fortress of Clissa in Dalmatia; but Clissa was besieged by the Ottomans, and Ferdinand of Austria offered

shelter to the Uscoques in the little town of Segna, the property of the Frangipanis. Having no occupation, no branch of industry, no fields to cultivate, no mines to work, these men, born with the instinct for blood of the eagle and the shark, regarded the sea as their domain, and the ships which sailed on it as their lawful prey. They lived only by theft and pillage; they swooped down upon the Adriatic as reapers on a field; they were more kings of the sea than the Venetians, whose loved city, called 'the Bride of the Doges,' they ravaged, returning to Segna gorged with gold and laden with booty. Then they would give themselves up to scenes of unparalleled riot, which lasted during entire days and nights; they were joined by all manner of idle and wandering Zingaris, Bohemians and Hungarians, Slaves and Croatians, like famished beasts or hungry birds of prey attracted to a battle-field. Tables were joined together to form a stage on which to dance in the midst of vases and silver-plate stolen from the palaces of Venice. They would drink until they became senseless; it was indeed affirmed that Satan himself presided at these orgies as in his own palace.

Nothing frightened them, these terrible Uscoques, and they made up by craft and cunning what they lacked in numbers. When the Ottomans besieged Vienna, the bold Uscoque Prébeck, seeing the fortress of Siget resist all assaults, disguised himself as a Turk, prayed, salaamed, and spoke as a Mahometan, and

having succeeded in getting into the place, presented himself to the Pasha, saying, 'I am an Osmanli of the town of Filibé; my trade is to make gunpowder, and I go from fortress to fortress to furnish to my brethren the means of defending themselves against the Croatians.' The Pasha of Siget received him with distinction, lodged him in his *konack*, and treated him like a brother. Prébeck did make gunpowder, but he placed it in the cellars of the fortress, and in the midst of a dark night, when all slept, he lighted a match with a train which he had calculated to reach the powder, and then hastened out of the place.

At the moment foreseen by him, the fortress was blown up into the air with thousands of Turks, and Prébeck returned singing triumphantly to Segna.

The Venetian convoys which started for the East, or which returned, were obliged to be escorted by galleys, and every Uscoque that was captured was invariably hung on the main-yard; though they were sometimes exposed in iron cages on the Place Saint Marc. But even amongst themselves life was held cheaply; when an Uscoque died another immediately took possession of his hut, and appropriated his wife and children. The Emperor of Germany came to the aid of the Venetians who were besieging Segna; he seized the fleet of the pirates, and conveyed the whole of it to Fiume to be burnt; but the Uscoques got up in the night, and, travelling by the mountain roads, fell unexpectedly on Fiume, and not only recaptured

their own ships, but seized besides eighty Fiumese vessels, which with their recovered possessions they towed to Segna.

A little later, a Venetian galley entered Pago, having on board the Admiral of the fleet, Cnitofero Venéro; the ships of the Uscoques made signals, and then, under cover of the thick darkness, boarded the galley, killed the crew, threw forty passengers into the sea, and returned to Segna with their prize. On the way they cut off the heads of the Venetian officers, reserving Venéro until they got home, when they massacred him like so many cannibals, tore out his heart, and cooked and ate it.

On the representation of France, and in virtue of the treaty of Madrid, ratified in Paris on the 26th of September 1617, the Emperor engaged to put a German garrison in Segna; the fleet of the Uscoques was destroyed, and they themselves were exiled by name to the environs of Carlstadt in Croatia, where land was given to them. It is said that their descendants still keep up some of their ancient customs. Thus they still envelop the head of a corpse with a cloth pierced with holes, in order, as they say, that it may see; and they keep up the custom of hired mourners at funerals, who relate the life and actions of the deceased, and challenge death. The young girls also, as at Segna, wear red caps.

We had now arrived at the entrance of the harbour of Martinsciça, where are the quarries which furnish

materials for the construction of the new works. The cliffs have fallen in, torn up by the explosion of the mines; large overhanging blocks of stone are suspended apparently in the air, and fragments of rocks strew the ground; all these are destined to complete the various quays and jetties. Deep excavations open their gaping mouths eighteen to twenty yards in depth, large enough to swallow up more than twenty tons of blasting powder. At the moment when one of these mines is sprung, one feels the earth tremble and shake as if it were seized with terror. The lazaretto of San Francisco stands at the other end of the bay, arcades and a red pavilion forming the body of the building. Our steamer plied its way, and at sunset we re-entered Fiume, just as Baron Du Règne, getting impatient for his dinner and his guest, appeared on the balcony armed with a telescope, whose calibre was calculated to keep him well informed of the movements of celestial mortals rather than of those of this earth. The evening subsequently passed with him, in company with the old wines of France, began our voyage agreeably, and softened the always painful moments of departure.

CHAPTER III.

Departure from Fiume—Landscape of the Liburnian Carso—The Valley of La Draga—Verbovsko—First apparition of Croatian Women in their national costume—The Station of Ogulin—The Military Frontiers—Aspect of a Village of the Confins—Some moral remarks—Origin of Military Frontiers—The actual population—Life and facts about the heiduke Paulowitch—His establishment in the Confins.

BARON DU RÈGNE, who is in the habit of spending his summer nights smoking a dozen of cigars in the light of the pale stars, easily persuaded me to keep him company. After dinner, at which we sat long, we had gone out and lounged about in the streets, where our shadows flickered on the white façades of the houses; then we went into the cafés, where the idle gossiped, and afterwards on the sea-shore, where the waves hardly whispered, as, if tired with their long journey, they were ready to go to sleep behind the jetties.

What lovely and sparkling nights there are on the Adriatic! The transparent twilight which envelops the various objects gives them shades of ideal beauty,

of a silvery blue; changing like opal, one might imagine oneself transported into a town of crystal, lighted by a moon issuing from the electric ateliers of Jablochkoff. The stars, compared so often by poets to the eyes of their beloved ones, have in this limpid sky a look of infinite tenderness. And they are so numerous that at some places the firmament seems covered with a powder of gold, or veiled with a transparent spangled gauze.

We celebrated the return of the dawn by libations of champagne which poured gaiety and warmth of France into our veins, then bidding adieu with regret to the kindest of hosts, I hurried to the station to take the first train for Agram, the capital of Croatia.

In the waiting-room, Montenegrins in their national costume walked about, their waist-bands full of pistols and kandjars, on their chests a plastron of red cloth embroidered in gold, under which is worn a tight-fitting coat of white flannel. A little spangled cap on their heads, black breeches, and stockings drawn up and fastened at the ankle of their boots, complete their costume. Melancholy-looking Slovacs with faces as pale and thin as a new moon, wearing small round hats, their long flaxen hair falling over their shoulders, a corner of their cloth cloaks thrown tragically over one shoulder, their legs wound round with long ribbons, their feet in sandals, kept by themselves, and carried a quantity of wire mouse-traps, and tin ware of various kinds. By the side of

them I recognised a woman of Veglia by her dress of black muslin; a handkerchief of the same sombre colour turned back over her head was tied under the chin.

The railway line going towards Agram gradually rises as it passes over the sides of the Liburnian Carso, and in the ascent the gulf, coming more and more into view, develops itself with ever increasing magnificence. The coquettish little town of Buccari looks like a bather seated on the borders of its land-locked bay, whose transparent water resembles that of an Alpine lake; the eye alights on a number of islands and rocky islets scattered amongst the reefs in the straits of the archipelago.

The iron road next crosses the fertile valley of the Draga, the property of the convent of Tersato; the village is in a charming position, with the mountain at its back. The swallows fly in and out of its church steeple, and the school-house has its mast, from which on Sundays and holidays floats the national flag. In this valley, blessed by the monks and protected from the winds, the vegetation has an air of pride and liberty and joyousness. Streamlets of water winding about at their will, make the orchards and fields merry with their soft murmurs; the prosperous-looking houses, painted white or pink, have each a niche from which a rustic Madonna crowned with stars looks smilingly down.

The gardens full of flowers, dwelling-places of an

eternal spring of nature and of life, are so crowded with children, as to suggest that in this favoured soil, they may spring from the blooming earth side by side with the asparagus and artichokes. Here they are in noisy bands, in swarms and strings, in shouting myriads like nests of ants, laughing loud, their little shirts fluttering in the wind showing their healthy pink legs; they shake their curly heads, looking like cherubim, but chattering like sparrows. Little brats, charming in their dirt and semi-nudity, growing up under the care of God, but it must be admitted somewhat after the manner of the plants of the garden and the inhabitants of the woods.

The locomotive continues its ascent—zig-zag like a child's kite. Sometimes we are facing the mountain, sometimes the sea. Seen from this height, how vast and imposing is the Adriatic, and the objects on its coasts how small! All that surrounds her she absorbs in her immensity; she devours all, annihilates all; she alone seems to exist; land and sky disappear; she alone lives and breathes as if her labouring bosom concealed the heart and soul of the world.

But soon the aspect of the landscape changes; vegetation becomes pale, stunted, sickly; verdure disappears, the rocks show themselves in their rigid bareness; we have re-entered the desolate regions of the Carso.

The arid and calcined soil is covered with scoria

of lava which long ago burst through the crust of the earth. Thin and hungry-looking cows, like those which must appear in the dreams of the members of the Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, wander with slow steps seeking often in vain for a blade of grass in the fissures of the rocks. Here and there squares enclosed by white walls, like fortified enclosures, protect the fields of sickly corn from the attacks of famished beasts.

At last we reach the station of Verbovsko, perched like a Belvedere on the top of the mountain.

The scene changes.

The country again becomes beautiful. The sun spreads a golden gleam on the shrubs, and the young leaves are lighted as by a halo; the delicious freshness of the morning breeze and the tender tints of the corn-fields, the lakes and the hills, are reflected in one's own soul. The desert is passed, life awakens again.

During the detention of the train a crowd of girls passed by, young and pretty, carrying on their hips wooden pitchers hooped with copper, walking in a file bare-footed and bare-armed, dressed in the floating Croatian chemise, which descends to the calf of the leg; they were going down to the village fountain, like the daughters of Laban. The one who arrives first quenches her thirst, drinking from the neck of her pitcher, and then wipes her mouth with a corner of her one garment. This patriarchal costume, leaving

a good deal to the imagination, carries one at once back to the Biblical times and to those happy countries in the New World, where women present themselves to the traveller without tricks of toilette, and without powder and paint, and where a chemise is almost the insignia of royalty. The suppleness of the figure without the corset is set off in all its grace and beauty under the white clothing, which gives it the appearance of a living statue of marble. No deceptions are possible. All that is young, healthy, and robust in form exists as nature has created it, for the pleasure of the Croatians themselves and for the admiration of travellers.

But the locomotive tears us pitilessly away from our study of the human form, and carries us as if by enchantment to a change of scene, into the midst of a little Switzerland in miniature—rugged valleys and wild torrents; then, passing through a forest, and next a tunnel, shortly afterwards arrives at the station of Ogulin.

Here a troop of women and girls sprang to the assault of our carriages, not with lances or assagais, but with baskets of splendid strawberries. The prettiest among them—and really all who were between fifteen and thirty were pretty—were smiling with open mouths displaying their dazzling teeth; the strawberries they offered us were scarcely less rosy and tempting than their cheeks and lips.

What a picturesque variety of costumes! and what

a contrast between the young faces and those of the wrinkled old women with their tanned skins, their sunken eyes pierced as with a gimlet, their long pointed chins, their hooked noses, and their bent backs. The more fortunate had boots, the chemise being fastened at the waist by a red scarf, and their figures concealed under a sort of waistcoat lined with sheep-skin, the latter enriched on the outside with ornaments of leather in every colour, punched out, forming bouquets of flowers and arabesques on a creamy or yellow ground. The head is enveloped in a spotted handkerchief of orange, or violet, or black, and long plaits of hair, in some cases sparkling with coins, in others interlaced with green ribbons, float down the back or are tied together.

Amongst these women are some whose original costume recalls that of the Bosnian or Servian peasant. On their feet they wore the *opanke*, the national shoe of the Slave of the south. It is made of tanned sheepskin, and is fastened to the foot with thongs; their legs were encased in a piece of linen woven of the same pattern and colour as the two long-fringed aprons they wore, one in front, the other at the back of the universal chemise; round their necks they had a triple row of necklaces of coral, glass beads, shells, and amulets. Such pretty little heads they had, and large gazelle-like eyes. Small boys dressed in sheepskin and a fez cap, also carrying strawberries in baskets made of the bark of the birch

tree, struggled in the midst of the seething crowd of the other sex.

Ogulin, one of the villages once comprised in the military frontiers, was formerly the head-quarters of a regiment.

These military frontiers, called *Confins*, have now been suppressed, and the administration is entirely civil; but in former days they played an important part in public affairs.

The *Confins* were on the borders of the Unna and the Save, the two rivers which separate the Austro-Hungarian empire from Turkey, and the organisation of these ancient frontiers was so curious, that if we pass on without describing them, we might be reproached for our silence; the rather as this military *régime* no longer exists, except under a very different aspect in the districts which we traversed. The former captain of the company is the chief of the civil administration of the present day. The functions are changed, but the staff remains the same. There is still the brigadier, but he now superintends the schools.

The army of the *Confins* or Borders was the most compact and the best disciplined of all the Austrian forces. It was in this border land of Hungary and Turkey where were recruited those soldiers, at once so heroic, and yet so grotesque by the singularity of their ways and their dress; those terrible pandours who, not so bad as they were reputed to be, could,

at a hundred paces off, hit the head of the pipe a comrade was smoking, who fought equally well on foot or on horseback, slept in the snow, and lived on a morsel of rye-bread dipped in a little brandy: these were the famous *kaiserlicks*, those intrepid hussars *de la mort*, whose sight alone spread terror on a field of battle. If Austria succeeded in giving the checkmate to the revolution in 1848, it was thanks to the army of the *Confins*. It has been calculated that the wars of Hungary and Italy made 30,000 widows, and 60,000 orphans, in the military colonies of the Croatian sea-coast and of the banks of the Save. These figures speak eloquently of the manner in which these men understood the duties of a soldier.

Both as labourers and soldiers the *Grenzer* or Borderers owed the State their military service in exchange for the lands they possessed. The *régime* was absolutely feudal. The emperor preserved the suzerainty; the colonist had the use of the soil, that is to say, in perpetual and irrevocable fief. As in old times the feudatory had to render his services as a soldier in time of war, and forced labour in time of peace.

Every morning saw the inhabitants of these villages set out in two bands: one, with their knapsacks on their backs and their muskets slung in their belts, going to the frontier; the other, also in uniform, but with a spade and a rake on their shoulders, going to

work on the fields they cultivated in common. The Borderer owed to the State one week in three; he presented himself with his provisions at the guard-house, called *Czadak*, a sort of wooden hut often perched high upon piles. At the period of the overflow of the Save he was imprisoned as it were in this observatory. Mounting guard in winter, on some high hill or on a snow-covered plateau, must have been severe work, but the Borderer did not complain; for him this warlike and agricultural life had its poetry.

Should the enemy advance under cover of night, he lighted a tar barrel fixed to the top of a pole, and at the signal a cordon of fire burst forth all along the frontier.

From the age of twenty every man born in the military zone was a soldier for life. A father could not, without the leave of his colonel, have his son taught a trade, and his daughters were disinherited if they did not become the wives of soldiers; indeed it was not unfrequent to see them shoulder a musket and go off to the particular watch-house on the frontier, and mount guard in place of their husbands.

Instead of being divided into circles or districts, the country was divided into regimental or military communes; the colonel, placed at the head of the staff, filled the functions also of governor and absolute judge, having the power of life and death.

The prettiest house of the village was always that

of the head of the staff; near it were the bake-house of the regiment and the canteen stores; and then, ranged on both sides of the road at equal distances like sentinels, the wooden huts destined to lodge the soldier population. The interior of one of these habitations, consisting only of the ground-floor, is miserable even in the present day—no furniture, no utensils. Often there is only one room in which the whole family sleep pell-mell. The women of the Confins do not bear a good character. 'Things must be bad indeed,' says a traveller who visited it some twenty years ago, 'when it has drawn the attention of the inhabitants of the southern provinces of Austria and Hungary, where manners are so easy, and where every one is so indulgent both in regard to himself and his neighbour.

'The women all along the frontier and on the borders of the Save are tall and strapping, generally pretty, and occasionally of rare beauty; they have little respect for the matrimonial tie; every incident of youth and adolescence prepares the way for an irregular life. Children learn their first lessons in the single room where, during the whole winter among the poorer, every one in the house sleeps indiscriminately, children, young girls, young men, married couples, and grand-parents. Is it to be wondered that all youthful instincts of modesty are stifled? In times of peace, all the male population, fathers, husbands, brothers, are often absent at forced labour,

and during a campaign they are often away for months, or never return. And when there have been numerous wars women are much in excess in numbers, many without any one to support and protect them. It is in the midst of such a population, left like children in an orchard, that hundreds of officers, for the most part young and bachelors, are located, having nothing to do but seek distraction from their ennui. Their functions bring them much into contact with these families, and thus the doors of all the houses are open to them—the almost unlimited power that they wield disposing the people to dread their anger, and be willing to propitiate them. Is it surprising, therefore, that the wives and daughters, when these little sultans do them the honour of distinguishing them, do not think of resistance? The numbers of children that result would be even greater if the women, not out of shame, but from dislike to the charge of them, did not have recourse to infanticide and other evil practices.'

Has the abolition of the exclusively military *régime* of the Confins improved this state of things? I fear not, if we are to judge by what we are told by those who have an opportunity of intercourse with these mixed races.

The law obliged the Borderer to be a member of an association, to live in a community, at the head of which was placed a patriarch who could only

become chief after having passed the age for active service.

If a colonist quitted the clan without permission, he was brought back by force as a vagabond, and was punished with the lash or imprisonment; in case he repeated the crime, he was degraded from the ranks, and a sort of penal servitude was inflicted upon him; he was made a carter of the munition and provision wagons. The inhabitants of the Confins had their particular privileges, amongst others, that of liberty of conscience, which has caused many Christians from Servia and Bosnia to join them. The Catholics had besides the right of assembling in congress, and of electing their bishop.

The total population of the military Confins, located on a narrow strip of land extending from the Adriatic as far as the most eastern upheaval of the Carpathians, numbered at the end of the last century more than a million souls. On the borders of the Unna, the Save, and the Danube, 12,000 sentinels mounted guard day and night, forming a living wall which separated Austria from Turkey, and protected Europe against the barbarians, the plague, and other epidemics. All infected merchandise coming from the East was stopped by this military and sanatory cordon. The Romans used to make similar frontiers to protect themselves from the invasion of the Germans, Sarmatians, Daci, and Goths, and the Russians proceed in the same manner

in Asia. These military Confins were instituted in Austria after the victory of the Turks at Mohacz in 1526, and gave the signal for that epic war still waiting to be sung by some modern Homer, and which lasted two centuries between the Austrians, the Hungarians, and the Ottomans.

Towards the year 1690, the Turkish armies which devastated Hungary having been driven back beyond the Theiss and the Maros, the military frontier was extended along these two rivers; but sixty years later, pressed by the demands of the Hungarians, who looked with an unfavourable eye on these regiments of Slave soldiers in their country, Maria Theresa consented to disband them. A hundred thousand Servians then quitted the shores of the Theiss and the Maros, and led by their chiefs emigrated into Russia. The Confinaires of Transylvania, known under the name of Secklers, *i.e.* guardians, dispersed of their own accord in 1748.

The population of the Confins has preserved something of its warlike and manly aspect and ways; and whilst in no part of the Slave provinces of Austro-Hungary one sees such beautiful women, nowhere also does one meet with such handsome men. Tall, thin, slender, and supple, they have an athletic vigour; courage and daring sparkle in their blue-grey eyes; some of them twist up the ends of their long moustache, so as to give their countenances an expression still more ferocious. Many of them are descended

in a direct line from ancient brigand chiefs, who, tired of hazardous expeditions, and a life of perils and adventures, one fine day put the frontier between them and their native country.

Bosnia has always produced the most perfect specimens of bandits, defying the competition even of Greece and Italy. They were very numerous in this province before Europe interested herself in the fate of the unhappy Christians, who were reduced by the Mahometans to the condition of serfs and helots.

The raïa, unjustly treated by the *beg* or by the Turkish captain, fled into the mountains, his heart swelling with hatred and vengeance, and turned *heiduke*, or brigand.

I remember reading in a German newspaper biographical details, full of originality and character, of one of these old Bosnian brigands who had become an Austrian soldier of a frontier regiment. He was called Wutchko Paulowitch, and was born in a village near Buzim; his name, formidable within a circle of some fifty leagues, was a terror to the rich, but was welcome in the ears of the poor and oppressed as the synonym of protection and justice. Wutchko was pursued time after time by the troops of the Pasha of Travenick, but he had always so miraculously escaped their bullets that in the end they believed him invulnerable. It was in vain that they put a price on his head; all the country-side

were for him, and he was always warned of the slightest danger.

Weary of the contest, the Pasha, who was superstitious, and who partook of the general belief of the invulnerability of the heiduke, sent one of his agents to him. 'I am charged,' said he to the brigand, 'to bring you a safe-conduct, and to beg you to come to my master, who wishes to speak with you as a friend.'

Paulowitch accepted the invitation; he went to Travenick, and was introduced to the Pasha, who made him sit on his right hand on a cushion, and offered him a pipe and coffee.

'What will you ask of me?' said he, after having talked familiarly with him. 'What will make it worth your while to give up this villanous trade of yours, damning your soul as you are thereby doing?'

The heiduke reflected a moment before answering, then his eyes brightened with a more than accustomed brilliancy, and he spoke in a quick, trembling voice.

What he asked no one ever knew, but this was the Pasha's answer. 'If I sell the whole of Bosnia, Herzegovina, Albania, Macedonia, Roumelia, Constantinople, and even Mecca and Medina, I couldn't give you what you ask of me.'

Paulowitch returned from Travenick without a hair of his head being injured, and without having seen the

shadow of an avenging turban. The only thing he had promised to the Pasha was never to divulge to a soul the pretended secret which made him invulnerable. In exchange the Pasha granted to him and his sons the privilege of not being forced to hide their arms, nor to descend from horseback, as every raïa is obliged to do at the approach of a Mahometan.

'Your family,' added the Pasha, 'may live in peace in your village, and may count upon my protection.'

Several weeks passed. Wutchko Paulowitch, confident of the word of the Turk, had installed his wife and children in his village, and had gone to Segna to find one of his friends.

Informed of his departure, the Pasha of Travenick, who was only waiting for a favourable opportunity to seize the family of the formidable heiduke, arrived with his soldiers, by forced marches, surrounded the house, and made prisoners of all whom he found in it.

'You have already forgotten your promise, then,' said the wife of Paulowitch, with bitter scornful dignity.

'If we were obliged to keep our engagements with bandits,' said the Pasha, 'we should never know the end; come, woman, get ready to follow us.'

'My lord, my life is in your hands, but it shall never be said that Atanasia Paulowitch followed you out of this house alive.'

'Pity, spare us!' cried the eldest of the daughters, throwing herself at the feet of the Pasha.

Unfortunately the youth and beauty of Mirka were more fitted to excite the covetousness and bad passions of the Mussulman than to win his pity; he fixed his hawk-eye on her graceful figure, then brutally gave orders to his men to seize the poor girl, for he already in fancy beheld her in his harem.

But at the girl's desperate shrieks, the raïas rushed up with muskets, hatchets, and pitch-forks.

'To arms! to arms!' cried the Pasha's men, who, not expecting such an audacious attack, were in the midst of pillaging the heiduke's house.

Atanasia Paulowitch had presence of mind enough to profit by the alarm and confusion to escape with her children.

She succeeded, by creeping along the hedges, in gaining the mountain; arrived half-way, and when beyond reach, she stopped an instant to take breath, and to look at what was going on behind her; the combat continued, but the peasants, who were fighting with inferior weapons, lost ground more and more. She saw them gradually falling back, and cut off behind the fences of the garden.

Atanasia continued her flight, plunged into a little wood, and when she gained the summit of the mountain turned once more anxiously towards the valley where she had heard the moment before a great uproar of cries and explosions. Tears filled her eyes at the sight of the spectacle presented to her view; the Turks had set fire to the village, and

were making off with wagons full of plunder and prisoners.

Clouds of smoke hung in the air like a heavy mist, so dark and thick, that the sun could not pierce through them. A silence of death fell suddenly over the village, making the scene still more mournful. It was no use thinking of returning. Two or three *kavas* had been killed, and the reprisals would not fail to be prompt and cruel.

Atanasia walked all night, sometimes dragging her children, sometimes carrying them, yet more uneasy for her husband than for herself. She crossed the Unna at a ford that she knew, and took refuge on Austrian territory. Here she was received kindly and with sympathetic hospitality, for many tales circulated in the Confins of the courage and generosity of the heiduke Wutchko Paulowitch, whose reputation had gone beyond the frontier. The good people who had welcomed her even offered to go in search of her husband. They went some distance into Bosnia, hoping for some reassuring tidings, but no one could tell what had become of the famous heiduke.

Weeks and months passed; Atanasia Paulowitch never thought to see her husband again, when one fine day the news was brought that the Pasha of Travenick had been strangled on his divan by a heiduke, and that, in the trouble and disorder caused by this event, the murderer had managed to escape.

'Ah! it is Wutchko who has revenged himself; he it is who has struck the blow,' cried Atanasia, as if some inner voice had proclaimed to her the truth.

A week passed; then one evening a man knocked at the door of the little house which sheltered the family of the brigand.

'Atanasia!'

'Wutchko!'

The two exclamations blended into one cry and one kiss: the wife of the heiduke was once more in the arms of her husband, and the children of Paulowitch, who at the sound of his voice had thrown themselves upon him like a lion's whelps, had their father restored to them.

He never returned to his bandit's life; he took service, after the example of many others of the Bosnian heidukes, in one of the frontier regiments, and brought up his sons as honest men. They learned to read, write, and reckon, and to speak German; and when they were of an age to serve, the Borders having become the property of the French, he sent them all three to the army of the Rhine. The two youngest died like brave men in a foreign land. The eldest returned to the banks of the Unna, founded a family there, and won a Cross of the Legion of Honour, which is still preserved in the family,—a strange, but glorious heritage from the son of Paulowitch the brigand.

CHAPTER IV.

Carlstadt—Starting for Bosnia—Conversation with an officer who had travelled much in the country—Configuration of the land—Virgin forests—Extent and population—Mahometans, Christians, Jews, and Gipsies—'Golden Bosnia'—Dwellings of the peasants—The interior of the country—Hospitality—Compacts of friendship—Ignorance and superstition—Mahometan Bosnians are not Turks—Marriage and Divorce—The Raïa—Taxes—Justice—The district of Novi-Bazar—Problems of the future.

CARLSTADT, where we arrived at mid-day after having traversed large plains rolling their golden waves of corn to the horizon, is also situated in the ancient Borders. Legend attributes to Charlemagne the foundation of this town, which bears the name of the great Emperor,[1] and formerly had considerable commercial importance.

An unusual animation reigned in the station at the moment when we entered it. A detachment of Croatian troops, ordered to take part in the expedition to Bosnia, had just arrived. Officers and

[1] Carlstadt, *i.e.* the town of Charles.

men, profiting by the halt of the train, determined to make the most of their time, besieged the refreshment-room, in front of the doors of which were placed tables, served by men with loud discordant voices, their sleeves tucked up, selling brandy and beer. The train started with a threatening battery of cannon and ammunition wagons, in the midst of spectators who seemed quite surprised to see so little enthusiasm in the wearers of all these helmets and sabres.

'The invasion of Bosnia is decided on, then?' I asked of an officer who was my companion in the train.

'And the treaty of Berlin.'

'You say that as if the authorisation which the Powers have given to Austria was easier conferred than carried out. The Vienna newspapers talk of it as a mere military promenade! Well, Monsieur, Bosnia will be for Austria a sort of Algeria on its frontier. We shall only take possession of this country with the greatest difficulty, and we shall only keep it if the insurrections (that our presence will not suffice to prevent) can be suppressed in time.'

It seemed that this officer had been all over Bosnia and Herzegovina the year before, so the opportunity of picking up some interesting information on provinces so little known was too good to be lost.

'Bosnia,' said my travelling companion, in answer to my many questions, 'resembles Switzerland in more than one point. Its population is warlike, and as jealous of its liberty as were the ancient Helvetians. Traversed by the chain of the Dinaric Alps, this province is defended by a series of barriers and natural ramparts. The greater part of these mountains is still completely clothed with trees. In these almost entirely virgin forests, where none but the bears and the hunters penetrate, large creepers interlace the gigantic trees, and fall again to the earth in one mass of flowers, forming the dwelling-places of brilliant birds and butterflies. The imposing aspect and silence of these forests transport you in imagination to those of the New World. Imagine the ancient poplars and pines, the aged oaks and chestnuts, and a thousand other trees, extending for miles upon miles, and spreading in all directions, unrestrained and wild, their branches and boughs in tall arches and naves, in some cases so thick as to shut out the day-light; and when some wandering sunbeam finds its way through, it lights up as might a star these mysterious colonnades, preserved with an impenetrable curtain of thorny plants—a veritable sanctuary, for the thick creepers have such terrible spikes, and are so thickly interlaced, as to make natural locks and bolts whose intricacy would astonish the old iron-workers of Nuremberg.'

'And what is the population of Bosnia?'

'Compared with the extent of the country, the population is very scanty; there are rather more than a million of inhabitants, of whom 615,000 belong to the Mussulman religion, 450,000 to the Greek Church, 155,000 are Catholics, and there are 3500 Jews; these last are the descendants of former exiles from Spain and Italy, and they still speak with fluency Spanish and Italian. Besides all these there are 11,500 Gipsies, who have preserved all the exterior marks of their Hindu origin. Their complexions are as brown as old leather; they have keen black eyes and oval faces, and their long curly hair falls in oily masses over their shoulders; their figures are athletic and muscular; the language they speak is a corrupt mixture of Sanscrit; they lead a vagabond and wandering life, braving carelessly the inclemency of the seasons under their tents of ragged cloth, and too often exercising the calling of brigands and thieves. Some tribes however have settled in villages, where they are invariably gunsmiths and blacksmiths, and these call themselves Mahometans, Greeks, or Catholics, as it suits their interests. The Turks and Christians have so great a contempt for the Gipsies, that nothing would persuade them to sit down at the same table. I must tell you further that the Bosnian Gipsy women are often of a rare beauty, and know how to make the most of their charms. As dancing-women and ballet-girls they enter the harems, distracting the hearts of the Beys and Pashas, and they

are often to be met with in the public places dancing in picturesque costumes on a piece of carpet.

'The Tziganes were for long the only people who worked the rich mines of Bosnia, but they contented themselves with dragging a fleece of wool in the bed of the torrents, and picking out the spangles of gold which they would find in it in abundance.'

'I have heard that this province is an unexplored California.'

'The Bosnians themselves call their country "golden Bosnia;" gold, silver, quicksilver, and salt were all worked in the time of the Romans. Copper mines are found there, also mines of iron and lead and coal, with various springs of mineral waters flowing to waste; these sources of wealth are capable of increasing to a high degree the material prosperity of the country; but all is in a latent and undeveloped state. All remains to be done. If the soil is but scratched there are harvests of corn or gold. It is, as you have said, an unexplored land, wherein lie hidden immense treasures, a virgin country which is waiting to be cultivated and worked. Immense districts are still utterly fallow. The peasants live in mud huts, covered with thatch or lime-tree bark; these huts consist mostly of one apartment, in which swarm a crowd of pigs, goats, fowls, geese, and children. In the centre is a cavity hollowed out of the ground; this is the hearth. There is no chimney whatever; the smoke gets out where it can. There are no beds. In

winter the raïa sleeps close to the fire; in summer in his garden, under a tent of leaves, or out in the open field, having for his only blanket the heavens studded with stars, and for a pillow his two arms. In the villages there are neither bakeries nor ovens; bread is cooked in the ashes. Maize and a kind of black wheat are crushed in a handmill, and the flour, mixed with milk, constitutes, with the addition of cheese eaten in large handfuls, almost the only food of the Bosnian peasants. For their drink they have *slivovitza;* all the ground around their houses, even those of the very poorest, is planted with plum-trees, out of whose fruit this spirit is made, which is to the Slave what opium is to the Chinese.'

'How does one travel in Bosnia?'

'With great difficulty, for the roads are dangerous; if you go there, be sure to take your weapons, your provisions, your tent or your hammock. It is impossible to put up in the villages, and you may travel whole days in the mountains without any trace of living beings except carnivorous animals.[1]

'The ground is very broken, cut by picturesque gorges, and ravines with deep embankments, and torrents, which are often very difficult to cross. But

[1] According to an official statistic there are killed every year in Bosnia some 150 bears, 1200 wolves, 200 lynx, 600 badgers, 8000 foxes, 300 weasels, 10,000 hares, 3000 wild cats, and the same number of sable, whose skins are sent to Serajevo, to be transported from thence either to Trieste or to Leipzig. The Beys occasionally indulge in the chivalrous pleasure of hawking with the falcon.

after long hours of weary travelling, with what pleasure one hears behind a hedge of trees a human voice singing a *piesma*, or popular ballad: one listens with anxiety; it is perhaps some brigand—some heiduke; but no, the voice is sweet and harmonious, that of a woman; it is the daughter or the wife of some charcoal-burner, who will make a feast to welcome you in his little hut. In Bosnia hospitality is truly Oriental. From the moment you have shared a meal with your host, he is your friend. He will call you thee or thou, considering himself responsible for your life. Assassinations are never committed in dwelling-places, but on the highways, in the open fields, or in the forests. A stranger sleeping in one of these cabins or thatched huts would never be attacked unless his host were attacked as well.

'Friendship, like hospitality, is a sacred thing. A man calls his friend "brother;" if it is a woman, "sister." Compacts of friendship are often made in church, before a priest, or in presence of a numerous company of friends. The pair then exchange their weapons, and give each other the kiss of peace. The indissolubility of these self-made ties has often inspired the popular poets. There is one song in particular of two of these adopted brothers who both of them fell in love with the same beautiful woman whom they had taken prisoner, and in the end, rather than run the risk of quarrelling with each other over her, they actually killed her!

'There is an enormous amount of barbarism and superstition in the customs of these people. Astronomers, diviners, and sorcerers are consulted at births and on future events. To meet an owl or a peacock is a bad omen, and every one wears amulets and talismans to secure himself from the evil eye and various maladies. The peasants believe only in quack doctors, who, for instance, to restore hearing to a deaf man, put one end of a yellow wax candle in his ear, and light the other end!

'You may imagine the state of ignorance in which the poor are plunged. Entirely absorbed in procuring their daily food, the raïas[1] have no time to think of the education of their children.'

'And the clergy, what do they do?'

'The clergy—they eat, drink, and sleep; why should they trouble themselves about the education of the children? they themselves do not know how to read. The popes, as the priests of the Greek Church are called, are chosen from among the lowest rank of the Fanariotes,[2] and divide their time between the external offices of religion and the care of their sheep. The Roman Catholic priests and they alone keep up the

[1] The term Raïas, applied to the Christians of the Slave provinces of Turkey in Europe, signifies 'flocks;' it is taken from the 39th surah of the Koran, the 71st verse, which says, 'At the great day of judgment the transgressors of the law (the Christians) shall be driven in *flocks* towards Gehenna,' etc.

[2] A name originally given to the inhabitants of the part of Constantinople called the '*Fanar*,' or Greek quarter of the city.

schools subsidised by Austria. As for the Mussulmans, they do not believe in anything beyond the Koran. The child receives his first education in the harem from ignorant and fanatical women, then he is sent to an elementary school, or a Koran school, where he learns little enough. A Turk who is destined to be brought up in Paris is required first to have been some time at the top of the State school at Serajevo; but the projects of reform with which as a rule he returns inevitably excite disturbances; he is forced to abandon them. The Mahometan schools are schools which teach hatred of Christians and their works; every invention, every branch of industry in which they engage, is looked upon as witchcraft of the devil. Yet Bosnian and Herzegovinian Mussulmans are not of Turkish origin; they are the aborigines, the ancient inhabitants of the country; they are Slaves, who only embraced Islamism when their country was invaded by the Turks, in order to preserve their privileges and protect their property. You did not know, perhaps, that Bosnia and Herzegovina are peopled by the same race. Both are Slave.

'The Bosnian Mussulmans have preserved to this day their original ethnographic features; they have never mixed their blood with that of their conquerors. This preservation of individual nationality in the midst of other nations, is one of the characteristics of the Slaves. Many other nations, the Germans, for ex-

ample, placed under the same conditions, quickly lose their manners and customs, and forget even their native tongue. The Bosnian Mahometans never call the Sultan "Padishah" (a title of the Turkish Sultan and Persian Shah), but "grand Czar of Constantinople," and they have remained faithful to all their old Christian customs. They keep up with pride their Slave family name, and do not speak Turkish; they single out for their patron saint the chosen one of their ancestors, so that the feasts of St. Peter, St. Elias, and St. George are still kept as saints' days in Bosnia. Should a child fall ill in a Mahometan family, the father hastens to the nearest monastery to order masses; if he himself is struck with fever he goes to the Greek monks to have the Bible read over his head. At nightfall one may often see a young Bey secretly conducting a pope to pray over the tomb of his father.'

'Have the Bosnian Mussulmans adopted polygamy?'

'No, and in some villages their women are even allowed to go out without a veil, like the Christians; but you know that to a Turk a wife is an *objet de luxe*. He buys her, and, if he has been brought up according to the precepts of the Koran, he will marry her without even ever having seen her face. In Bosnia there exists an ancient custom called *Aschyklyk*, or *Service des dames*, which is certainly of Christian origin, and does not treat women like merchandise. When the young girls return from

the chief promenade on the Fridays—which are the Mahometan Sundays—any man in search of a wife is allowed to pay court to the object of his choice by walking up and down the street in front of the finely carved wood gratings which ornament the windows of Turkish houses. The offer of marriage is made, as in Turkey, through the medium of two friends, or of the parents. The young girl stands behind the closed door, and opens it if she accepts the man who has asked her to become his wife.

'But it is most singular, that chiefly among the Christian Slaves of Bosnia marriage has preserved its savage and half-barbarous character. The custom of carrying off girls by force is almost general among them. Those engaged in these abductions arm themselves with weapons, and much bloodshed often ensues; if the young girl resists, she is beaten with a stick, or dragged along by her hair! She is carried off to the midst of the forest, and married in some charcoal-burner's hut, and the pope, under penalty of being beaten, is obliged to celebrate this marriage, literally at the rope's end.

'Nowhere is divorce so easy as among the Mahometans. If his wife do not please him, the Mussulman can send her back with half her dowry. In Persia marriages are sometimes actually made with the understanding that they are only to last a definite time, in some cases for a day, or even for a few hours. In general it is sufficient to give notice

beforehand to the wife that she is going to be repudiated. But the Bosnian Mussulmans seldom make use of the privileges that their religion allows to them. To be childless is the only thing that they consider constitutes a real cause for divorce, for in these wild countries marriages are not made for love, but simply to have numerous descendants among friendly families. Amongst both the Bosnian Mahometans and Christians the desire for children is so strongly developed, that those women who have none are considered in public opinion as possessed with the devil.

'The Bosnian Mahometan exacts the utmost respect for the conjugal tie; if his wife is caught in the act of disregarding it, she is murdered with frightful tortures; if her accomplice is a raïa, he is stoned to death.

'It is remarkable that up to the year 1852 the feudal system was kept up in all its rigour in Bosnia and Herzegovina.

'These two provinces were formerly under the direct authority of a military nobility entrenched in their strong castles; this nobility was composed of all the Beys and Captains, descendants of the ancient Slave magnates who occupied the country at the time of its conquest by the Turks. A Pasha no doubt resided at Travenick, but he did not trouble himself with internal affairs; besides, his authority was so slight that he could not prevent the little wars

carried on by the Beys and Captains amongst themselves, apparently as a sort of pastime.

'The Slaves who remained faithful to the Christian religion became the serfs—the *raïas* of that chivalry composed of renegades more fanatical than the Turks themselves. The unhappy raïas—for all the reforms of the Porte are a dead letter in these distant provinces, more or less always in insurrection—are not allowed to this day to wear rich clothes, nor to possess fine houses; they are not permitted to wear long moustaches, the ornament of which the Servian is so proud. They are obliged to hide their arms out of respect to their masters; and when a Mussulman passes, the law requires them to descend from horseback to get out of his way.'

'Is it true that the raïa has to present himself on his knees before the officials of Government?' I asked.

'I have seen them in this position,' was the answer, 'during the whole time of their audience.

'Beys and Pashas have the right to quarter themselves in the raïa's house, to appropriate his wife if she pleases them, to take his horses when their own are tired. If he remonstrate he is beaten unmercifully; if he should so far forget himself as to give a blow, he is condemned to death—for, according to the Koran, the person of every Mussulman is sacred; their condition, in fact, is, in the nineteenth century, worse than that of the Jews in the Middle Ages.

'One of these Turkish Pashas of Bosnia was

especially dreaded; they surnamed him the *bik* (bull); whenever he came into a village, he insisted on seeing a dance, and by a refinement of cruelty carried off temporarily the girls that pleased him most for his harem.

'I one day arrived at the house of a raïa on the borders of the Unna; he was seated on the trunk of a tree in front of his hut, watching with an irritated air a little child whom its mother was teaching to walk. I asked what was the cause of his vexation.

'"You see that child?" said he.

'"Yes."

'"Well, though I must feed it and bring it up, yet it is not mine,—it is the son of a Turk."

'"Of a Turk?"

'"Yes, of Muktar Pasha, who has been killed, thank God; he passed through the village one day, saw my young and pretty wife, and carried her off with him. I never saw her again for many months; at last I got her back again, but she brought with her this young Turk."

'The poor woman came near whilst her husband was talking, looked up, and guessing what was said of her, turned away with loud sobs, and hid herself in the hut.

'There is absolutely no security of goods nor of person for the raïa; he is as much at the discretion of his master as the black slaves on the plantations; indeed he is worse off since the pretended reforms of

1852; he is pressed on three sides at once—by his Seigneur, the Porte, and the popes. To the first he owes tithes, to the second taxes, to the third tolls.

'The taxes, like Proteus of the fable, know how to take a thousand figures and shapes to devour the poor raïa. First he has to pay the *hazac*, the exemption from military service paid by every one who is not Mahometan; then the *vergui*, on real estate, which taxes at an equal rate the sumptuous dwelling of a rich Bey or the miserable thatched cottage of the raïa; next in order comes a tithe on the growing corn.[1] Next comes the *herbatico*, which is the right of pasturage upon the mountains; and then the *porez*, a tax on large cattle, which is in full vigour in regions where they have not yet introduced the tax on the returns of labour; and besides all of these, is the *donuzia*, especially levied on pigs, the breeding of which is one of the principal sources of commerce in Bosnia. The tax upon vegetables, fruit-trees, olives, and sumach is levied in money, whilst that upon corn and grapes is paid in kind, which does not, however, prevent the fiscal imposing a new tax in cash on wine, and the residuum which produces brandy; and tobacco is treated in the same way, first taxed in

[1] In 1867, on the occasion of the Sultan's travels in Europe, this tax, already so heavy, was still further increased; for the Government put up to auction the right of collecting it, and the contractor applied every means possible to bring in the largest returns; he cheated the raïa by giving him his receipts, in Turkish, thereby contriving almost always to make him pay twice over.

University of Michigan

the raw material, and then anew as an industrial production.

'The employés of the Fiscal court, who are quartered upon the inhabitants at great expense, come three or four times a year to count the leaves of the tobacco plant to verify them, to see if their number corresponds exactly with the figures inscribed on the registered papers. When the collector of the tithe delays his visit, the harvest is often injured or lost. Thus agriculture has fallen into a pitiable state, whilst no such thing as property hereditary, free, and inalienable, exists in the Turkish provinces. It is the Cadi or judge who settles all cases of this kind.'

'I have been told,' I here asked, 'that the Christians are still seized for road labour; is this the case?'

'Yes, they keep up and maintain the roads; even at harvest-time they are obliged to be away ten or fifteen days from their villages, leaving their wives and children behind them without any resources. If the raïa happens to possess a horse or cart, the State has the right to requisition man, beast, and vehicle on every movement of the troops however unimportant. After this organised fiscal depletion, the further squeezing by the clergy to obtain all they can appears mild. The popes exact money or kine with a zeal that nothing can equal; the *entrée* of the churches is paid for as if they were theatres; confession and communion have their regular fee; at the death

of the father of the family, the finest ox in the stall becomes the right of the pope; at the death of the mother the pope contents himself with the best cow. Many children die without baptism, because their parents are not able to pay the fee. The episcopal chairs are given at Constantinople to those who pay highest for them, and to keep his post the bishop has every year to send rich presents to the Turkish dignitaries whom he has bribed to place him in it. The metropolitan of Serajevo every year extracts from the faithful more than £10,000, of which the half at least goes to Constantinople. The popes pay a tax to their bishop, and the Turkish authorities have orders to lend a helping hand to the clergyman when he has any refractory peasants. Entire villages are thus pillaged under pretext of religious fees; but often they mistake the village, and thus on occasion plunder the Christian ones.

'I need not describe to you the courts of law. The witness of raïas is not taken by the Cadi, who judges by the Koran. The Servian proverb says, "No justice for the Christian," and the proverb does not lie.

'The exactions and cruelties that the Christians suffer at the hands of the Mussulmans in these countries are incredible. As Count Andrassy has recorded in his Memorandum, the antagonism which exists between the Crescent and the Cross here takes a form so bitter that it has provoked a long series of revolts. The Christians have risen five or six times:

in 1839, in 1856, in 1858, in 1862, and in 1876, and to-day the country is in the most complete anarchy.

'Two hundred thousand raïas have crossed the Save since the last insurrection, to escape from the vengeance and cruelties of the Osmanlis. You will find them in all the villages of Croatia, and even of Hungary, waiting until they can return to their homes under the protection of Austrian bayonets. In former times they would have become heidukes. The Turks when they caught them impaled them; but they went to the torture singing, to show that they were not afraid, and that death to them was preferable to life. Pardon was offered to them if they would become Mahometans; the heidukes laughed in the face of their executioners. These acts of heroism are celebrated in heroic strain in the popular ballads. Would you like to hear one or two?'

'I should be much obliged to you,' I replied.

'One day the Aga (Turkish officer) Bekir captured a celebrated heiduke, Radoïtza. Shut up in prison with twenty of his companions he said to them, "To-morrow at dawn call the Aga, and make him believe that I am dead, and perhaps he will bury me."

'"Carry him away," said the Aga the next morning, "and bury him."

'But the Aga's sly and cruel wife said to him—"Radoïtza is not dead, believe me; he is only pre-

tending to be so, in order to escape; let them light a fire on his chest and you will see."

'They lighted a fire on his chest; Radoïtza did not stir.

'Then said the wife of the Aga, "Radé is not dead; get a serpent and put it on his bosom."

'They took a serpent heated in the sun, and put it on Radoïtza's bosom, but he had an heroic heart which knew no fear, and he moved not.

'The wife of the Aga then said, "Radé is *not* dead; bring twenty nails and bury them under *his* nails; perhaps he will move then, the brigand."

'They hammered in the twenty nails; Radoïtza made not the slightest movement; he did not even sigh.

'For the fourth time the Aga's wife said, "Radé is not dead; let the girls form a *Kolo*, with the lovely Haïkouna at their head; perhaps he will smile!"

'The girls assembled in a circle; the beautiful Haïkouna led the kolo around Radé; she danced over him; she was the prettiest and the tallest of all; it was her beauty that animated the dance; her necklace tinkled like sweet music; he heard the rustling of her silken pantaloons.

'Recognising her, the little Radé looked up at her with his right eye; with his left eye he smiled; seeing which the young girl unfastened her handkerchief and threw it over his face, saying to her father, "Dear father, do not burden your soul with a sin; the prisoner is quite dead, let him be buried."

'But the Aga's wife cried out—"Don't let them bury the brigand; throw him into the sea, and let the fishes eat him."

'They flung the heiduke into the sea, but he was a famous swimmer, and he escaped; and he came back and set free all his brother prisoners, and then carried off the beautiful Haïkouna, making her his wife, and giving her the name of Angélia.'

'These *piesmas*' (native ballads), said I, thanking my obliging friend, 'which recite the adventures and the great deeds of the heidukes, are charming little poems; they are like the Romance of the Cid.'

'Often,' said the officer, 'the heiduke relates how he came to be a brigand.

'"Father," one of them begins, "I was compelled by stern fate. You have perhaps heard how, when Irène built Smederevo, I was seized for the *corvée*. Three years I thus laboured, carrying wood and trees with my cart and oxen, and for the whole of the three years I did not receive even a copper coin, nor yet was I given *opanké* for my feet. All this, father, I would have pardoned; but when Irène had built the fortress, she began to have houses built, and to have the doors and windows of them gilded, and she levied a tax on the country, three *litras* of gold on each house. That, father, makes three hundred ducats. Those who had the money paid, and those who paid, were let go. As for me, I was a poor man; I took the pick-axe with which I had done my work,

and I set off to be a brigand; but not being able to keep myself in the low country, I fled from the banks of the Drina and hid myself in this rocky Bosnia.

'"As I arrived on the borders of Roumania, the procession that is part of a Turkish wedding came by. The guests passed me quietly, but the bridegroom stopped in the road, and, waiting until I was near enough, struck me over the shoulders with his three-lashed whip, each lash of which was garnished with copper balls. Three times I gave him the title of 'brother of God:' three times I said, 'In the name of your own happiness and the joy I wish you in it, let me go quietly on my way; you see I am only a poor man.' But the Turk continued to beat me; then the blood mounted to my cheeks, and violent rage overpowering my whole soul, I raised my axe and struck him as he was on horseback; he fell, and I, jumping upon him, struck him again and again until I had separated his soul from his body. I felt in his pockets, and I pulled out three purses of gold, which I hid in my bosom; I unfastened his sabre, and hung it to my waist-belt; I left my pick-axe by his corpse, so that the Turks might bury him; I jumped upon his horse, and turned his head towards Roumania. The Turkish guests were all witnesses of this scene, but not one among them dared to follow me; and it is now forty years since I have reigned master on Mount Romania. My liberty, father, is worth more to me than a house, for I keep the passes of the

mountains; hidden behind the rocks I spy the people of Serajevo; I carry off their gold and silver, their velvet and cloth, and I supply my whole band; I know how to flee, but I know also how to pursue; and, except God, I fear no one."

'To make oneself heiduke was to acquire a glorious title; the true heiduke was as honest as he was brave; he hastened like an avenger wherever he heard the voice of the oppressed Christian. Each band had its forest and its ordinary lurking-place. When the snow came, they hid in the villages.

'"Listen to me, my friends," says one of their well-known ballads, "the summer is past, and the sad winter has arrived; the leaves have all fallen, the trees remain bare; where shall each of us spend the winter; with which devoted friend?"

'"Friend Radé de Sokol," answers Paul of Sirmia, "I shall spend the winter at Youg, the white city, with my friend Drachko the captain; with him I have already passed seven winters, I and my seventy companions."

'Sava, from the banks of the Save, says in his turn: "For me, I shall pass the winter with my father in his deep cave on the banks of the Save, and with me my thirty companions. When the sad winter is over, and St. George's day is come, when the forest is once more clothed with leaves, and the earth with grass and flowers, when the lark sings again on the bushes by the river's side, and the wolf is heard in the mountains,

then, brother, it will be time to meet again on this spot, where we separate to-day."

'These popular songs about the heidukes are all marked with the same originality, the same tinge of the soil.

'The *rôle* that the Treaty of Berlin assigns to us,' my informant remarked after a while, 'to establish order and to carry Christian civilisation into this country, is certainly grand and beautiful, but it is not without some apprehension that those who know these savage countries, and the warlike and fanatic spirit of the Bosnian Mahometans, see Austria engage in a task the result of which is still in the far-off future. Besides, no expedition has ever been less popular than this; Hungary is exasperated; the adventure in which we have been launched by Count Andrassy, faithful servant of Bismarck and blind mandatory of the Treaty of Berlin, only finds approval amongst the Slave populations of the monarchy, who demand the emancipation of their Bosnian and Herzegovinian brothers.

'You will see that this campaign will be long and difficult; it will cost Austria immense sacrifices in men and money; Bosnia is the very home of fanatic Mussulmanism. Can we expect that these 400,000 descendants of the Bosnian Janissaries will ever consent to submit to the laws of a Christian State—men who, at the beginning of the century, went to war with Sultan Mahmoud, because he wanted to introduce

reforms among them? They called him with contempt the "giaour Sultan." In these far away mountains, sheltered from all civilising influence, Islamism is deeply rooted and has preserved its defiant and ferocious character.

'This year we shall not go further than Serajevo. Next spring we shall march to Novi-Bazar, but we may have some one else to deal with; the resistance of the Albanians, the Myrdites, and the Arnauotes might easily become the signal for rebellion in the conquered countries. These three nations are supposed to be the last survivors of the ancient Illyrians, who in the seventh century were driven south by the Slaves coming from the north, and settled themselves on the high table-lands of the Adriatic and the Ionian Seas.

'The Alpine region which is occupied by the Arnauotes, about 100,000 in number, has remained impenetrable and mysterious; the traveller who would visit these wild and inhospitable regions does so at the risk and peril of his life. The Arnauotes are divided into Mulisor Albanians, that is, inhabitants of the mountains, and Myrdites, or inhabitants of Myrdita. These people have throughout preserved their primitive habits; they know no other law than the hereditary laws of their clan. Indomitable, and entrenched in their mountains as in fortresses, they receive the Turkish tax-gatherers with musket-shots.

'The Arnauotes and Albanians, always armed to the teeth, are physically formed for war. One would take them at first sight for athletes or brigand-chiefs. The famous phalanx of Alexander was composed of Arnauotes. It is they who conquered Egypt. They resemble that Scythian people whom Justin has poetised, whose manly poverty Herodotus has made known to us. In their rugged mountains civilisation has not yet softened their souls, nor extinguished the sublime feeling of national hatred that we in our fine language call patriotism. Amongst them are no rhetoricians, no advocates, nor journalists, no grand financiers nor mighty merchant-princes; there are none but citizens—men and soldiers! How could populations so warlike and independent submit themselves with docility to Austria? The old men, as well as children of twelve years, demand to be allowed to stand in the first ranks in war; even the wounded get themselves carried behind a rock or a stone, where they lie in ambush, to fire upon the enemy, and they think there is no greater honour than to die in battle.

'The pacification of these provinces, provinces utterly ignorant of our ideas and ways, can never be attained except by keeping up a permanent army in them; and even then nothing can be expected from the present generation. Austria, held by the collar in the iron grasp of Bismarck, will be obliged to take the first steps. She cannot henceforth disentangle

herself from the policy of Oriental annexation, inaugurated by this campaign into Bosnia. After Novi-Bazar, it will be Albania, and you will see that Austria will extend by-and-by as far as Salonica, after having taken possession also of Thessaly. The railroad which unites Salonica to Agram and to Vienna will be finished in a few years; I need not tell you of its strategic importance. In driving back Austria from the coast of the Ionian Sea, not only did Bismarck displace the centre of gravity of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, but he absolutely detached this State from German interests, making of it an advanced sentinel which will have for its mission to stop any new conquests of Russia in Turkey in Europe, and to mount guard for the benefit of Germany. Nevertheless the alliance is a bargain in which Austria is duped; for, believe me, in the speculations of the great Chancellor, the alliance which in the future is inevitable will be less directed against the East than against the West.'

CHAPTER V.

Departure of Croatian Soldiers—The Slaves of the South, and the Occupation of Bosnia—The Yougo-Slaves—Their National aspirations—Croatian villages—Arrival at Agram—First impressions—The upper town—The University—The Diet—Croatia and Hungary—Jellachich—His military *début* in the Borders—His part in the Revolution of 1848—Struggle of the Croatians against the Hungarians—The siege of Vienna—Retreat of Jellachich—Promenade in the Environs of Agram.

THE conversation which I had during my journey with my neighbour had not prevented me from seizing the general aspect of the country, and observing with curious interest the sad scenes which were renewed at each station.

An order of the Minister of War had called out all the men of the *Landwehr* to their standards, and every time that the train stopped at a village there were terrible adieus, a loud concert of lamentations and tears amongst women who were forced to separate from their husbands, children from their parents, sisters from their brothers, old men from their grandsons. Poor people! The order took away from them, for the most part, their only support, their only stay! The Slave women have a

demonstrative manner of showing their grief, which is peculiar to them. I seem to see them still, abandoning themselves to wild gestures, wringing their arms, unfastening their hair; then, at the moment when the train was put in motion, flinging themselves into each other's arms, giving forth agonising shrieks—a cry as of a murdered animal. The soldiers, huddled together at the doors of the cattle-wagons, remained unmoved. And yet, for this campaign of Bosnia, the Slaves of the South offered up their prayers, they who, but three years before, supported the Bosnian insurrection with encouragement and their few pence.

At the station of Steinbruck, the great patriot bishop, Strossmayer, had come a few days before to meet the Croatian conscripts who were starting for the frontier; he blessed them, and said to them, 'You are going to deliver your Bosnian brothers; show yourselves worthy of the task;' then, having given them all the money he had about him—he was on his way to the Paris Exhibition—gave up his journey, and returned home for want of funds.

The Yougo-Slaves,[1] or Slaves of the south of Austria, never cease their efforts in the patriotic aim of the realisation of their dreams of unity and national ambition.

[1] The Servians, Croatians, and Bulgarians are designated under the general geographical name of Yougo-Slaves, a word formed of *Jugue* 'alone,' 'separate,' and *Slave*, because they are separated from the Slaves of the North by the Magyars and Wallachians.

'The Roman and German people,' says Kollar, the poet of Panslavism, 'walk in a beaten path; we, however, follow them with a slow step, upon a road strewn with difficulties; but we are a young people; we know, and we see what these others have done, but they cannot tell what we are destined to become in the annals of humanity.' The Slaves of the South labour to make of their country a kingdom in part independent of Austria, as Hungary is, and to form a state composed of Slavonia, Croatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, and even Bulgaria. In this combination, based upon a trilogy, the Germans, Hungarians, and Slaves,[1] the Austro-Hungarian dualism would be replaced by the 'trialism,' if a new word may be allowed to express a new thing.

[1] It should here be observed that there are in the Austro-Hungarian Empire 10,000,000 Germans, about 6,000,000 Hungarians, and nearly 17,000,000 of Czechs, Ruthenians, Croatians, Servians, Poles, and Slavonians, all of them belonging to the Slave race. The Italians number 620,000, and the Roumanians 3,000,000. These figures show with what reason M. Reclus, in his *Géographie Universelle*, says that 'Austria, considered as a German State, is a mystification.' If some day the Slaves of the South succeed in establishing their independent unity, Austria and Hungary will find themselves cut off from the sea, and the route to the East shut against them. The Government of Vienna might, perhaps, in grouping these nations in federations, have avoided the creation of the 'Empire of the East,' which will be the probable result of the definite solution of the Eastern Question, and which will swallow up Austria. 'The Magyar race,' cried out thirty years ago the great patriot Hungarian Eôtvös, 'is like an island lost in the midst of the Slavonic Ocean.' The German Austrians will then probably succumb to the same fate as the Slaves, who long ago occupied the provinces lying between the Elbe and the Baltic; as the poet Kollar says, 'This great land, which was formerly the cradle, has become the grave of a great nation.'

The town of Agram is the ideal capital of this Federal Union, which is not altogether a poetic Utopia, and may perhaps be realised—at an hour yet far off, let us hope, for the sake of France—when the Eastern question will be definitely settled. The movement has begun in an entirely literary form. One process is the amalgamation of the language. A society has been founded, the *Omladina* (the Youth), for active propagandism by books and journals in all Slave countries; it has established reading clubs in each town, in each village, so that the tastes and ideas of the southern Slaves may penetrate alike everywhere, amongst the bourgeois, the workman, and the peasant.

The Croatian villages which are on the railway line are composed of little huts which, with their pointed roofs, resemble, at a distance, Indian wigwams.

The dress of the natives is the lightest imaginable, and the women, as I have said, wear but one garment—a chemise; as for the men, they wear their shirts floating over their linen trousers; but as these shirts often do not reach below their waistcoat, the abdomen is left uncovered; in fact, in Montenegro, this part is purposely left uncovered to harden the constitution, to make it fit to endure the fatigues of war, and in the Slave-rhapsodies mention is often made of warriors with '*ventre nu.*' Each country has its customs, and what is quite natural here would be equally inconvenient elsewhere.

We crossed the Save, and saw in the distance Agram in the midst of the plain, its clock-towers and the spires of its cathedral surrounded with crenellated walls like a sacred fortress, standing out against the sky, and crowning the hills, on the sides of which the town is picturesquely set. This church seems to have preserved something of the warlike aspect of those bishops of Agram who often quitted the altar in the midst of Divine service to lace on the helmet and cuirass, and lead the faithful to the ramparts menaced by Turkish hordes.

The Bosnian expedition gave a warlike air even to the entrance of the station. On our way through we saw tents, barracks, stores, munition wagons, and cannon. Sentinels went and came; couriers were hurrying through a cloud of dust; the men summoned the evening before arrived in columns led by their sergeants; they were bare-footed, bare-headed, dressed only in wretched ragged shirts and patched linen trousers; poor apparel hardly fit for the dust-cart, yet of considerable value in their eyes. Immediately on their arrival they were formed into line in front of heaps of boots, trousers, new shirts, and uniforms, which they chose according to size. The spectacle of these peasants transformed thus into soldiers in the open field, dressing themselves from head to foot as if they had just come out of a bath, created much laughter and joking among the on-lookers.

It was four o'clock when we entered Agram. The first aspect of the town is cold, the stone fronts of the houses seem impenetrable, and the few doors that were open here and there seemed to be yawning with ennui. The streets, utterly without animation, presented an uninteresting mixture of very pretentious modern constructions, and old houses so small, that they looked as if they could be put away into packing-boxes. Imagine the front of a house ten to twelve feet high, its breadth about the same, with a door and two windows. Fortunately, however, the observer can find something else in the town besides bricks and mortar. 'Find the woman,' say the police; 'find man,' say I to travellers. Men cannot hide themselves; they are sure to be found, and what subject of study more vast and more profound than that of human nature!

A dark and irregular winding street takes us to the upper town, which is the primitive part of it, and is still surrounded by a portion of the ramparts.

After the conquest of Bosnia the Turks spread like so much oil over the basin of the Save, and throughout Croatia. Bands of Mahometans wandered under the walls of Agram, which they incessantly menaced. This was the time when the Croatians attached themselves by the tie of a personal union with Ferdinand of Austria, King of Hungary (about 1526), and when that wise monarch established the military line, of which we have already spoken, on the borders

of the Save and the Unna, so as to protect the country from the incursions of the Turks. The Palace of the Ban, the Palace of the Diet, the Archiepiscopal Palace, the Cathedral, the Church of St. Mark which dates from the thirteenth century, and the University, are all situated in the old part of the town.

The University of Agram is celebrated in the history of the Slaves, whom it has freed from the German universities. To Bishop Strossmayer, one of the great promoters of this intellectual crusade among the Slaves, it owes its foundation. This rich and generous prelate has also instituted a society for history and national archæology which presents subsidies to authors and artists, and publishes every year, at its own expense, under the name of the society of *la Matrica*, works in the Croatian language, opposing thereby a barrier to the introduction of books in the German language. Agram has also an Academy of Sciences and Belles-lettres, which is occupied with the formation of a large Croatian dictionary. Moreover, the capital of Yougo-Slavonia possesses an Academy of Music, where are taught the national musicians who every winter play operas either original or translated into the Slave tongue. This tongue, which has no sharp vowels, adapts itself admirably to music and song. The Croatian language itself when spoken is not unlike singing. Besides, the people have an inborn taste for music. At Agram there were three or four musical societies, and

afterwards, as we went into the country, we found the people singing as they worked.

In the churches during the Mass or the services everybody sings, in the Croatian language. This privilege has been granted by the popes to the inhabitants of these frontiers, in recognition of the heroic struggles which they have sustained against the infidels. Nothing is more beautiful, more solemn, more imposing, and more touching than these chants. Slow and deep, of exquisite purity, of a sweet ancient rhythm, recalling the period of Louis XIII., they resound with a majestic melancholy in these vaulted sanctuaries, where the young girls kneel together in front of altars blazing with gold and resplendent with oriental luxury.

The Palace of the Diet, which is at the side of the Church of St. Mark, is a large house distempered in green, having the inelegant appearance of a barrack. The Croatian Diet, of which every noble is a member, recalls to mind the ancient États of Burgundy and Languedoc; the right to sit in it is conferred by the possession of certain lands. I know a Frenchman who possesses in the environs of Agram a seigneurial domain which confers this privilege, and if he were to renounce his nationality he would qualify for the Diet. The opening and closing of this assembly are performed with a pomp and parade worthy of the middle ages. The Ban, who presides over the Diet, arrives in a gilded coach drawn by four horses richly

caparisoned, his coachman and footmen in blue livery covered with braid and gold lace. The various magnates seem to be dressed as for a fairy representation; belts heavily embroidered with gold tighten in their waists; on their shoulders, confined by a golden chain enriched with jewels, floats a velvet mantle trimmed with rich fur; the cap has a falcon's plume fixed by means of a brooch set in brilliants; the boots are ornamented with golden spurs; the sabre curved scimitar-fashion, and a trophy of arms furnished by some field of battle, suspended by a belt incrusted with precious stones, complete this dazzling attire, which is the same as that of the great Hungarian nobles, who, in their turn, borrowed it from the Slaves when the country was originally conquered.

Croatia has benefited from the compact arrived at between Austria and Hungary in 1867. Whilst the Roumanians, Servians, and Slovacs are still waiting for their political emancipation, the Croatians are enjoying an autonomy of which they would be very foolish to complain. The Hungarians, who have renounced their attempts at 'Magyarising' them, no longer interfere in any way in the development of their language and their national literature.

'If we were under the power of the Germans,' a professor of the University of Agram said to me, 'then we might have to cry out about national oppression.'

In their capital the Croatians manage for themselves all matters of public instruction, justice, local

finance, and religious worship. They have nothing in common with the Hungarians but their military and commercial affairs, and the care of the public roads. The Ban is invested with the powers of the head of the State, and is responsible to the Diet of Agram. The deputies sent up by Croatia to the parliament have the right of speaking in their native tongue. The settlement of 1867 has only kept up the historical tie between the two countries that united them before the end of the eleventh century.

The museum of antiquities and the natural history museum in the upper town are well worth a visit.

Croatia is one of the richest countries that I know in its fauna. How much I regretted that time did not allow me to have some shooting on the Save, where there are the black ibis, the white long-legged plover, the black swan, the white spoon-bill, the king-duck, the crested grebe, the pelican, and the white heron.

In Slavonia the bear and the imperial eagle are also found. The young Archduke Rudolph of Austria, who is a keen sportsman, came to the Borders last year for the purpose of hunting them, accompanied by Professor Brehm, who is preparing a work on eagles.

The imperial eagle, not so hardy as the tawny sort, nor so active as the golden, roosts in trees, in the neighbourhood of dwelling-places, and often on the ground. On the borders of the Save it feeds on water-fowl, which it takes by pursuing without

intermission until its quarry has no longer strength to plunge into the sea; it darts also on the falcon, and tears its prey from it.

In the lower city, each situated at the foot of a hill, rise the Church of St. Mark with its variegated tiles, and the Cathedral enclosed in its crenellated *enceinte*, flanked with four large towers. Here everything indicates the formation of a new town. The shops are pretentious, the streets have pavements, the squares are transformed into gardens in the English fashion, or are ornamented with a monument.

In the midst of the Place Jellachich, close to the market, is the bronze statue of the famous Ban.[1] He stands with his sword raised with a menacing air towards Hungary, as though he would still point out to his compatriots that there is the enemy.

We may well here consider the extraordinary career of this man, who is still the living personification of the national idea of the Slaves of the South.

Jellachich was born in Bosnia, at Buzim, October 16th, 1801. His great-uncle, Baron Knesevich de Sainte Hélène, placed him at the military school of the Theresianum in Vienna. At the age of seventeen he entered with the rank of lieutenant a regiment of Uhlans; he then passed four years in Italy, and returned to his own country to take up the rough service of the Border Guard, where he distinguished himself especially in the frequent encounters which

[1] Ban means Governor-General.

his regiment had with the Bosnian brigands. At the battle of Pesvid he performed prodigies of valour, defending himself alone against a dozen of brigands.

Another time, near Bihac, the little troop he commanded was attacked unawares on two sides, in a valley, its retreat being cut off. Jellachich put himself at the head of his men, and with pistol and sabre forced a passage for himself and them, and regained the frontier safe and sound, thanks to the strength of his wrists, and the speed of his horse. The band of brigands with which he had to do was accounted one of the most warlike and redoubtable of Bosnia; its chief was formerly a butcher, a Mahometan of Bihac, whose history specially illustrates the savage manners of the country.

One summer day a Turk came into the shop of this butcher to buy some meat. Dissatisfied with the piece given to him, he flung it in the vendor's face, who, furious at this insult, threw himself upon his co-religionist, and with his knife cut off at the wrist the hand which had thus offended him.

The case was brought before the Cadi. As the butcher was rich and the official poor they imprisoned the former, and then confiscated his money and his house.

After a while the ruined butcher was set at liberty; he bought a musket and powder, and went off to the mountains to join the brigands; he became chief of the band, and quickly extended the circle of his

thefts, pillage, and murders, up to the actual military borders. His audacity knew no bounds. One night during a violent storm he conducted his band to the assault of a blockhouse at the very gates of Carlstadt. Fortunately a sentinel gave the alarm, or the little garrison would inevitably have all been murdered. The ladders by which the assailants had scaled the walls were overturned into the moat with the men that were still on them.

It was in consequence of this bold attempt that Jellachich put himself in pursuit of this redoubtable band, and when, falling into the ambuscade, he saved himself and his troop as has been told.

This military life of the Borders, encompassed with peril and uncertainty, fertile in adventures and misadventures, pleased the ardent imagination of the young Jellachich, who moreover was a poet. During his service with the army of the frontier, he composed a collection of verses, which circulated at first in manuscript amongst his comrades, and was afterwards printed in Vienna. In these the soldier sang of the arrival of the cavalier in the village after the long day's ride in the burning plains, the smiling hostess welcoming him on the door-step of the inn with a large cup of wine, amber or ruby coloured; of the nights spent on the frontier, behind a rock or in a trunk of a tree, hidden from the sight of the Bosnian brigand or the Turkish smuggler; of the *kolo* danced in the merry evenings of winter in the

public room, in summer on the grass under the shade of the great oaks; of the adventures and exploits of companions in arms departed away to distant wars and returned covered with wounds. Thus he immortalised the beauties of his country, its past greatness; and, his eyes turned to the future, spoke in burning words of the resurrection of the Slave people.

In 1842 Jellachich was promoted to the rank of colonel. His first step was to abolish corporal punishment in the regiment under his command—that infamous flogging which was applied with so little discrimination in the Austrian army. Gentle and insinuating in his manners, he knew how to gain the hearts of all who approached him, and had an irresistible charm with his soldiers. He spoke five or six languages, and like a skilful courtier possessed the secret of captivating both kings and peoples.

This outward gentleness concealed an indomitable will. When he was only a captain he distinguished himself by a trait of firm independence which deserves to be related.

A field-marshal of the old school, who had come to inspect the regiment, instead of at once beginning his inspection, sat down to table in an inn. It was winter time; the soldiers were chilled to death waiting in the snow. At the end of an hour Jellachich lost patience, dismissed his men, and sent in a complaint against the field-marshal, his superior. This act of unheard-of boldness under an autocratic government

made him more popular in the army than if he had gained a battle.

The eventful year 1848 arrived. The revolution burst on Vienna like a bomb. Great was the sensation caused by this news at Agram; and when it was observed that the Hungarians alone profited by the embarrassment of the Austrians, and that their enfranchisement became in a manner the servitude of other nations, the agitation was extreme; till, when the revolutionary Diet opened at Pesth not a single Croatian Deputy attended it.

M. Gay, who had put himself at the head of the Slave movement, had long been deeply impressed by acts of the young and brilliant officer of the Borders. The time had come, and he got the Slavo-Croatian Diet to appoint him Ban, or Governor-General, the first authority in the country.

This election was the signal of the rupture with Hungary. 'Croatia,' exclaimed Kossuth, 'is in a state of revolt; the new Ban, Jellachich, has not yet appeared at Pesth, notwithstanding the orders given to him.'

The Hungarian ministry demanded the dismissal of Jellachich, and the Emperor, fearing a general league of the Slaves, forbade the Ban to hold the Diet he had convoked at Agram.

Meanwhile a new revolution broke out in Vienna. During this time the capital of Croatia (Agram) was *en fête;* the installation of Jellachich, who was the

true representative of the sentiments of the country as opposed to the Hungarian government, was taking place with unusual pomp in the midst of an enthusiastic crowd of deputies from Croatia and Servia, and delegates from all the united Slaves of the South. Jellachich was consecrated by the bishop of Carlowitz. After having solemnly opened the Diet, he presented himself to make his explanations at Innspruck, where the Emperor, who had taken shelter there, was expecting him.

He was presented to the Emperor, who was surrounded by the princes of the imperial family and the high functionaries of the crown.

Thus the new Ban found himself before a tribunal. The Emperor reproached him with his disobedience, and censured his projects; but Jellachich, with a firm and steady voice, as a man who feels himself called upon to fulfil a sacred mission, always answered him.

'I ask your Majesty's pardon, but I want to save the empire; others may live if they *can* after it has fallen; for me, I shall die with it.'

He spoke thus for three quarters of an hour, continually repeating in his own name and that of his compatriots their desire and determination to die for Austria.

He imagined he had triumphed over imperial resistance, and left full of hope; but, arriving at Linz, and having gone to an inn, he saw in a newspaper which

fell by chance into his hands a decree that declared him a traitor to his country, and deprived him of his honours and dignities.

The blow was severe.

On his return to Agram, Jellachich was not the less on this account honoured as a victor.

The care of smoothing the difficulties between Hungary and Croatia was then confided to the Archduke John; and Jellachich went to Vienna to take part in conferences which came to nothing.

'We shall meet again on the Drave,' said the president of the Hungarian ministry, Count Bathyany, to him, as they were parting.

Now the Drave separates Hungary from Croatia.

'No,' replied Jellachich, 'you need not disturb yourself. I shall return to look for you on the Danube.'

These words were the precursors of the storm.

The Croatians again received their Ban with an ovation. Jellachich showed himself at the window of his palace, and harangued the people, and wound up by exclaiming, 'I want an Austria strong, powerful, free, independent; long live our beautiful country!'

The crowd broke out into the national Croatian hymn, and the following day the Diet voted expenses and extra levies.

War with Hungary was declared.

Kossuth, on his side, was not a man to draw back. Though ill, he caused himself to be carried into the Diet hall of Pesth. Propped up on the tribune by two men, he appealed to the warlike sentiments and profound patriotism of his countrymen. 'Let us not deceive ourselves with illusions,' he exclaimed. 'The Magyars are surrounded by enemies; they stand alone in the world against the conspiracies of the kings and of the nations which environ them. The Emperor of Russia hems us in by the principalities, and as far as Servia we find everywhere his hand and his gold. In the north, armed bands of Slaves seek to unite the insurgents of Croatia, and prepare to march against us. At Vienna the courtiers and politicians calculate the day when they can replace the old chains on the Magyars, their former slaves, an undisciplined and rebellious race. Oh! my fellow-countrymen, it is thus that tyrants have always called free men! You stand alone; I say once more, Will you fight?'

'We will, we will; we will fight to the death for our liberty and our country!' answered the deputies with one voice. And immediately the vote was passed authorising the issue of eight million pounds of paper money.

The imperial government protested against this issue, declaring it irregular and void.

Kossuth replied by a decree passed by the Diet, declaring that whoever should refuse to accept

the Hungarian paper money should be put to death.[1]

The army of Jellachich, after passing the Drave, arrived at the castle of Kesthely, where previously in 1809 the French staff had taken up their quarters. The road leads thence along the forest of Bakony and Lake Balaton to Albe Royale, and from Albe Royale to Pesth. Jellachich stopped at a day's march from the capital.

The approach of the Croatian army roused the spirits of the people of Pesth, and excited all their revolutionary passions; they gave to Kossuth unlimited power; but all was done in the name of the king; the word republic was not breathed.

Kossuth, in one of those burning harangues, so full of the grand imagery peculiar to himself, adjured the deputies to side with him. 'Spade in hand, let us work on the fortifications of the city; let us tear up the pavements, raise barricades, whilst the women on the tops of the houses pour red-hot bullets and boiling oil on the heads of the enemy.'

They recalled five or six thousand soldiers from the Lower Danube, and the young men of Pesth, the national guard, and the deputies joined these troops; the peasants, impelled by a breath of ardent patriotism, hastened to them armed with scythes. All these men, though for the most part they were under fire

[1] I possess one of these notes; they were simply a square of pink paper, bearing no other device than the name of Kossuth.

for the first time in their lives, marched like old soldiers to encounter the Croatians.

The battle took place at some distance from Albe Royale, close to the marshes of Valencze.

On all sides they struggled with the animosity of an implacable hatred. The combat was long, desperate, and bloody. At the end of the day the action was still undecided, when General Moga, putting himself at the head of his intrepid Hungarian hussars, rushed against the Croatian cavalry, and drove it headlong into the marshes.

The Croatians fled precipitately from the field of battle, and Moga and Jellachich concluded a truce for eight days. The Ban fell back on Raab to put himself into communication with Vienna, and to await the reinforcements promised to him. But at the moment when these troops were about to leave the capital to join those of Jellachich, the populace absolutely prevented them. A third revolution broke out in the streets of Vienna. The old General Latour, sprung from a French family, was the victim of a cowardly assassination,[1] and the Emperor fled to Schönbrunn.

'The danger is greater at Vienna than at Pesth,' exclaimed Jellachich, on hearing of these tragic events; and without losing a moment he marched on the capital, and appeared at its gates at the moment when every one thought his army was routed.

[1] See my *Vienne et la Vie viennoise.*

Jellachich was master of the situation. He held in his hand the fate of the empire. Another less honest than himself would have profited by it.

He might, had he chosen, have created the unity of the Slaves, have made of Illyria, Croatia, Slavonia, Dalmatia, Istria, Carniola, and Carinthia, one independent state. But he would not desert Austria at the moment of danger, and snatch concessions from her by threats with a sword at her throat. His ambition, he said, was to regenerate the old decrepit empire. One historian attributes to him this saying, 'If Austria did not exist, it would be necessary to invent her!'

Prince Windischgrätz, charged by the Emperor with the task of punishing severely the insurgent town, proceeded to reinforce the Croatian troops with his own. A picturesque spectacle must this camp round the walls of Vienna have presented, with its indescribable medley of types, and uniforms the most diversified. There were Bohemian cuirassiers armed cap-a-pie like the cavalry of the middle ages; Italians in white uniforms; Wallachians from the Carpathians wearing nothing beyond a pair of trousers and a shirt; Tyrolese chasseurs, with their heavy carbines, their pointed hats ornamented with the feathers of the black-cock, their round coats embroidered with red, their short breeches leaving the leg half naked; women, children, old men, and priests were there; even comedians were not wanting. It might have been another camp of

Wallenstein. Jellachich lived in the midst of his soldiers, in the same way as Souvaroff had done. The spectacle was so odd, that for diversion the ladies of Vienna used to come in the evening to the bivouac fires.

In the Croatian army in addition to the Borderers (or Confinaires) with their large cloaks lined with red, were heavily armed pandours, their long guns incrusted with gold or silver looted from the Turks, their cartridge-boxes starred with yellow-headed nails; cavaliers in brilliant uniform, armed with the yataghan and long arquebus richly inlaid, their figures tightly enclosed in jackets embroidered in the gold, decorated with four rows of buttons having appearance of a cuirass. A hooded overcoat floated over their shoulders, their trousers of light blue, fitting tightly and braided in many colours, had stockings with red ribbon drawn over them up to the knee; their caps were of fur, from the long peaks of which fell two long plaits of hair. And these were not all: there were Croatian women in war costume, their brown jackets embroidered with arabesques, and red or green stockings; these women had insisted on following their husbands to the field. Besides all these were thousands of Slave peasants who had come to group themselves under the flag of Jellachich, saying in their homely language, 'Dear father, we are ready to go as far as Buda Pesth to obtain the crown of St. Stephen for thee if thou

dost desire it, and we are ready to follow thee to the ends of the world.'

These volunteers were in rags and tatters, but they marched singing, the fire of enthusiasm in their hearts, like the soldiers of '93.

In advancing toward Vienna, now in full revolt, they improvised songs which showed the fantastic idea that these peasants had of the imperial city.

'The Emperor sits at the summit of the tower of St. Stephen, in the golden city, the town of Vienna. Long live the golden city, old Vienna!'

'Does the Emperor wish to give an order to make all the army march, he strikes the cupola with his sceptre, and all the town re-echoes—

'"Long live the golden city, the city of Vienna!"'

The preparations for the siege of Vienna advanced rapidly; the attack, begun on October 28, led, two days after, to the capitulation of the town. The next day the Hungarians, on whose assistance the Viennese were reckoning, came up in all haste to the succour of their allies. Their approach was the signal of a new struggle. The Croatians had to meet enemies on either side. But the courage of the Magyar army could not withstand the resistless force of the Croatians of Jellachich, inflamed by the desire of revenge. Beaten at Schwechat, the Hungarians recrossed the river Leitha in disorder, and on November 2d, 1848, the victorious Ban made his triumphant entry into reconquered Vienna in the midst of ovations. During

the whole time he was in Vienna, from morning to night, the doors of his palace were crowded with men and women waiting his going in and out to salute him with hurrahs.

But, if the capital was pacified, Hungary was still in open revolt. Although the Emperor Ferdinand had abdicated in favour of his nephew Francis Joseph, the Magyars would not acknowledge the new emperor. Prince Windischgrätz prepared to enter Hungary with 50,000 men and 200 pieces of cannon. General Schlick advanced to the frontiers of Poland. General Count Nugent was to have gone to the north of the Drave with 16,000 men. The Servians occupied the Banate of Temeswar. General Puchner guarded Transylvania with 8000 men, and Jellachich put himself in movement to preserve the southern provinces[1] of the empire from insurrection.

To all these well-armed and well-disciplined troops Hungary could only oppose 20,000 men. The government of Pesth was transferred to Debreczin in the heart of the Magyar country, and while Prince Windischgrätz lost precious moments in Pesth, Kossuth organised the defence of the former with an activity of which there are few examples in history.

There was no powder; they at once made it: there were no cannon; without loss of time they immediately cast them. There was a sublime depth of heroism in these people.

[1] Pimodan, 'Souvenirs des campagnes d'Italie et de Hongrie.'

Kossuth created the regiments of the Foreign Legion, and formed also the famous battalions of *Honveds* or defenders of the country, a name borne by the Hungarian militia to this day.

In Transylvania, General Bem had improvised a little army of 10,000 men, with which he worked prodigies, actually defeating the Ban Jellachich, and forcing him to retire. Bem announced this victory in a letter which consisted only of three words, a model of concise harmony—

'*Bem Ban Bum.*'[1]

At last the Austrians, demoralised by a series of defeats and disasters, having lost at Isaczeg more than 6000 men, 3200 prisoners, and seven standards, harassed in their retreat by the terrible *czikos*, Hungarian troopers armed with lassos and thongs garnished with lead, were forced to retreat towards the frontier, and implore the assistance of Russia.

Jellachich returned to the military Borders, which, being drained of men, did not even offer him sufficient resources to feed the remains of his army, decimated by typhus fever and other diseases. Assailed every day by Hungarian bands, he had to wait long weeks before he could resume the offensive.

On the 4th of July 1849 he had advanced with an army of 15,000 men against greatly superior forces, and was beaten in the plain of Hagyes. In vain he

[1] That is to say, 'Bem has beaten the Ban.'

threw himself three times, sabre in hand, at the head of his soldiers; he could not break through the Hungarian battalions.

To encourage his men he stood for a considerable time immovable and impassive, directly exposed to the fire of the artillery.

Major Count Hompesch coming up and placing himself in front of him to cover him, he waved him off, saying, 'I want no buckler between me and the enemy.'

But toward the evening he was obliged to abandon the field of battle.

It was exactly a month since the Russian armies had entered Hungary by way of Galicia and Transylvania. After experiencing defeat at first, they at last gained the victory of Villagos, which was the signal of the final overthrow. In the month of September the Muscovite General Paskiewitch was able to write to the Czar, 'Hungary lies at your Majesty's feet.'

Jellachich returned to Agram, laden with the imperial favour, notwithstanding the failure of his last actions.

And when events in Montenegro inevitably led to a rupture between Turkey and Austria, Jellachich was appointed commander of the corps of observation on the Danube.

Jellachich fell into the deepest depression, and died without having obtained for his country the independence and the liberties of which he dreamed.

This man, whom his enemies represented as savage-looking, had a face of the sweetest expression, clear brown eyes, with a grand and thoughtful look, a high forehead, dark hair, thick and glossy. His speech was eloquent and persuasive, and when he was animated, his glance became penetrating and imperious. All within and around him breathed frankness, courage, energy. 'But it was not in the *salon*,' as one of his officers has said, 'that one ought to see him, but on the field of battle, in the midst of the burning excitement and the smoke, when he would fling himself at the head of his battalions, his manly voice making itself heard above the roar of the cannon and inspiring his soldiers with his spirit.'

On the pedestal of his statue there is no long and pompous inscription. Written in letters of gold are these few simple words—

'*Jellachich Ban*, 1848.'

The history of this man is inscribed on every Croatian heart.

I have not even been able to procure his printed biography.

If Agram is not rich in monuments and in buildings, if its streets are monotonous and silent, what a set-off it boasts in the charming promenades at its gates! The Massimir Park is an imposing Bois de Boulogne, its venerable avenues bathed in shade, its vast velvety lawns enamelled with flowers like an embroidered carpet.

Behind the upper town opens the pretty valley of St. Xavier, at the end of which are the faubourgs of Agram, the little square white houses looking like dice. The road describes a half-circle in the midst of groves and orchards, then opens into another valley, that of the Tuskanac. Here and there, on smiling hills, which serve as leafy pedestals, arise ancient feudal ruins, of which nothing now remains but corners of jagged walls, like fragments of the monstrous jaws of some fossil animal. In the distance the Sleimen rears its crest, bristling with dark pine trees.

The sun was mild, the air blue; the hedges showed a charming variety of full-blown flowers and half-opened buds. On the trees hung the ripening fruit in its downy sheaths. We were in that period of the year which is like the last couplet of a song of spring, recalling the state of transition of youth into adolescence. Summer had just begun. A deeper tint had spread upon the meadows and the tall grass; the leaves, which had just attained their full growth, shone with a tinge of bronze.

I was alone. The twilight slowly crept onward like grey dust, and I had mechanically slackened my pace. Who has not tasted the deep charm of these lovely walks at nightfall, in the midst of an unknown country, on arriving in a town for the first time?

You look around you with softened eyes; you listen

to the birds, as if to understand what they are saying, and you would talk to them were you not afraid that they would fly away at your approach. Then suddenly your eyes are lost in the fading depths of the horizon; you see your own land once more, your absent family, Paris so animated, so lively, so brilliant at this hour, when the Boulevards are crowded with a changing throng, when the carriages roll past on wheels as rapid as those of Fortune, when the omnibus bureaux resemble hives that are swarming, and when, standing on the middle of one of the bridges, you see the sun sinking behind the towers of the Trocadéro, creating, in the golden haze on the banks of the Seine, the effect of a mirage of an Oriental city, with its domed minarets and its high white towers; which last, indeed, one might take for a vast flock of doves floating in the azure. Ye soft twilight hours of home longings, and of reverie after the toil and labour of the day, you open to us your ivory gates of illusions and dreams, from which steal forth rosy fancies like the far off clouds in the ocean of the sky!

Night had fallen; a breath more balmy, more penetrating, rose from the fields, as if the flowers unlaced in the dark their perfumed garments; a gentle melancholy was wafted in the sound as of the hushed adieus of tired nature, disposing itself to sleep. The tops of the trees, a few moments before buzzing with song like the mind of a poet, had

become silent, and were now grouped together in dark shapeless masses. The hedges, covered with draperies of bindweed, seemed wrapped in gauze. In the long grass glow-worms lighted their little lanterns, like prudent persons or bashful lovers.

Suddenly the door of a little *gostina* or tavern opened, and two shadows appeared in the threshold thus momentarily lighted up.

The door was again shut; all returned to the darkness; but under the arches of the forest a vibrating voice arose, then a second voice, sweeter and still more thrilling, united itself with the first; it was a delicious duet. It sounded as though a thrush and a nightingale were singing in concert.

What was it that these voices warbled? It was one of the old popular ballads, always young and always new as love itself, for it recites the old old story of love and love's soft embraces.

The two voices melted into the distance as I walked along. And the pale stars in the heavens seemed to twinkle their golden eyelids, and to follow the lovers in those lonely parts of the forest, where in springtime of life it is so sweet to walk together whilst day declines.

At the foot of the hill rose the roofs of Agram like a silver wave, and at the end of the road, between the branches of a dead tree, the two crescent horns of the new moon shone out like some weird apparition.

CHAPTER VI.

Sunday at Agram—Costumes of the peasants, men and women—The fashionables—The *fête* of the waters—Two shops—The condition of women amongst the Slaves of the South—The *Sokoli*—The handsome monk and the little shoemaker girl—Sunday pleasures.

SUNDAY had come; I was still at Agram. This town, with its cold and commonplace physiognomy, becomes sympathetic as you come to know it, and in the end comes the sensation, which I can hardly express, of being at home in the midst of its worthy population. The Slave of the South is quick, intelligent, very gentle, very polite, cordial, and full of kind attention towards strangers. I must add that he takes as much pains to seek the society of the French as he does to avoid that of the Germans, to whom he has given the nickname of *nemet*, that is, thick-head.

Ten years ago it was as dangerous to walk in a crush-hat in Agram as in Pesth. M. Louis Leger relates that after spending two days in Agram he was obliged to abandon this head-dress which the Slaves of the South regarded as the symbol of Germanism,

and which not only made him ridiculous, but exposed him to the jests of the street boys. One ought to listen to what those French say who are established in the country. It is true that nearly all of them have made large fortunes in it, and that, if they were not indulgent, it would be the height of ingratitude; but one should listen to what they say in praise of the excellent terms they are on with every one. They are pleased to say that they have found in Croatia a second mother country, and that they would gladly live there for ever. What! not like a country where the women are so beautiful and so simply clothed; where the vine is so fruitful, the soil so fertile, money so quickly made; where there are newspapers no larger than one's hand, deputies who speak Croatian; where concerts by amateurs, and Turkish and Greek loans, are alike unknown; and where visits, even of ceremony, are made in straw hats and nankeen coats?

In these primitive countries, and in towns which still have the air of the village, the week-days are generally monotonous, dull, and tiresome; you only meet badly-dressed people, bowed down with toil. But let Sunday come, and, as in a transformation scene, each old shirt becomes new. Happy were the traveller there who could go to sleep in his portmanteau each Monday, not to awake again until the following Saturday night. He would behold humanity in its most smiling aspect, more gay,

more picturesque, and above all, more clean! On Sunday the young girl puts on her prettiest dress, —I ought rather to say, as I am now in Croatia, her prettiest chemise; she gets herself up in all her finery, and makes herself smart, piquant, enticing, coquettish. In the morning the churches resound with pious songs; in the evening the little inns give forth Bacchanalian hymns; after the Mass they sit down to a merry feast; after vespers they dance.

These are all charming scenes, as full of contrast and of colour as a comic opera of a high class; here the peasants whirl round to the strings of a rustic orchestra; there, they drink red wine in the arbours in the bowling alley. Further on, seated on the trunk of a tree, are the old men with shaky heads, who discuss the price of hay, or gossip over the curé's new servant.

All are in their Sunday's best, in gala attire; they look like bailiffs of the olden time, each with his purple face, and old-fashioned fobbed breeches; they look as if they belonged to fortresses and castles, and we involuntarily look for châtelaines and troubadours. These costumes, these songs, these dances do not belong to our prosaic and levelling age. The costumes seem as if they had been discovered in some old oak chest, they are so naïve and whimsical; the songs dilate on subjects full of tenderness, that no longer rise to our hearts or our lips. The dances follow superannuated rules, and obey slow and solemn rhythms. It is as it were the past, warm with the

breath of the sixteenth century, that is thus restored for one day to the astonished sight.

Agram was not recognisable.

The streets had been swept; the brass ornaments of the doors shone like gold; the windows were embellished with pots of flowers and the smiles of young girls; a breath of spring seemed to have thawed and caused the town, which seemed so *triste* the evening before, to blossom, for around me now all was life and laughter. The windows of the Jewish shops were blazing like the Biblical bush of Sinai; carriages passed at full trot, drawn by frisky little horses with floating manes. Formerly the noble lords of the neighbourhood never came to Agram but in a carriage drawn by a dozen horses, or reposing after the manner of the Frank kings, in a chariot yoked to ten pair of bullocks.

The bells of the churches rang out in full peal, and from my room in the hotel I saw defiling, as in a long procession, peasant women dressed in their floating surplice-like chemises, the red handkerchiefs on their heads looking like cardinals' caps.

What gaiety in all these costumes! what a feast of tempting colours! One's eyes are in paradise; and in this hot sun, with its golden reflections, silks seem shot with every rainbow colour, silver buttons shine like mirrors, the false stones of the necklaces and bracelets sparkle; the very arms and throats of the wearers are tinged.

Some of the women have their figures laced into a sort of sheepskin jacket, woolly side innermost; these are called *Cabanitza;* coloured and decorated as I have described, with pieces of pointed leather stamped out into flowers and arabesques.

The married women alone have the privilege of wearing sleeves in this jacket.

A young peasant girl whose lungs were affected was advised to add sleeves during the winter to one of these.

'But what would every one say of me?' she cried, with an indignant air; 'they would look down upon me!'

And in truth to have shown herself with sleeves would really have proclaimed the loss of her fair name.

But that which principally marks the difference here between the young girl and the married woman is the head-dress.

The married women wear 'horns;' the young girls have their ribbon-twisted plaits tied with smaller ribbons attaching them together. The day after the wedding these tresses are twisted up, and rolled round these little sticks called 'horns,' which serve at the same time to support the handkerchief which forms the head-dress.

The hair has in all countries played an important part: floating, it was the symbol of independence; concealed or shaven, as it is even in our days

amongst the religious orders, is it not a sign of renouncement, of divine slavery?

A silk handkerchief of the most startling colours, carried in the hand, or knotted round the waist, a pair of boots, a necklace of coral with four rows, and little mirrors pinned on to the waist, complete the whole arsenal of the toilet of a Croatian peasant beauty. During the rest of the week she walks barefoot, to economise her chaussure. In the country on Sunday one constantly meets women going to Mass carrying their boots in their hands or on their shoulder; they put them on only on the threshold of the church, and take them off again on leaving it.

A peasant girl who has boots is classed amongst the elegants. But whatever may be their value in her eyes, the Croatian girl would never, as a Russian one would, acquire them at the price of her smiles.

There are more points of resemblance than one between the Western Slaves and those of Russia. In Russia the married women wear a cap which varies in form according to the province; but as with the Slaves of the South, in no part are they allowed to let their hair float at will down their backs. The Russian peasant, like the Slave, wears his shirt above his trousers. But from the day that the *Mujick* enters the service of a nobleman as his servant, he has the right of tucking in his shirt. The Russian touloupe is the same sort of lined coat as the pelisse common

to both men and women in Croatia, Slavonia, and Hungary.

As for the men, their costume is—more or less—a small round hat, the sides narrow and turned back, ornamented with many-coloured plumes, bits of looking-glass, and braid; a shirt with puffed sleeves and embroidered wristbands, the front bearing large buttons of silver; this is confined at the waist by a leathern belt, and floats in a thousand folds upon the trousers,—a result which caused a wise German traveller, who had forgotten his spectacles, to say that the men wore petticoats. A jacket of blue cloth, braided at the back with yellow or red, and ornamented in front with triple rows of buttons, is shaped to the form, and contrasts with the whiteness of the shirt. Wide linen breeches fringed at the edge descend to the knee, a little lower than to meet the shining boots. A worked bag, a '*torba*,' formed of long tufts of red wool, and suspended by an ornamented leathern belt, completes the costume. This torba, which the peasant always wears on his shoulder, replaces the pocket his trousers lack.

I was interrupted in my studies of costume by the entrance into my chamber of one of those pretty chamber-maids who are a specialty of Austro-Hungarian hotels, where they play the part of tame doves. She was as coquettishly dressed as if to *fête* the day of the *droit du seigneur;* a cap whiter than innocence framed her merry face; her large eyes were

as blue as periwinkles; she wore over her light costume a lavender-coloured shot-silk apron, her stockings carefully drawn up, showing off, not only a pair of the much coveted boots, but also beautifully turned ankles.

'Monsieur is not going then to see the *fête?*' she said to me.

'What *fête?*'

'The *fête* of the waters.'

'A *fête* of the waters?'

'Yes, has Monsieur not read in the papers that Agram is also going to have a fountain? we have a cathedral, a university, a diet, but we have no fountain; they had tried so hard to obtain one, the water has come from afar, and it gave the engineers trouble enough, before they could take it to the Place Jellachich. Two whole years they have worked, but they have succeeded, and at 10 o'clock the water will begin to flow; the whole town will be there.'

'Certainly I am going; for I must have the honour of seeing the first drop of water flow into your first fountain,' I answered, taking up my hat and cane, like the gentleman in the song.

On leaving the house I followed close behind two peasant girls walking hand in hand on the same side of the street as myself. They stopped at the window of a large shop. Amongst other things was a milliner's life-sized model representing a lady in a rich dress with a long train; this toilet seemed to

them in the last degree ridiculous; they literally screamed with laughter, just as with us a laugh would be raised if one of them were to walk about our streets in the light costume of their country.

At the end of the street they stopped again before the shop of a tobacconist, who added to his business in pipes and cigars that of objects of curiosity. They went into ecstasies over a handkerchief embroidered with wonderful leaves, gold and green, with violet branches supporting red flowers with golden stems. The design was of surprising brilliancy; it might have been traced by the wand of a magician.

As for myself, I regarded with the most envious eyes some magnificent old mouthpieces of pipes made of amber incrusted with turquoises and pearls, cups and vases in silver gilt which had doubtless been profaned by the lips of some bandit, Turkish sabres with curved blades, and engraved with verses of the Koran. I was intoxicated with pleasure at the sight of Oriental carpets, whose bright colours had poetically paled under the breath of time. There was one in particular which was superb, and had for its design a Moorish lake under a sky tinged with the purple of the setting sun; light colonnades slender as reeds rose upon bases, which seemed to be incrusted with marbles of many colours, like the Venetian mosaics. It should be said that the border of this carpet was irregular, and barbarous in its composition.

Another of these carpets resembled the mullioned window of a Gothic cathedral, with its lozenges, its roses, and its arabesques in tints so tender, so delicately gay and bright.

My eyes were bathed in the delicious sensations awakened by these shades, so soft, so fresh, and limpid, like the waves of a lake caressed by the setting sun.

What dreams these old Oriental carpets evoke, with their silent melodies of colour! not a false note; in the marvellous concert of shades all is rhythmic, harmonious, with a thrilling charm and yet with a surprising sobriety pervading the wonderful fertility of invention. These tiny golden flowers, scattered upon a transparent back-ground of blue, have the effect of placing as it were beneath your feet the starry heavens, under the sky of Smyrna or Bagdad, the city of doves and roses!

Following those arabesques of many-coloured leaves, which entangle and interlace lovingly with each other, imagination hears the song of some Odalisque, who sings—

> The eye upon the sea profound,
> Whilst, pale and blonde,
> The moon unfolds
> Upon the waves her silvery fan.

There is in each colour of these carpets something to awaken deep and pleasant thought. These Turkish weavers, forbidden by the Koran to repro-

duce the human form, work without patterns or copies, at the will of their wild fancies, and they must have been not only great artists, but true poets, to express thus, by the simple combination of shades skilfully blended, thoughts and sentiments which speak as plainly to the soul and the senses as could the most eloquent musical compositions.

The two peasant girls had disappeared, whilst I was carried off in imagination to the far East, hundreds of miles from Agram and its fountain.

I followed the pavement, and came to the Place Jellachich, enlivened by the gay, variegated, and picturesque garments of all around me. It was a white-stone day. I felt quite ashamed to be dressed in my tight-fitting Paris clothes in the midst of these peasant men and women, whose garments were at once so simple and so flowing and ample. These people understand far better than we do what is comfort, and know how to combine perfect ease with decency, as in the golden ages. See that peasant girl yonder; she tucks up her floating chemise over her legs as bronzed in the sun as those of an antique statue; how elegant are her movements, and she does all with an air of such unconscious and innocent grace, that one thinks no more ill of her than of a beautiful piece of sculpture. The women were so numerous in the leafy tent erected in the centre of the place opposite the fountain that their garments seemed to make a white wall around it. Some of the

heads of the young girls would have made splendid subjects for the pictures of the masters of the Venetian school; their gentle expression, their velvety and soft cheeks like ripe peaches, their blue eyes fringed with long lashes, all breathed a Madonna-like serenity. The Croatian woman has a finely-formed figure, regular features, red lips, and a pale complexion when it is not burnt by exposure to the sun; a straight nose and oval-shaped face. But nowhere do youth and beauty seem to fade so fast.

Hardly is the young girl married before she begins to fade; when once she belongs to her husband she works as he does, but she has the heavier burden; she descends to the humble rank of servant and domestic drudge. It is she who has to carry the loads, who has to do the coarsest and roughest of the work; she eats out of her husband's plate, standing behind him; she waits upon him at table as upon a dreaded master, and only drinks when he offers her his own glass.

'Let us sing, let us dance,' says one of the popular songs of the women, 'as long as we have no husbands, for as soon as we have one, we must forget all our songs, and only mend his shirts and trousers.' The bard might have added, 'we shall have to become beasts of burden.'

To obey and to be silent, to work and to suffer,—such is the fate of women in the Slave lands.

'That household is threatened with ruin,' says a

Slave proverb, 'when the distaff rules and the sword obeys.' 'Women,' says another proverb, 'have long hair and short judgment; they are like the grass—man is their head.'

If, for instance, a Montenegrin is asked as to the sex of his child, if it is a female, he will answer in a tone of shame, or perhaps in a voice of anger, 'Excuse me, it is only a girl!'

The birth of a girl is regarded as a calamity, a punishment from heaven, amongst all the Slaves of the South.

At Cettinje, the capital of Montenegro, in spite of the fact that a prince brought up in Paris reigns over it, when a stranger enters a house the women come around him and humbly kiss his hand. The man is paramount. If an unhappy woman, forgetting herself, is violent to her husband, the Montenegrin laws punish her with death. If a man is not satisfied with his wife, the law permits him to send her away. A woman who steals from her husband is put into prison the first time; if she repeats the offence she is bastinadoed; her husband can divorce her; and if he does, she is not allowed to marry again. If there are sons, the daughters have no part in the paternal inheritance.

In those provinces which were formerly under the Turks the men have made themselves free; but not only have they not enfranchised the women, but they have reduced them to a harder condition than the

women of the harem, who at least do not see their youth fading away at twenty years of age, succumbing to a weight of work beyond their strength.

As I was idling in the midst of the crowd, a flourish of trumpets struck up a lively air; there was a flow and ebb in the tide, and I felt myself carried on on the wave. The procession of the *fête* defiled past: immediately behind the music marched the gymnastic society of the 'Sokoli,' that is, the 'young falcons;' then came various choral societies, the municipal authorities, the corps of the firemen and of the engineers; last of all came the Ban in his state coach, got up like that of Puss-in-boots, with lackeys in front and behind, a powdered coachman, with plumes and braid, booted and spurred, followed by the General too in his carriage. Eloquence flowed on all sides in great waves and streams. The fountain, brimful of sparkling gem-like water, overflowed, and cast its crystal contents on high in fan-like sprays and glittering columns amidst the applause and bravoes of the assembled multitude.

The music began again; the Ban and the General returned to their carriages; the procession re-formed, crossing the whole length of the Place, to the great delight of the peasants, who opened their astonished eyes at the sight of the Sokoli, dressed in their red shirts and hats of soft beaver turned up and ornamented with a falcon's plume, the armorial symbol of the Slaves. A grey dolman suspended on the

shoulders by a cord and tassels, and iron-grey trousers, completed the costume of these youths.

The crowd had dispersed. On the place round the garlanded fountain there remained a few groups of peasants. I had been told that I should find at Agram the best shoemakers in the world, and I found myself by chance before a boot-shop the appearance of which pleased me. I entered.

Oh shade of Sterne! why have I not thy pen to paint the little scene which passed in the shop of this most amiable of shoemakers?

If I had not recollected about the shoemakers of Agram, and if I had gone on my way, the monk and the young girl who were seated side by side eating an ice out of the same glass would not have been interrupted in the most charming of conversations that a monk can have with a pretty woman, except perhaps when she confesses her sins.

The monk and the young girl arose and received me with polite salutations.

I see them still before my eyes. The young recluse, who wore the cowl of St. Francis, was like a Hercules turned hermit; he was built like an oak, and the vermilion of health illumined his cheek. The girl was about eighteen or twenty years of age, a tall robust creature, an Omphale in her look and smile.

'What is it that you want, Monsieur?' she asked, letting go the saucer that her dimpled hand was holding conjointly with that of the monk.

'A pair of shoes, Mademoiselle.'

'Please take a seat.'

She pointed to the little sofa on which I had found her on my entrance seated by the Franciscan's side, and she helped me to take off my boot, causing a little thrill as her fingers by accident touched my foot. She went behind the counter, opened a glass-door, and selected several pairs of boots, which she begged me to try on. Meanwhile the handsome monk finished his ice; looking kindly at the girl, he guided us with his counsel, speaking in a most fatherly tone.

'They fit you very nicely, Monsieur;' 'very well indeed,' he repeated.

I agreed with him. Satisfied with my purchase I gave my address to the young girl, who gave me so gracious a smile as I departed, that I would willingly have paid for it as well as for the boots. I longed, I must confess, during that quarter of an hour, to be able to don the monastic dress of my companion; and thinking of thee, oh! good Yorick, I repeated to myself what thou hast said when in a like situation with the charming Parisian glovemaker: 'Surely, surely, man! it is not good for thee to sit alone; thou wast made for social intercourse and gentle greetings; and to the resulting improvement of our natures from it, I appeal as my evidence.'

In the afternoon the citizen population of Agram invades the garden restaurants of the town suburbs; assembled under the trees of a *gostina* or inn,

families share large bocks of Vienna beer, the white foam running over and crowning the brims. What a picture of happy faces smiling or dreamy, of blond heads and grey heads, of young lilies of the valley and the ripened corn, bend around these long green tables placed under the trees, or in the shade of the hedges of yoke elm! Here an old couple find at the bottom of their glasses memories of youth, and seem by their laughter to recall the triumphs of the past, in the awakening melodies of old. Further on some officers, their hands resting on the hilt of their swords, look around them, their necks stretched out and stiff, like giraffes. At the bottom of the garden, lifting gracefully the curtain of honeysuckles over an arbour, are some girls dressed in muslin, their arms twined around each other, looking slyly at a party of young clerks, who come strutting along, the handles of their canes between their lips.

These rural restaurants, gardens full of perfumes of flowers and odours of roast meat, set off as they are by groups of children and nurses, and soldiers in undress uniforms, all with Sunday faces and garments, make up pictures of great variety and animation. The population of the whole town meets here, without distinction of class, or rank, or fortune, or profession, or trade, or nationality, or caste. All alike are in search of weekly amusement, and in the quenching of the same dominating thirst, shouting as if with one voice to the waiters and waitresses,

as in the old melodramas, 'Something to drink, waiter, something to drink; my tongue is peeled for thirst.'

You might imagine yourself in Southern Germany; but Mephistopheles would have been puzzled to repeat here what he said to Faust when he pointed out to him some students in the tavern at Leipzig: 'Wait a few minutes more, and you will see animal nature in all its baseness.'

The whole time I was in Agram I did not once meet a drunken man, nor a beggar.

CHAPTER VII.

M. Quiquerez, private ex-painter to H. R. H. the Prince of Montenegro—His stay and adventures in the Black Mountains—The Marovska-Illica—A rustic inn—The fun of the Fair—Gipsy cookery—The *Kolo*, national dance of the Yougo-Slaves—The beautiful Militza.

I WAS in a land of surprises.

The next day, Monday, I had the opportunity of seeing the cattle-market, which attracted to the Croatian capital the peasants of the neighbourhood, and all the Jews of the country. What more favourable opportunity of passing in review types and costumes? To arrive in a town on a market-day, or during a fair, or in a village on a Sunday or *fête*-day, is one of the pieces of good fortune which brighten the path of the traveller, scattering smiles and sunbeams around him.

Before going to the market-place, I went to the house of a young Croatian artist whose acquaintance I had made the day before. My visit was not altogether disinterested. I hoped to persuade M. Quiquerez to accompany me, and to obtain from him information which should aid me to comprehend

the character of the country and its inhabitants. I found M. Quiquerez working on a sketch of an historical picture, in a small studio tastefully decorated with Montenegrin arms and Oriental hangings. On the walls hung several excellent portraits, denoting a bold hand, and a remarkable talent for colouring.

'You have got some types of striking beauty there,' I remarked.

'They are Montenegrin chiefs and Turkish prisoners.'

'Have you been in the Black Mountains?'

'I was artist at the Court of Prince Nicolas.'

'The deuce! You know His Royal Highness well then?'

'We were like two fingers on the same hand.'

'It must have been painful to you to have separated.'

'What could I do? One can't remain all one's life private artist to His Highness the Prince of Montenegro with a salary of 50 francs a month.'

'You were fed, I suppose?'

'No, I had rooms; indeed I had a whole house to myself; but as the Prince does not bestow furnished lodgings, it was quite enough.'

'How did you manage?'

'I slept on the ground, and my paint-box did for a pillow.'

'At all events you have gained a medal I should

think, for you must have had your military adventures there.'

'No, Monsieur, I could not wait for any medal; I was at the end of my purse, and I had had enough of it. Just fancy! I had painted the Prince on foot, on horseback; playing at billiards; the Prince opening his Parliament, sitting under the shade of a lime tree or on a stone; the Prince praying on Easter day, at the open tomb of his great uncle, or hunting the bear and jackal, or taking a Turkish fortress by assault, or hearing the gusla twang; the Prince on the terrace of Cattaro showing to the Emperor of Austria the peaks of the mountains which command a view of the Bocca, the latter shining with inflammable petroleum; and besides these I have painted His Highness committing the greatest crime of which a Montenegrin could be capable against the traditional customs of the country—I painted him walking in public with his wife!'

'But I never knew that the Montenegrins are Mussulmans?'

'No, no, Monsieur, considering that their principal occupation is that of cutting off the heads of the Turks; but on the subject of women they have remained Mussulmans. They look upon women as inferior beings, worthy at the most to take their flocks to graze on the mountains, to gather wood, and to fill their pipes. But, in asking me to paint him with his wife on his arm, the Prince had his reasons; he hoped

to inspire his subjects with more Christian sentiments towards their wives, but they only laughed at him!'

'And are all these interesting portraits in the Prince's palace?'

'Yes, they ornament one of the special rooms of the Bigliardo.'

'Of the Bigliardo?' repeated I, not quite understanding him.

'Yes, since his Highness set up a billiard-table there the Montenegrins call the palace of their Prince by no other name. An event which will ever remain historic, and which will be sung on the *gusla* in future ages, is the arrival of this piece of furniture at Cettinje, which at first was taken for a large bed having accommodation for four. At present the Senate meets in the hall of the billiard-table, and they declare war or impose taxes whilst they play.'

'You make me long to have a game at billiards with the Prince.'

'Take care! the etiquette is, when he plays with strangers, that he only wins. That is how he pays for his tobacco. But I have not finished my own history. After having painted his Highness in two or three dozen different poses, I had to paint his eight children, a boy and seven girls, the last one still hanging on to the maternal bosom; next I was obliged to take the portrait of the President of the Senate, Bojo Petrovitch, who possesses the largest

income in the country, after the Prince, £160. I also took the twelve senators with their chibouks in high boots and white cloth tunics, and each with a complete arsenal of kandjars with handles incrusted with precious stones, silver-mounted revolvers and pistols. After this I painted the four Ministers and the Secretary of the Prince; the Metropolitan Ilarion playing at cards: this bishop has an income of 600 florins (about £55); next, the leader of the orchestra, Schultz, a great German with moustaches like the fins of a seal, and who perverted the echoes of the Black Mountain, by teaching them to repeat Strauss's waltzes and the refrains of the *Fille de Madame Angot.* I had really then completely exhausted Montenegro, and I wanted to leave. "No, not yet," said the Prince, "I want my gallery to be complete." "But, your Highness, you have more than a hundred and fifty portraits; you know we are not allowed to paint women." "You shan't go yet; do you hear!" answered the Prince impatiently. "Next week we are going to collect a few heads; you must take your paint-box in one hand and your gun in the other, and then you can dash off a collection of battle pieces after nature." "But your Highness," I replied, "it is not possible to paint pictures under the fire of the enemy. I never heard of such a thing being done." "Well, so much the better; it will be said that the Prince of Montenegro is the only man in the world capable of painting and fighting a battle at the same

time!" I was in despair. The Prince hardly let me out of his sight; willingly or unwillingly, I had to follow the army. Four days afterwards I brought him a canvas riddled in a dozen places by the Turkish balls. "Capital! perfect! nature itself; how successful you have been!" cried his Highness with enthusiasm; "you'll not have to paint the balls." In the space of two months I was present at three battles, and twenty-four smaller fights, which I did paint after nature, but I profited by the first defeat of the Prince to escape.'

'I see you have brought away your costume,' said I, lifting up a long tunic of white cloth hanging on the wall.

'Yes, and there are my pistols and musket. In Montenegro a man who goes out without arms is as much disgraced as if he took a walk with his wife.'

The time was passing; I told M. Quiquerez of my intention to see the fair.

'I will go with you,' he said.

Two minutes after, we were in the Marovska Illica, a long street having on one side large buildings of modern construction, and on the other small low houses, so tiny that they looked as if they belonged to a Nuremberg toy-box. Of a primitive character, lighted with only two windows, they had remained just what they were when Agram was a Christian fortress, exposed to the invasions of the Turks, and when the houses were obliged, as it were,

to group together and cower down for shelter behind the ramparts.

In this street the animation was great. At each step we were stopped by teams led by coachmen on horseback, dressed in full knee-breeches, and hats garnished with bright plumes; or by herds of oxen, cows, and sheep, and troops of pigs driven by a peasant walking behind, whip in hand, a pipe in his mouth, and his red umbrella under his arm; fat sows waddled grunting along, surrounded by their pink-skinned progeny, whose little white legs and black hoofs gave them the appearance of wearing shoes and stockings. Further on came a woman armed with a switch, her garments carefully tucked up, a procession of geese following her, stretching out their serpent-like necks and sounding their trumpets.

At the end of the street we stopped before a most original-looking inn, which had preserved unchanged its old and rustic appearance, and whose court-yard was encumbered with a curious assemblage of cars, carts, and vehicles of all kinds, their upturned shafts in the air looking like a forest of masts. The stables were on the left, and through their open doors we saw a long file of horses, whisking their tails to get rid of the flies. The grooms, bare-footed and bare-headed, the sleeves of their shirts tucked up over their brawny arms, their trousers turned up to the knee, were sitting amongst the pitchforks on

the dunghill. Other horses, for which no room had been found in the stables, were fastened by their halters to the poles of the carts, and were eating hay. The oxen were lying on the ground ruminating in front of the remains of a heap of the green leaves of Indian corn. Fowls were helping themselves, whilst the more timid pigeons came and went on the roofs of the houses with an impatient air, observing with a longing eye the grains of corn scattered at the horses' feet. In the middle of the courtyard was a pump with a wooden wheel, surmounted by a shed, under the shade of which sat some children eating cheese made of sheep's milk, whilst a young mother was giving the breast to a child she was carrying by a cloth knotted round her shoulders.

A little further on, announcing the immediate vicinity of the fair, was a long line of sheds which had sprung up in the night; and near them were some vans, with staircases adorned with pots of flowers leading to the wooden grotto of the Gipsy sibyl. The menagerie should not be forgotten: it had two monkeys, three parrots, a stuffed whale, a pistol gallery and a giant woman in a blue muslin dress, fastened at the waist by a band of filigree silver with gilt clasps, her head surmounted by a diadem of peacock's feathers. Grouped before a panorama, the peasants, both men and women, took a childish pleasure in watching some little marionette figures in papier-maché, turning round on an organ,

the tiny men dressed in black, the little ladies in crinolines, and white gloves, and pink fans.

But there was no vulgarity anywhere: no doubtful gestures nor coarse words, none of the clowns in flesh-coloured tights and tinsel, none of the loud merriment and drunken noise which inevitably accompany our western exhibitions. One might infer that the Slaves are easily amused.

The stream of the crowd gradually carried us along with it towards an immense square, where was a great multitude of people, unceasingly shouting and gesticulating, and of animals lowing, bellowing, and growling. It was one of those scenes in a fair that Breughel knew so well how to paint. The very colours of the gay costumes seemed to make as much noise as the tumult of voices of all these people, who were bargaining in a sort of duel of separate interests. On the left side of the square were hundreds of horses; peaceful mules, fiery stallions with restless wild eyes, neighing and proudly shaking their black manes. Before a group of Jewish horse-dealers with shaggy hair were peasants armed with whips, making some jades, grey with age, gallop. The Croatian race of horses has a certain staying power, which brings it into demand. In the valleys of the Mur and the Drave, horses of Hungarian race are bred, and the sale of their produce is considerable.

All along the Turkish frontier, and especially in

the upper military border-land, a small race of Barbary origin is found, well suited to these rugged and rocky countries. The studs of Belovar and of Gradiska furnish excellent horses for the cavalry.

On the right side of the square we saw a vast undulation of brown backs and white backs, looming in the distance like waves fringed with foam; these were some thousands of cows, bullocks, and sheep, going and coming, lying down or standing up, alone, in pairs, or in herds.

Lambs bleated for their mothers, from which they were separated; wild-looking shepherds, dressed in old cloaks and shirts of lamb-skin cured with tallow, their ragged locks surmounted by a sheep-skin cap, stood here and there motionless as statues, leaning on their long crooks. In the distance were flocks of geese which assuredly sounded their clarionets louder even than those of the Capitol; ducks also, quacking like organs with cracked pipes.

We passed in front of a long row of peasants standing behind large open sacks containing linseed and seed of hemp and colza. Linseed and hemp are cultivated entirely for domestic purposes, for in these provinces the wife prepares all the clothing of the family. On the banks of the Save and on the Military Borders the women also weave carpets nearly as wonderful as those of Turkey, and they also embroider those lovely table-cloths with flowers blossoming in petals of silk and leaves of gold.

Then there were low cars, from which the oxen that drew them had been unyoked, the latter lying voluptuously in the mud; seated in these cars were women selling long chains of onions.

We then descended some steps, and found ourselves in the most picturesque part of the fair, the only one which really interested us.

Canteens of roughly hewn planks, and beer-houses temporarily installed in arbours made of branches of trees, extended like the unfinished wing of a street across the field, dotted all over with enormous umbrellas of all colours, underneath which stood men selling *slivovitza*; they were dressed in large togas, flowered with red embroidery and gaudy arabesques. Vessels of curious shapes, full of a brown liquid which represented soup, were placed on open air fireplaces of clay. Close at hand was a whole army of cooks and ambulant butchers; and whilst some seized a particular beast and killed it, others superintended legs of mutton and little pigs roasting on a spit. Small boys hired for the day turned and turned these spits placed over hot fires kept up by the women. Entire generations of young pigs, full of life and hope, potential laureates of an agricultural show, were thus torn from the joys of family life and of a happy existence.

When the animal was thus cooked to a turn, when its fat covered it with a golden and appetising cuirass, the cook took it up, placed it on a plank, and carved

it by means of blows with his hatchet. The peasants ran up, elbowing each other, disputing for the various pieces; some of them chummed together to buy a leg or a shoulder; and in a twinkling of an eye a great roast of 300 lbs. had disappeared, and the canteens around were suddenly filled with a noise of eating, and glasses ringing, caused by the vast numbers engaged in devouring the meat by the aid of their fine teeth and strong fingers, without ever a knife or fork.

The more refined ate little pieces of the loin of pork done apart on the spit before a quick fire. M. Quiquerez hastened to get one of these little grills, and, making a plate out of our bread, we set to work to follow the example of our neighbours, and with quite as much appetite. These little pieces of roast pork are called in the language of the country 'Gipsy roasts;' it was the very best and most juicy meat that I ate during my whole journey; and the whole time that the fair lasted at Agram I came regularly to take my meals in these rustic arbours, in the midst of the peasants, country people, and soldiers, who, to break a little the eternal monotony of their lives, treated themselves to these little feasts of succulent pork.

Whilst M. Quiquerez was sketching some of these curious scenes in my album, I tried to get into conversation with the sellers of *svira*, who were also busy eating. Sviras are a kind of flute or

flageolet with seven holes and two pipes, which are played with both hands. Every Croatian herdsman carries a svira in his waistband, and the flock are accustomed to be driven to the sounds of its slow and melancholy music.

In the evening the spectacle in this part of the field of the fair was particularly gay and animated. The flames of the fire-places, caught by the wind, danced in mad sarabands; the pigs and sheep, which, half-hidden in the smoke, slowly turned under the charge of old women whose profiles looked like those of witches, assumed an appearance of children being roasted on the spit. Fantastic shapes wrapped in the stiff folds of their long burnouses, or in the tightly-laced waistcoats worn beneath, moved up and down in the night air, which was brilliant with sparks from the glowing embers. One saw vaguely in the dim twilight distorted sketches and strange shadows of the sleeping teams; and far beyond the site of the fair, in the midst of a plain illumined by the moon, resting on the gun-carriages, would make out the dark outlines of the cannon of a battery of artillery destined for the war in Bosnia.

The little improvised inns were full of people from the town. The families of the employés and of the little artisans were devouring pork cutlets, the fat running over their fingers, and covering the table with spots. Before these leafy tents the people danced the *kolo* with much animation.

The kolo is the national dance of the Slaves, as the *czardas* or *tchardach* is that of the Hungarians.

The word 'kolo' signifies a wheel or a round. It is performed in a circle, in the midst of which stands a dancer playing on the flageolet. Both men and women mix freely, holding each other by the hand or by the help of a handkerchief tied round the girl's waist. Occasionally one of the dancers places a cushion before one of the girls, demanding a kiss; when the kiss has been granted, the young girl takes the cushion and places it in her turn before one of the men. The kolo has not the fire and passion of the czardas; it consists of a great many steps, and would indeed be rather a monotonous movement, advancing and retiring, but for the animation imparted to it by the dancers, who sing to it as children do with us. The songs are for the most part improvised. It is amusing to see the play of physiognomy of the singers, the looks full of malice or of fire which they cast at their fair partners, and the coquettish and playful attitudes assumed by the latter.

Amongst these songs, which always have choruses, I have transcribed one which characterises admirably the dance and the poetic sentiment of the Slaves of the South. There is a golden reflection as of Oriental lands in its charming strophes.

'Militza had long eye-lashes—which shaded her vermilion cheeks—her cheeks and her fair skin.—During three days I had looked at her without ever

being able—to see properly her eyes—those dark eyes and that fair skin.—I invited then the girls to dance the kolo—(the young Militza was there)—to have a chance of seeing her eyes.—Whilst they were dancing on the grass—the sky was suddenly clouded —lightning played along the clouds.—The girls all raised their eyes to the heavens—Militza alone kept hers bent upon the green grass.

'With a sweet voice said one of the girls:—"Oh! Militza our companion—art thou mad? or art thou wise above all?—that thou hast thine eyes fixed on the green grass—and that thou dost not raise them with ours towards the skies—where the lightnings furrow the clouds?"

'But the young Militza answered them:—"I am neither more mad nor wise than others—nor am I the fire which collects in the clouds—but—simply—a girl who looks before her."'

Nearly all these popular songs arm the final couplet with a little point of irony. It is like the silvery laugh which all of a sudden startles the stillness of the forest; it is the claw which springs from the velvet paw, the sting of the bee, the thorn near the perfumed rose.

CHAPTER VIII.

The popular Slave songs—Meeting with an old 'Guslar'—The valour of Daïtchim—The Pasha of Zagorjé and the beautiful Ikonia—Mirko, the nephew of the man who was hanged—History of a blind assassin.

THE popular Slave poetry is divided into domestic or feminine poetry — which is usually sung by two voices, with repetitions in chorus—and into heroic songs declaimed by men whilst accompanying themselves on the *gusla*, as the Hebrews used to do on the harp. These songs are the earliest records of the Yougo-Slave history, the chronicles of its life under foreign domination. Reduced to slavery by the Turks, the Slaves of Servia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Montenegro took the gusla as the confidant of their troubles and their hopes, and sought consolation for present misery in reciting the past greatness of their country, and the exploits of their legendary heroes. If the idea of national unity has remained alive in the hearts of the Slaves of the South, it is due to the popular songs.

Herodotus relates that even in his day the ancient inhabitants of Servia continually declaimed their national poems under their thatched huts.

More than one of these primitive songs has been transmitted from mouth to mouth, and has been thus preserved to these days. One of these poems, much more ancient than the songs of Homer, tells us that in the assemblies of the braves, ten falcons were let fly upon a troop of swans, and that the warrior whose falcon first reached one of these birds had the right of being the first to sing the exploits of his nation.

These poems have all the sobriety and strength of a primitive people; they are full of invocations to the planets, and to all nature; the heroes speak to the stars, to their horses, to the springs and the winds, to the bees and the plants, which all answer them. This poetry is so pagan in its ideas and sentiments, that the Greek clergy has made war against it as one of the last vestiges of idolatry. And so the old rhapsodies of Bohemia, Poland, and Russia have disappeared. The Slaves of the South who owe allegiance to the Patriarchs of the East, less vigilant and less bigoted, have alone been able to preserve their old heroic songs.

Formerly every commune, and indeed every well-to-do family had their 'guslar,' that is, their player on the gusla, to enliven their reunions and feasts. In Servia and Montenegro the gusla is still seen sus-

pended in each cottage, in the place of honour, by the side of the gun and yataghan captured from the Turks. But it is only in Slavonia and Syrmia that one meets blind beggars, who, after the example of Homer, sing their rhapsodies by the roadside, asking alms as they go.

I had often heard of these guslars, I had read translations of their songs in French and German, and I had been deeply struck by the grandeur and by the severe beauty of this poetry, which springs from its source as the torrent from the mountain. It was therefore with a special interest that I listened to the old rhapsodist whom I chanced to meet at the fair of Agram.

I went often to see him in the mornings, accompanied by an interpreter, and used to get him to sing. But I must confess—and the avowal is painful—that I had not the good fortune to gather from his lips a single new or unknown ballad. All those that I heard or had translated already figure in the collections of popular Slave poetry by M. Vuk, Mademoiselle Voïart, M. Cyprien Robert, and M. Dozon.

Around the old guslar pressed attentive listeners, the circle perpetually increased, and the singer was continually entreated to repeat his songs.

Perspiration covered his forehead and ran down his thin and bronzed cheeks. His eyes, veiled with a thick whitish film, continually sought the sun, whose fierce blaze he had never had need to fear.

The guslar had never seen the skies, nor the earth, nor men; and his songs were not born of the passing clouds, or the streams which rushed through the tall grass, and murmured mysteriously in the dark woods; nor yet of the brightness of the smile on rosy lips, the harmonious walk of a young girl straight as a reed: no such motives inspired him. He sang solely of heroic struggles, of single combats between the Turks and the Christians.

'In the white town of Salona,' so one ran, 'the Voïvode Daïtchim was ill during nine years. The news that he was incurable spread far, and the enemies of his country regained their courage. African corsairs led by the Arab Huso arrived under the walls of Salona. Huso pitched his tent on the sea-shore, and gave the inhabitants of Salona their choice, whether they should come out to fight against him or pay him daily tribute.

'The bold Iunaks did not dare to enter into the lists with Huso, and preferred to send him every day what he demanded, oxen, wine in abundance, and ducats, and their young daughters, who were obliged in turn to present themselves in the tent of the Arab.

'At last the sad fate came to Hélène, the sister of Daïtchim, the sick man. Sitting by the pillow of her brother, she wept burning tears which fell on the face of the sick man.

'"Why do you weep, my sister? Are you afraid

that after my death you will have no more white bread, rosy wine, nor threads of gold to weave in your embroidery?" Hélène answered, "My poor brother, I know well that you will leave me riches in abundance, but I weep to think that it is my turn this evening to visit this horrible corsair whom all the world hates." "Oh! rotten town of Salona," exclaimed Daïtchim; "is there not within its walls one single man bold enough to fight this monster, greedy of the blood of young girls? I cannot die in peace."

'He called his wife Angelia, and asked her if his charger Douro were still living. "He is alive," said the beautiful Angelia, "and I treasure him as my own eyes." "Take him by the bridle," said the sick man, "and have him shod by my friend Petro. I will at least go forth and defy the Arab, even if I never return."

'The beautiful Angelia obeyed. The townspeople who saw her leading Douro by the bridle said, "The Voïvode Daïtchim is dead at last, and his widow is going to sell his horse in the market." Arrived at the farrier Petro's, she said, "Your friend Daïtchim salutes you; he begs you to shoe his horse, and he will pay his debt when he returns from fighting the Arab."

'Petro answered, "I will not shoe his horse unless I am paid beforehand in kisses on your large dark eyes."

'At these words the lovely Angelia was furious.

She returned with Douro unshod to the stable, and told her husband of her failure. "Never mind," cried the sick man, "saddle the horse for me unshod, and bring me my arms; and you, sister, fetch me my thickest wadded clothes to wrap round my chest and loins, so that they may not see how my bones stick out."

'The two women did as the sick man ordered; then Angelia helped to lift her husband on Douro, and the charger, recognising him whom he had borne in so many battles, bounded with joy, as he struck bright sparks from the stones. Daïtchim soon arrived at the tent of the Arab, whom he provoked by bitter taunts; but terrified at the sudden and unexpected sight of the hero whom he thought to be dead, Huso did not dare to enter the lists.

'He offered peace and an amnesty to Daïtchim, and swore never to return under the walls of Salona; the sick Daïtchim would listen to no terms, and he forced the Arab to put himself on his defence. Huso flung his club against Daïtchim, but his noble horse, accustomed to the fight, seeing the club coming, threw himself on the ground, and this formidable weapon flew past Daïtchim over his head, and was broken against the rock behind him.

'In his turn Daïtchim fell upon the black Arab, and with one blow cut off his head. With the point of his sabre he dug out his eyes, which he wrapped in his silk handkerchief. Then he returned to Salona.

'Arrived at the forge of the farrier Petro, he cried

out, "Come here, Petro, and let me pay you for your work;" and as Petro came out smiling from his forge Daïtchim, the sick man, gave him a blow which split open his head, saying, "That is what I owe you for having wanted to kiss the wife of another." With the point of his sabre he scooped the eyes out of this head also, wrapped them in his beautiful handkerchief, and returned to his house.

'His sister and his wife ran out to meet him; to the former he threw the two eyes of the Arab, to show her that she had no longer need to fear him; to the other he presented the eyes of Petro, saying to her, "He won't try again to kiss you!"

'So saying, the sick man fell from his horse—dead!'

Is there a ballad of the Cid more vigorous, more exciting than this Slave piesma?

Here again is another, whose barbarous and even savage details contrast poetically with the Oriental magnificence of its background and accessories; it reads like a story out of the Arabian Nights.

'The Pasha of Zagorjé wrote a letter and sent it to the plains of Grahovo to be put into the hands of the Knèze Miloutine. "Knèze of Miloutine," he wrote, "prepare me a handsome reception; have thirty rooms ready for my thirty braves; for me prepare the white tower, and let your dear daughter, your dear daughter, the beautiful Ikonia, be there to receive the caresses of the Pasha of Zagorjé."

'The letter went from hand to hand until it reached those of the Knèze Miloutine. Tears fell from his eyes as he read it, and his daughter Ikonia, who watched him, timidly asked the cause.

'"Oh! father, Knèze Miloutine, where has this letter come from? let it be burnt, since reading it costs you tears. What sad news can it contain?"

'"My daughter, my lovely Ikonia," answered the Knèze, "the letter comes from the plains of Zagorjé, from that cursed Pasha. He is coming to visit us, and he demands thirty rooms with thirty young girls for his thirty braves; for you, that you shall be in the white tower to receive his caresses, and I, living to hear this. This is why I groan and shed tears."

'But the lovely Ikonia answered: "Father, oh! Knèze Miloutine, prepare the thirty chambers, order a splendid supper, don't trouble yourself about the thirty girls; I will find thirty companions, and I will receive him myself in the white tower."

'Then Ikonia, having explained to her father, took an inkstand and paper, and wrote this letter on her knee to her brother, Grouïtza Novakovitch:—"As soon as these lines reach you, brother, choose out of your band thirty who are as beautiful as virgins, and come with them towards the plains of Grahovo to our white house."

'The letter written, she sent it in haste to Grouïtza. The moment he got it, the heiduke summoned his band, and selected thirty young comrades, all of them

more beautiful than virgins; then he took his light gun and marched straight off towards the plains of Grahovo, and by sunset reached the house of the Knèze Miloutine.

'The lovely Ikonia was waiting for him; she put her arms round him and kissed him on the face; she kissed the hands of the thirty comrades; then taking them into the white tower she opened large baskets and took out of them sets of girls' costumes in which she dressed the thirty heidukes, after which she led them into the thirty chambers.

'"Comrades! brothers!" then said Grouïtza to them, "let each of you remain in his chamber; and when the Pasha's men come, kiss the hem of their garments and their hands, take off their shining arms from them, and give them wine and brandy. But—lend me your ears—when you hear my gun sound in the white tower it will tell that I have killed the Pasha; then let each of you kill his man, and then haste to see what has happened to the Pasha."

'The beautiful Ikonia then assigned to each of them a chamber, after which she returned to the tower, and taking her choicest clothes she dressed the young Grouïtza in them.

'She gave him a beautiful chemise embroidered in gold, a vest and pantaloons on which there were braided three measures of gold; on his neck she tied three necklaces, the uppermost a row of pearls; on his legs she fastened gaiters heavy with gold, and

put slippers of solid silver on his feet; and to complete the costume she covered his head with a rich cap. Then standing back to contemplate him she said, "You are beautiful indeed, brother, much more beautiful than I who am a girl."

'As they were talking they heard a noise on the pavement; it announced the arrival of Pasha of Zagorjé. At the sound the lovely Ikonia ran and shut herself up in the larder, while Grouïtza remained in the white tower waiting for the Pasha.

'A few moments passed; they heard him mounting the stairs; before him walked the Knèze Miloutine carrying a lantern; behind him walked the thirty braves.

'Grouïtza Novakovitch came to meet them, and kissed the hands of the Pasha and the hem of his dress.

'The Pasha returned the kiss, placing his lips between the dark eyes, and saying to Miloutine, "You may leave, Knèze; wait upon my braves, and see that they have a suitable supper. For myself, I don't care to eat."

'The Knèze went back, and having conducted the thirty braves to their chambers he caused supper to be given to them.

'But if you had seen the Pasha! he began by taking off his rich garments, and Grouïtza arranged the cushions for him; then when the Pasha was ready he let himself sink on the couch, saying to Grouïtza Novakovitch—

'"Come, sit here, beautiful Ikonia, you shall be the wife of a Pasha."

'Grouïtza sat himself upon the soft cushions. Oh! you should have seen the Pasha! he kissed Grouïtza on the cheek, and began to play with him; but the heiduke was not made for these caresses; lightly jumping to his feet, seized the Pasha by his beard, saying in a low voice, "Hold, villainous Pasha of Zagorjé, I am not the beautiful Ikonia, but Grouïtza Novakovitch."

'Then, drawing a poniard from his waist-band, he buried it in the heart of the Pasha, ran to the window, and fired off two pistol-shots to give the signal to his companions.

'Hardly had the heidukes heard the alarm, when, seizing their sharp sabres, they killed the thirty Turks, took from them their valuables, and ran to find their chief, to see what he had done with the Pasha.

'He had killed him as has been told, and was now drinking wine served to him by the lovely Ikonia.

'Then the heidukes took off their girls' costumes, put on their own clothes, and sat down to the table already prepared for the Pasha's followers, and ate a splendid supper.

'And then behold the Knèze Miloutine! he came carrying six hundred ducats, which he gave to Grouïtza.

'"Take these, my son," he said, "keep half for yourself, and give the other half to your thirty companions."

'After him came the beautiful Ikonia, carrying thirty shirts, which she presented to the thirty heidukes. To Grouïtza she gave an embroidered cloth and an aigrette of pure gold. Then she took leave of them, and sent by them to Starina Novak, whom she loved as a father, a present of a hundred ducats; sending besides to her uncle Radivoï the Pasha's sword.

'"These, brother," she said, "you see, are presents to you all for having helped me in my trouble."

'Then she exchanged kisses with Grouïtza, and Grouïtza set off towards Mount Romania, and the virgin Ikonia went back to the white tower.'[1]

What heroic fire, what life, what lyric beauty are shown in this little popular poem, what an admirable *chef-d'œuvre* of feeling and composition! How well this poem expresses the proud and martial character of the Slaves of the South, bred to war and all exercises demanding strength and courage; robust of body and soul, their figures a little thick-set, but strong as the trunk of a tree, they are determined, enterprising, chivalrous, simple in their daily life, and familiar from their infancy with death, by reason of their continued struggles with the Turks.

[1] This song is amongst the collection of M. Dozon, Chancellor of the Consulate General of France at Belgrade.

In Croatia and Syrmia, to be born blind is to be born a guslar, that is to say, a rhapsodist.

As the profession of a guslar in these days does not consist only in repeating the old heroic piesmas, but also in composing new songs—above all, songs suited for the moment—the blind singer begins early to develop the poetic sentiment. At ten years of age a gusla is bought for him, and he is led in the mornings into the neighbouring forest, where he is left until the evening, seated on the moss at the foot of a pine tree. The child listens to the melancholy murmuring of the wind in the branches, the vague noises which stir the depths of the woods, the songs of the birds, the rustling of the leaves and the insects; then, gradually, imbued by the grand poetry of nature, he studies to produce on his gusla all these harmonious sounds instinct with poetry and mystery.

At last, when with his bow he has learned to make harmonies vibrate which thrill the soul and cause the heart to leap, they take him to the entrance of a village or town, to some old guslar from whom he learns the old heroic rhapsodies unknown to him. If he has a good memory, behold him at the end of the year become a guslar in his turn; and henceforth he gains his livelihood in walking from market to market, from village to village, singing the glorious battles of his country against their hereditary enemy—ballads of the plain and of the mountain, of the labourer and the brigand; and he will also improvise for wedding-

feasts and baptisms satirical songs which will enrich the *répertoire* of the young girls of the village.

'It is a pity,' said the young student of the University of Agram who acted as my interpreter with the old musician; 'it is a pity that Mirko hasn't come.'

'Why?'

'Because you would have seen a very curious type of guslar; he is called Mirko, the nephew of the hanged one.'

'Ah! his uncle was hanged?'

'Yes, he also was a guslar.'

'But I suppose he was not hanged simply for the pleasure of seeing how he looked with a cord round his neck.'

'He was an assassin.'

'A blind assassin? that's a story that must be dramatic. As I travel to collect all sorts of interesting facts, I declare I shall not let you go until you have told it; come let us sit down in that inn, under the shade of those green branches; we shall be comfortable; you shall talk, and drink, and I will write.'

'At your service,' said he.

We placed ourselves at a table a little apart from the peasants around us, who were eating pigs' heads and quarters of lamb; we ordered a bottle of wine, and, having lighted our cigars, my companion drained a glass to clear his throat, and began thus:—

'Mirko was born on the frontier of Bosnia, near the

little town of Novi, whose name recurs so often in the national ballads. He was sixteen years old when his father died; his uncle, who was blind, and in consequence a guslar, made him follow him, and taught him how to play the gusla.

'It is to the tragic end of this old man of sixty-five, that Mirko owes his surname of "nephew of the man who was hanged," and his great popularity.

'Sixty years ago a *zwanzig* (an old coin worth two francs) was worth as much as five or six florins are now, for in those days we had neither railroads nor steam-boats, nor German inns, nor theatres, nor gas-works; there were hardly any roads. On the military borders, where the soil is poor, money was then so rare that it might have passed, as in the opera of Robert the Devil, as imaginary. Indeed, even in these days on the banks of the Save the peasants supply their wants mostly by barter. The man who wants a new handkerchief pays the seller by giving him a basket of fruit, or so many dozens of eggs.

'At the time of which I speak a piece of money was a rare treasure.

'Now, it was all because he wished to possess a *zwanzig* that Mirko's uncle became an assassin and was hanged.

'And yet the poor man was not wicked; up to this time he had been able to bear the winter, though he had only a torn cloak, but alas! the rents grew worse, turning to utter rags, and he was forced to think

how he should procure another garment for the coming winter, or else resign himself beforehand to perish with cold.

'And it was then that the old guslar ventured to dream a mad dream. He longed to possess for the first time in his life a zwanzig, and to buy a cloak with it.

'Before then, wherever he had gained a few kreutzers he used to spend them in getting his *opanké* patched, or in repairing his hat, which was often torn by the winds, or soaked in the rain. The pleasure of hearing two or three little copper pieces jingle in his pocket was very rare, for the peasants always paid him in kind, some with a handful of wheat or Indian corn, some with a piece of bread, and sometimes—but those were the most generous—with some bacon.

'The bacon might be sold, and the idea came to the poor old man to put aside all the pieces that were given to him, and to go some day to the town and to offer his collection for a zwanzig. "What use would it be to me," said he to himself, "to have a little bacon in my stomach, if when the winter comes I must freeze to death with cold?'

'Autumn arrived, and Mirko's uncle, having collected sufficient bacon, begged a little girl of his village to conduct him to the next town.

'The old guslar rejoiced beforehand like a child, at the thoughts of returning with his zwanzig in the hollow of his hand. The pretty silver piece in his imagination took the imposing and brilliant propor-

tions of a golden ducat. This zwanzig was for him the beginning and the end of riches, yet the heroes of his songs were always rolling in gold, and flung about ducats in handfuls. He felt as though the new cloak were already on his shoulders to keep his back warm, and he laughed in his beard at the coming squalls of snow and rain.

'"Are we still far from the town?" he asked every moment of the little girl. They were just in sight of the tower of the church, when they met a young man of the Borders, who asked whither they were hurrying so fast.

'"I am going to sell a stock of bacon that I have here," answered the blind man, showing the swelling bag tied with string.

'The little girl was also carrying some pieces of bacon in her basket.

'"How much do you want for your bacon?" said the Borderer.

'"A zwanzig," answered the old man in a voice trembling with emotion.

'"That's a great deal; let me see your bag."

'The old man untied it.

'"They'll never give you that sum in the market," said the young man, weighing with his hand the young girl's basket.

'"Ah! do you think so?" stammered the blind man, suddenly seized with a dreadful fear. "But I've got twenty pounds; it's not dear."

'"Perhaps not if the bacon were fine, but yours has been collected from all sides; however, if you're not in a hurry for your money"—

'"I want to buy a cloak."

'"In that case you can wait two months yet; by that time the plums will have been distilled; the slivovitza will have been sold, and then I could pay you."

'"You will give me a zwanzig then," cried the guslar, whose whole face beamed once more with joy.

'"Yes, yes, I will give you a zwanzig."

'"There's the bacon."

'The Borderer returned home pleased with his bargain, and the blind man, still more pleased, went back to his village.

'November came, and with it the first cold; Mirko's uncle got himself led to his debtor, and reminded him of his promise.

'"Ah! what a pity," cried the young man; "the plum harvest has failed, the slivovitza is so bad that no one will buy it, and we have to drink it ourselves; be patient and wait until next winter, and I'll pay you without fail."

'"I shall be terribly cold, but I'll wait," said the blind man; and all that winter he shivered with cold, in his rags.

'November, and the snow had once more returned.

'The guslar again presented himself before his debtor.

'"I had a little corn," said the man to him, "but the

Save has inundated my field; my corn is lost; I beseech of you to wait still a little; this time I really will pay you."

'"My blood is not hot enough to keep me warm," said the blind man, "but as the Save has destroyed your field, I must suffer, and I will wait."

'Ah! how he regretted that he had not taken his bacon to the town! But this zwanzig always seemed to him so large a sum, that he bore it patiently without murmuring very much. At the end of the winter his cloak looked like a torn spider's web.

'The autumn winds had swept away their last pods from the trees, and the frost had already whitened the fields.

'Mirko's uncle was trembling with cold.

'He was led to the house of the young Borderer; but the latter said to him, "I 've lost my wife, and I 'm ruined; I 'll come to you myself and bring you the money as soon as I 've got it."

'The winter passed, the summer passed, the autumn had come again. The old man had no news of his debtor, until one day he heard that he was going to be married again, to a young girl who would bring him many zwanzigs as her dowry.

'He hastened to his debtor.

'"Pay me," he said; "I know you have money."

'"Leave me alone," answered the peasant.

'"For three winters I have been freezing, three winters I have had to wait," continued the blind man;

"I won't wait any longer." "Old fool," shouted the other, shutting the door in his face; "old fool, to run three years after a zwanzig!"

'Mirko's uncle went away, but on the young man's wedding-day he posted himself at the entrance of the village, at the edge of the road, and recognising the bridegroom as he passed by, cried out—"Pay me, if you want Heaven to bless your marriage."

'But the peasant laughed mockingly, and thrust back the old man brutally. Shouts of joy and pistol-shots soon after announced that the wedding-party had passed. At the moment when the procession was about to enter the threshold of the church, the blind man sprang up suddenly, and, putting himself in the doorway, said to the bridegroom, "I won't let you enter until you've paid me what you owe me.'

'The other young men of the party removed the old guslar, and the procession entered.

'In the evening, just as the newly married husband had risen from table, to lead his wife from the paternal roof to his own, the blind man once more appeared.

'"Where is Franjo?" he asked.

'But the guests whom wine had made gay, instead of answering him, began to mock him.

'"You managed to see him on the road, and when he was entering the church,—you ought to be able to see him now as well as we do."

'The blind man walked on, feeling his way amidst bursts of laughter, till he came to Franjo; then,

seizing him suddenly by the waist-belt, he cried out, "Ah! this time I have him."

'And bending down to his ear, he said in a quick and determined voice, "Franjo, pay me my zwanzig; your wife is rich, you *can* pay me now."

'The Borderer answered by a scoff.

'"Pay me," repeated the blind man, in a hoarse voice, "or I will kill you."

'"Ah! what a good joke!—what a—"

'Franjo did not finish the sentence; the guslar, exasperated and beside himself, seized him by the throat with his left hand, and holding in his right hand a pistol that he had hidden in his *torba*, discharged it full at the young man, who fell down dead on the spot.

'This scene passed with the rapidity of lightning.

'Mirko's uncle did not try to flee, and indeed it would have been useless.

'He let himself be led away without complaint and without resistance by the captain of the company, who sent him under strong escort to the State prison.

'His trial was short. He confessed all. According to law there had been extenuating circumstances, but the military authorities would not admit them.

'The poor old blind guslar was hanged.

'And the people gave to his nephew, Mirko, who had inherited his songs and his gusla, the surname of "*Objessenowitch*," that is, "nephew of the man who was hanged."'

CHAPTER IX.

Departure from Agram into the interior—A Croatian Coachman—Rain and fine weather—Arrival at the Castle of Biskra—View of the interior—Croatian hospitality—My host's wine—Virgin land—Gambling and the nobility—Awakening—Croatian clergy—In the garden of the Castle—Visit to the clan Borovèz—Organisation of the Croatian clans—The 'Moba'—Harvest-women—Manners and customs—Festivals—Croatian Switzerland—The baths of Krapina—Superstitions—Justice.

A JOURNEY would become deprived of charm and originality if one did not, from time to time, leave the railroads and beaten paths, to bury oneself in the heart of the country; in those more distant spots where the hurried tourist and the chance traveller never penetrate, where the inventions of our civilisation are yet unknown, and where there are still the old customs and old usages which preserve to a nation its peculiar character, its national stamp.

Stony and broken roads, carriages out of order, teams half-broke, rivers to be crossed by fording, the rustic inn with its bundle of hay in the barn that serves as your bed; obstacles, fatigue, unexpected events, emotions, adventures: these are the true pleasures of

travelling, as I understand them! A wanderer must not have his plans marked out in advance, ruled like a banker's ledger; he must know how to trim his sails to the wind that blows, and to let himself be carried sometimes to the left, sometimes to the right, according to circumstances.

The true traveller has been likened to the passionate lover; for, disdaining doors open to all alike, he enters by the window.

M. Quiquerez had been invited with his sisters to pass several days in a castle at Biskra, eighteen or twenty miles from Agram.

'Will you come with us?' he asked me next day, seeing me appear on the threshold of his studio, where I visited him every day to admire the rapid progress of his great picture.

'With the greatest pleasure; but shall I not be in the way?'

'A man with a French name is always welcome to Frenchmen.'

'But is it amongst Frenchmen you are going?'

'To French people established thirty years in the country, and who have always practised hospitality like true Croatians.'

'When do we start?'

'In an hour; they have sent a carriage to fetch us.'

I hurried back to my hotel, hastily packed some shirts in a carpet-bag, had my flask filled, and, stick in hand, was ready.

We took our places in one of those old-fashioned cabriolets, nearly as large as a bedroom. M. Quiquerez sat at the left, his two sisters in the middle, I at the right. A coachman with broad shoulders, dressed in a brown cloak, with a cape trimmed with red braid, obstructed our view like a high screen.

I endeavoured by all sorts of harlequin contortions to seize some features of the landscape, to catch the top of a tree, or the roof of a house. It was at the cost of the most painful stiff neck that I managed to distinguish, here a field of corn which spread out its golden surface until it met a field quite green, there an old tower whose stones were tumbling out of their own accord, as teeth fall out of a skull. We had gone half way when a heavy shower came down upon us.

This time a concert of benedictions alighted on the fat shoulders of our coachman, who now kept the rain off us as well as a casemate turns off grape-shot. And our mood became all the more gay, as our Croatian Automedon, swearing and cursing, streamed with water like the figure on a fountain.

At last the rain ceased, but the skies remained of a leaden grey; we saw the tail of the shower darkening the distant horizon behind us. But presently the trees, which appeared at distant intervals, changed their colours; they became pink, violet, yellow, as if a flock of paroquets had suddenly alighted on them. Our coachman having moved his big elbow, we saw

the cause of this phenomenon of colour in a rainbow, which spread its arch across the valley like a bridge of precious stones.

A fresh breeze now arose and swept the sky, and the clouds disappeared like a great triangle of wild geese flying in the horizon. The sun showed his face, radiant with triumph, and his rays created an inexhaustible supply of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, and displayed them suspended to each leaf, each stalk, each blade of grass, as for a nuptial feast. The birds once more began to sing, the bees to hum, the butterflies to dance, other insects to whirl, making their silver wings and steel corslets sparkle. It was, as it were, a thrill of new life around us; a partial resurrection which resembled a loving return of spring: the vegetation appeared so fresh and green, the perfumes of the flowers so penetrating and fragrant, the melodies of the birds so touched and softened, the sun tenderly caressing.

'There's Biskra,' cried out joyfully M. Quiquerez, waving his pointed hat in the air.

Leaning out of the carriage, I saw, at the foot of the hills, which were carpeted with vines, a large castle in the style of the Renaissance, its white façade standing out boldly on a background of deep verdure. Its high windows, catching the sun's rays, looked as if they were on fire. We drove up through a long avenue of trees, whose thick branches were interlaced over our heads in a succession of arches.

A few sunbeams glided through the interstices of the branches like golden serpents, and illuminated this chaos of dim and mysterious light, full of vague and floating forms like a forest at twilight. The castle, with its central pavilion, flanked by towers on each wing, illuminated by the setting sun, which spread a yellow carpet at its feet, stood like a flaming altar at the end of the avenue, a vibration of warm colour. It seemed to me that we were arriving at a princely residence, like that inhabited by the Sleeping Beauty, and that the noise of our approaching carriage must rouse it suddenly out of its hundred years of slumber.

The illusion was not dispelled when I saw a tall and fine old man, with long curly hair, and a beard white as snow, reaching nearly to his waist, descending the vast stone steps, and coming to meet us, his head bare, his hands cordially extended to us.

M. Quiquerez introduced me.

'Make yourself at home amongst us,' said our host, saluting me, with a stately bow, after the manner of the last century.

We ascended to the first story, and we found ourselves within a peristyle, whose colonnade, prolonged to the very ends of the two wings of the building, opened upon a little inner garden and upon the mountain. Fowls and pigeons walked around us with the saucy air of dandies. A peacock, perched on the wall between two pillars, spread its tail,

strewn with velvety eyes like a bed of pansies. A dog was running after the flies, trying to snap them up, and a little further off, two pigeons, like those of La Fontaine, were tenderly billing and cooing.

After having rearranged our somewhat disordered attire, we descended to the drawing-room, where the ladies were awaiting us. I was disconsolate at the modern air of their toilets; in this *salon*, furnished after the fashion of 1760, one expected rather to see them in robes of silk with large embroidered flowers, swelling sleeves, shoes with red heels, and little cloaks of some sober-coloured silk. Suddenly the door opened, and a young girl of about fifteen, in a white dress, appeared, carrying a tray with glasses and bottles. This time I thought that the Sleeping Beauty had really awakened.

'My daughter,' said my host.

I rose and bowed.

There was about this charming child a delicious intermixture of the French and Italian types. (Our host had married an Italian.) Imagine a delicate and dreamy head, magnificent hair black as ebony, eyes dark as jet, shaded with lashes so long that they threw a light shadow on her pink and velvety cheeks; teeth dazzling in their whiteness, as the lips were with health. Her slender and well-moulded figure had an elegance quite Parisian. With gentle grace she poured out some slivovitza, and presented it to us.

Slivovitza is generally drunk before meals; it is the Slave absinthe, but less stupefying. The residue of the plums which serve to make slivovitza is used to make *raki.* Raki is the peasants' slivovitza. After she is married, the Croatian peasant woman has the right to drink raki, and often she only marries to obtain this privilege. This species of inferior brandy is sold even before the doors of the churches. The sellers install themselves there every Sunday before temporary tables, with five or six bottles of raki, and the women going to Mass and coming out, toss off large glasses of it at a draught.

Dinner was announced. We entered into the dining-room at the moment when two Croatian servants, under the direction of the Italian house-keeper of the castle, were coming in, one of them bearing the steaming soup, and the other an immense loaf of bread.

'If you were in a Croatian house,' explained my host, 'you would hear all the guests speaking Latin, Slave, French, German, and Italian. Before beginning the repast, the master of the house would offer you the *bilicum,* that is, the glass of hospitality. It is the largest in the house. And after the soup, the head of the family rises to drink the health of his guest, and to congratulate him on their meeting round his hearth. He gives him free entry for ever. "My house," he says, "is yours, and whatever may

be the occasion, you will find a welcome in it; if there is only one bed, it shall be for you: if there is but one morsel of bread, it shall be yours; but one bottle of wine, you shall have it. You are our friend; accept the key of our house, so that you can enter it always, and at any hour."'

'They talk of Scotch hospitality,' I said; 'it seems to me that Croatian hospitality is on a larger scale still.'

'Yes indeed. When the key of the house has been presented to you on a plate,' continued my host, 'you must return a suitable answer to the master of the house. Then they choose a director or master of ceremonies (*magister mensæ*), who presides over the rest of the feast. This master of the table has but one occupation—to find pretexts to make the guests drink as much as possible. They drink to the Emperor Francis-Joseph, to the Pope, to the Ban, to the Fatherland, to the past of Croatia, to the present of Croatia, to the future of Croatia. At the beginning of the feast the table is often laden with twenty to thirty bottles of wine, which are replaced as fast as they are emptied. When dessert comes, they "make marriages," so that the men shall not drink alone. The master of the house rises, and addressing his guest, says, "I marry you to my wife; I have only one regret; it is that she is old, and can be of little use to you." Thereupon the fun and gaiety are redoubled; they empty the glasses all round to

the health of this couple, and that couple, and they end by marrying every one; you are married even to absent persons.—But take another wing of this fowl,' he added, himself handing the dish to me.

'This fowl is as tender as a quail.'

'Ah! my housekeeper rears them as subjects destined to do her honour—Some wine; permit me to fill your glass; you forget you are in Croatia.'

'I think I have paid court assiduously to all these bottles, but I admit your wine is so exquisite, it deserves to be drunk.'

'Isn't it?' he returned, with an air of pride.

'You would not find better in the first restaurants in Paris.'

'It is wine of the country—wine from my own vines; I assure you that Zagorjé—as our country is called—is particularly famed for the culture of the vine. Unfortunately, a market for its produce is wanting, and our best growths are unknown.'

'Do the peasants drink wine?'

'No, they sell it at Agram. As an everyday drink, they prefer raki.'

'But I have now been a fortnight in Croatia,' I remarked, 'and I have not met one drunken man.'

'One doesn't often see the peasants drunk in the daytime; but on Sunday evenings they ornament the roads and lanes in the oddest positions.'

'This passion of the peasants for brandy must

have a very lamentable effect on them from the point of view of national prosperity?'

'Ah! sir, the Croatian peasant might be the happiest man in the world, he might even be happier than Virgil's peasants—for as the poet tells us they did not know they were happy—if only he had more go, were more industrious and hardworking. He has hardly to ask the soil for the corn which he wants, yet in bad years he would die of hunger without the providential aid of the neighbouring castle. Hardly has the snow disappeared when the peasant comes to borrow beans and potatoes, which he repays by day-labour in spring. There are even peasants who are reduced to eating grass—certain kinds of grass, of course, which they know, and which are rich in juices. When the day arrives that Zagorjé, this Croatian Mesopotamia, is cultivated as it ought to be, not only will it become an agricultural California of riches, but an actual terrestrial Paradise.'

'I'm told that in Croatia and Slavonia there is absolutely virgin soil even now.'

'In the Borders there are actually some thousand square miles of land which have never been cultivated; and between the Save and the Drave extend immense marshes, which could be drained at very little cost, by regulating the course of the rivers. A Frenchman, M. Lemaître, has reclaimed a very large property near Eszek, out of bogs as unhealthy as they were sterile. Colonies of Germans, Czechs, Poles,

and Slovacs have followed his example, and have attained a prosperity which may be called almost riches. In places where they to-day reap harvests of corn and maize, they formerly caught carp of fifteen to twenty pounds weight. Emigrants from Alsace and Lorraine should come out here; they would find themselves in the midst of a sympathetic population, and they would soon render this country as fertile and verdant as their own; and what riches they could draw from the mines alone!

'Gold is found in the quartz between Nasice and Gradiska, and the Drave is full of auriferous sand. The gold-diggers of the environs of Drnje extract annually, with hardly any effort, more than £500 worth of that metal. Silver is found in nearly all the malachites. There are strata of iron, and copper, and lead, and rich beds of sulphur in the districts around Agram and Warasdin, as well as in the Military Borders. In the district of Krizevac the marl is completely impregnated with naphtha and petroleum, yet all that the peasants do with it is to collect enough oil of naphtha to grease the wheels of their carts. In fact, recent excavations have brought to light thick beds of coal, only waiting to be dug up, and intelligence and capital to work them.'[1]

[1] The pay of a workman in Croatia is a shilling a day; a little Croatian horse costs £9; a pair of oxen £16 to £18; a cow £4, 15s.; a heifer £1, 8s. to £1, 12s.; a donkey 4s. 2d.!

The dessert transformed the table into a large fruit-basket. Apricots as large as apples made a golden pyramid. Figs were spread on vine leaves, and red and yellow raspberries sparkled in crystal dishes, like rubies and topazes.

Mulberry-trees, orange-trees, pomegranates, and fig-trees grow in the open air in this sheltered basin of the Zagorjé.

Our host then proposed that we should drink a bumper to France, and the dinner finished with intelligent and easy conversation.

At ten o'clock we rose from the table and went to bed. I occupied with M. Quiquerez a large and handsome room, whose furniture and noble portraits spoke of the ancient splendour of the castle.

This almost royal residence formerly belonged to the family Orchich, who bequeathed it to two brothers, who had become irreconcilable enemies. At the death of the younger, the elder sold the castle and the lands to Count Erdödy. He committed suicide in it, having written to his brother that he would put an end to his life if within five days he had not received the money necessary for the payment of his gambling debts.

The courier who brought the sum demanded arrived an hour too late.

Gambling has been from all time the dominant passion of the Croatian nobility.

A characteristic anecdote was told me on this subject.

Count B. having a new neighbour in the country, went to pay him a visit. The first question which he asked the new comer was this, 'Will you play for your castle against mine?'

The son of the rich family of Andamovitch, who owned nearly all the neighbouring lands of Eszek, often used to risk at Vienna or Pesth, on a single game of bouillotte[1] or at écarté, hundreds of acres of fields or forests. It is true that in Croatia as in Hungary the seigneurial estates have preserved proportions which recall the division of land in the Middle Ages. There are still domains which have an extent of 80,000 to 100,000 acres.[2] There are few peasants who do not possess 40 to 50 acres.

The division of land cannot sink lower than (in rough figures) 4 acres, that being the superficies judged necessary by the legislature for the maintenance of a family.

But in these days the Croatian nobility no longer gamble away their castles. The Jew usurers have found out how to get the better of them without the means of cards.

The sensation of awakening in our room with its wood carvings was charming. Our blinds had been drawn up the night before, so that the entire apartment was bathed in sunlight.

[1] A game of cards played by five persons.
[2] Roughly calculated, 150 to 180 square miles.

We both of us ran to throw open the windows, clothed as we were *à la Croate*, that is to say, in the slightest costume possible. The fresh morning breeze, as it rose and fell, caressed our faces, with a feeling as of a delicious intoxication.

In the court-yard below, the ducks were sailing boldly in the basin of the waterfall, their wings before the wind, loudly uttering their delight. The peacock still in his place on the wall between the two pillars also announced the dawn by spreading his brilliant disk of feathers; the pigeons whitened the roof, and the swallows spread themselves out in the azure like a long streamer of black lace. Hidden under the white flower of a hawthorn, a thrush enchanted us with his song; on the trees all sorts of birds warbled and rejoiced; and in the grass, crickets, chirping incessantly, woke up the little sleeping insects still incrusted like precious stones in the corolla of the flowers; the fields were full of the sounds of a gay morning as the returning daylight awakened all things to life and love.

We dressed quickly, and descended the stairs to make the tour of the castle. The site on which it stood struck us with admiration. It was the Swiss Oberland without its severity of outline; for here was something softer, more homely, of an idyllic simplicity, with an Italian profusion of vegetation. It was a land such as one sees in dreams, not to be equalled in its aspect of delicious freshness, in its

beautiful fruit-trees, the greenness of its turf, its vistas at once deep and varied. On the side of the mountain the irregularities of surface were crowned with vine leaves, like antique fauns, whilst between two of these little acclivities was a tiny wooded gorge, which in itself was like nothing so much as a dimple on the smiling cheek of a young girl. On the adjoining plain, fields of rich beauty spread themselves forth, carpets with a background of green, dotted with white daisies, and fringed as with gold by the surrounding fields of corn.

We had arrived in front of the chapel belonging to the castle, which is only opened two or three times a year, when the curé of the parish comes to celebrate some of the endowed Masses. The Croatian clergy, indeed, owe all that they possess to the lords of the manor. One nobleman has given to them a field, another an orchard or a vineyard, but each of these donations has been made with this special clause, that if any member of the family of the donor should happen some day to fall into indigence, he shall be received and cared for at the clergy-house to the end of his days. But seigneurial generosity has not been everywhere the same in these parts; and as the clergy are not paid by the State, which of course encourages these donations, there are some parishes in which the curé is obliged to say every year to his flock from the pulpit, 'You know that I have nothing; if the harvest is good, give me enough to support me; if you

bring me too much, it shall not be lost, I shall give it to the poor.'

The peasants then voluntarily pay a tithe on the harvest and the vintage, and so provide for the maintenance of religious worship.

From the chapel we passed through an alley of mulberry trees to the garden of the castle, where we found our host dressed completely in white, and wearing a large straw hat; he was gathering the apricots beaded with dew. A little farther on his daughter was gracefully bending over some raspberry bushes, their coral fruit seeming to swim in the verdure. A golden plover looked at them with his black eyes from his eyrie in a pear-tree cut in pyramid fashion, on the summit of which he was perched. If only one of Florian's shepherds, in a coat and stockings of silk, and with a crook tied with ribbons, had shown himself behind the bindweed-covered hedge, how complete would have been the picture!

This garden was the object of especial care both of father and daughter; it was one of those privileged corners of the earth where one would like to linger for ever; a flowery and hospitable retreat where the soul reposes as a tired bird which puts its head under his wing. No stiff and majestic alleys, but little balmy paths which speak with low voices; no parterres spreading their noisy and modern riches, but nature such as it is, beautiful, frank, smiling, and naïve; a wilderness as it were of plants and bushes,

broken here by a bed of pansies with their rounded petals and rich changing colours, there by the corn-flower brilliant in colour, by rose-coloured petunias veined with purple, and balsams and asters. In the midst of all these plants, growing at liberty as in a horticultural republic, in which the most humble and most ordinary flowers received as much sun as the most noble, I discovered the little saxifrage with its graceful leaves and white corolla powdered with bright red, so French in form and shade, the very despair of painters. It is a plant of northern lands, where the peasants give it the pretty name of 'The more I see you, the more I love you.' For those who are far from their country it has sweet memories; the more one sees it, the more one loves France. In the alcoves there were a great variety of roses of every description; the 'Sweet Aurora,' 'the Virgin of Lemnos,' 'the Star of the North,' 'the Coquette of Bellevue,' 'the Solitary Rose,' and 'the Wedding Rose,' whose petals have the pale blush of a young bride. And here, too, was a nightingale, like the nightingale of which Heine speaks, indifferent to all the rest of the world, and whose only thought, whose only song was for the purple rose, which he bathed in his sonnet of love, and throwing himself on those dear thorns, he bled and sang like those hearts where sorrow brings but happiness and blessing.

The early bees drank honey from the half-open lips of the roses, and the butterflies flew from flower

to flower like Cupids turned naturalists. Admirable evidences of the harmony of creation! The flowers whose beauty sets off that of these winged visitors, are made fruitful by the presence which shakes off their pollen.

An alley shaded by vines the whole of its length led us into a cluster of trees, in the midst of which we found a rustic kiosk half-buried under the capricious festoons of climbing plants. It is here, in this hermitage *à la Jean Jacques Rousseau*, that our host comes to philosophise with his guests after dinner, or to make some sonnet when he is alone, when the spirit of the woods stirs his white hair.

We returned to the castle through the kitchen-garden, in the midst of which long rows of cabbages, with their round firm heads, seemed pensively to meditate on their latter end, like a row of German professors with their bald heads. Pumpkins spread their golden and polished fruit in the midst of their luxuriant hairy leaves, so did the cucumbers with their scimitar-shaped forms.

After the first breakfast of *café au lait*, honey and butter, our host conducted us to a neighbouring clan—the Clan Borovèz, where he had to visit a sick man. There are neither doctors nor midwives in the country, and all the peasants have recourse to him in case of illness.

Notwithstanding the law passed in 1871 by the diet of Agram, in virtue of which the sale of joint-

property and the dissolution of the community are allowed, the greater part of the Croatian and Servian peasants[1] have remained faithful to the ancient custom of their fathers, of living grouped around one chief and one hearth. 'Many hands,' say they, 'produce more than one, and it is only united forces that can make a house strong.'

I found amongst them a picture of patriarchal life, such as is described in the Bible; only, instead of living in tents, they inhabit mud huts grouped round those of the patriarch. That was the only difference.

This group of houses is surrounded by an enclosure of interlaced branches; seen in the distance it looks like a large encampment. Even now, clans are to be found which form an actual village, and which possess many hundred horses.[2] 'An isolated family,' says a common Yougo-Slave proverb, 'has more pains than pleasures.' 'He who is alone,' says another proverb, 'is like a lopped oak.'

It is the same primitive communism that was formerly established in the Military Borders, only here the clan is homogeneous, that is to say, formed solely of the members of the same family, whilst

[1] The Croats and Servians are two branches of a single nation; they speak the same language; there is not really any difference of nationality between them.

[2] A Belgrade journal mentioned lately one of these clans or 'Zadrougas' which had eighty-five members. In Montenegro the clan of the Dalmatian Triphounovitch reckoned some years ago seventy-two persons, thirteen married women and two widows.

in the military frontier the clan was heterogeneous, the members who composed it being for the most part strangers one to the other.

The *Zadrouga*, the name which the southern Slaves give to these associations or clans, is constituted on the same basis as the ancient tribe; it is a co-operative association for the improvement of the common and joint property; the individual lands (as a rule, some 30 to 50 acres) are possessed and cultivated in common. Nearly the whole profits are paid into the family treasury. The chief is the director of the society, the head of the community. Among the Servians he is called *Staresina* or 'the Elder,' among the Croatians *Gospodar* or 'Master.' He is a natural chief, just as the *Zadrouga* is a miniature republic, and he is chosen by universal suffrage. In consequence fathers have sometimes to obey their sons.

The gospodar portions out the work, and exercises a patriarchal authority over all the members of the association. Our host told me an anecdote to show how implicitly obedience is carried out in the clan.

One day the son of a chief had stolen some fruit out of the orchard of the castle. My informant went to the gospodar and complained.

'How much is the fruit worth?' the latter asked.

'A florin,' was the answer.

The staresina paid it, and calling his son, said, 'Fetch me a bench.'

The son obeyed.

The father ordered him by a sign to stretch himself upon it; and, tying his hands behind his back, administered twenty blows with a stick.

The son arose, carried the bench back to its place, went up to his father, kissed his hand, and said, 'Thank you!'

Any one of the members who has been guilty of disobedience or of idleness during the current year can be deprived, when the division of profits is made, of the portion to which he has a right.

Amongst the Servians, all the chiefs of the clan meet in the open air every Sunday, and perform judicial functions. They pronounce publicly on the quarrels which take place between the various clans, and then deliberate on the wants of the commune. If a peasant has not enough land, the commune gives him more, and these lands become his own property without any payment on his part. In this way amongst the country-people there is neither great riches nor great poverty.[1] This equality of possession is the same that one still finds in the Russian *Mir* and in the Christian convent. Communism, the primitive form of property, is not, as one can see, a modern idea.

We visited the clan Borovèz by passing into the

[1] Tankovitsch and Grouitch, in 'Les Slaves du Sud,' say, 'The Servian people is exempt from absurd ideas; amongst us is no proletariat.'

enclosure which surrounded it by means of a short ladder serving for a staircase. Immediately the little naked children, who were playing amongst the fowls, ducks, and pigs, ran away uttering cries of fright, the fowls, ducks, and pigs in their turn taking to flight; the pigs, their ears upright, their tails twisted up, the fowls and ducks wildly, with open wings, and noisy cries, not quite so wild as the children's: the pigs disappeared into their thatch-covered sties, and the fowls took refuge in the houses, flying right over the heads of the women, who, dressed as usual in chemises, were sitting on the thresholds. The horses which were grazing under the trees took fright at all this uproar and began to stamp, kicking as if a pack of wolves had invaded the *Zadrouga*. The ducks, which up to this moment had shown a courage worthy of heroes of ancient days, now felt their hearts suddenly fail them for fear, and threw themselves—a prey to a most amusing panic—into a muddy pool made by the overflow of water from the well.

The clan Borovèz inhabited ten houses, ranged in a half-circle like large hives, and each containing three families who worked in common, but were independent in respect of house-keeping, in contrast with the custom in the military frontier, where every day forty to fifty persons meet at the same table. Thus promiscuousness is banished from the Croatian and Servian *Zadrougas;* the children be-

long to their father and mother, and are not, as among some nations who live also in clans, the property of all. It is the patriarchal family in all its simplicity and grandeur, submitting in most cases to the 'wisdom' of an old white-haired man—to a patriarch.

In Slave countries old age is still as much respected as in Lacedæmon. 'Youth is strength,' says a Slave proverb, 'age is brains;' and again, 'The devil knows a good deal because he is old.'

Old men are never addressed familiarly, and jokes are forbidden in their presence. They are seated at meals, whilst the young people who are present must stand. Their hands are kissed with veneration.[1] According to Russian ideas, the father of a family is as much a sovereign in his house as the Czar in his empire. Age does not exempt children from submission to paternal authority, to which they remain subject until they are married.

We had now arrived near the women, who alone had not been frightened at our approach. They were shelling peas and peeling potatoes.

'Where is the sick man?' asked our host.

A woman rose and conducted us into one of the ten little houses arranged in a half-circle, and which, as they were built almost alike, was hardly distinguishable from the rest.

Upon a heap of wood in front of the door a large

[1] Madame Dora d'Istria.

black cat was washing its pink nose, and combing its long white moustaches.

We penetrated into a narrow room lighted by a window in the roof; a man lying on his face was moaning, stretched on an old mattress. Our host questioned him; he had internal inflammation, the result of indulgence in raki. On the ground at the foot of the bed, in a wooden trough which served as a cradle, and around which fowls and ducks were roosting, was a little fair child smiling like an infant Jesus. A chest, a plank resting on four posts serving as a table, an earthenware oven which did the double duty of warming the room and serving as a kitchen, completed the furniture of this poor hut, whose only flooring was the beaten soil.

'How many children have you in your Zadrouga?' our host asked of the wife, after leaving some remedies for the sick man.

'There are so many one can't count them,' she answered.

The little savages had come out of their hiding-places one by one, and were swarming in the enclosure like a litter of rabbits.

The community has its garden situated outside this enclosure; onions for the most part are cultivated in it. The onion is the staple of the food of the Croatian peasant. In the morning he gnaws two or three, at mid-day he eats some more made into soup; as for the evening meal, it consists of ground

Indian corn boiled, in which is poured melted pork fat. It is not, one can see, over-abundant cheer, but rather drunkenness which has its victims here.

At the approach of winter the peasant sells his cattle, so that he may not have to feed them, then he shuts himself up like a bear in his den, and gives himself up to drinking for days together, without going out, whilst his wife and daughters weave his clothes. When spring arrives he again buys a pair of bullocks, he sows just enough corn to keep his family, then he goes to rest again as if he had created the world, and waits for the sun to do the rest—to ripen his corn, to redden or gild his grapes. The Croatian peasant betrays his near neighbourhood to the East,—he has the idleness and the carelessness of the Turk.

Certain economists say that it is the community of goods that favours idleness, and that if the Zadrougas were abolished, the production and the resources of the country would be increased. But could these reforms change the national character? Were the peasant given up entirely to his own free will, with no one to control him, no one to force him to work, having his lands in his own control to sell them if he chose for drink, would he not run a great risk of seeing all his property pass into the hands of usurers? It is not enough to make new laws; it is necessary, if these laws are to be of any use, that the people be sufficiently enlightened to understand them.

M. Quiquerez was sitting at the foot of a tree near an old barn, sketching in my album a general view of the clan Borovèz. I was taking notes, whilst our kind conductor was examining a little lad who, naked as he was born, showed by his distended stomach that something was wrong. His mother had brought him along, dragging him by the nose; the little rascal had eaten too many gooseberries, and his gluttony had swollen him out like a leathern bottle.

Meanwhile the men of the Zadrouga, returned from the fields, had grouped themselves behind M. Quiquerez and myself, and were regarding our pencils moving on the paper with a suspicious eye. Suddenly the oldest came up to M. Quiquerez and said, 'Why do they want to add to our taxes?'

'But I didn't know that there was any intention of increasing them,' said our host.

'Are not these two gentlemen who are writing, Government officials? Do you think we do not understand? They are taking the plan of our houses.'

'No such thing,' he replied; 'the one who is dressed in a round coat has come from Paris, the other is an artist.'

The peasant went back to the group, whispered in the ear of his comrades, and all stared at me as if I had come down from the moon; when I thought they had stared enough, I gave the signal for departure.

On the vast plain, variegated with fields of clover

with its red buds, with fields of maize with its silver aigrettes, and fields of wheat with its golden ears, the sun rolled his large waves of soft light, and on all sides, preceded by advanced guards of mowers, were seen armies of haymaker women. We saw them stop at equal distances, rapidly form a square, singing a ballad in chorus; then, when the couplet was finished, set to work with ardour under the superintendence of the *ispan* or Conductor of Works, who followed them, pipe in his mouth, a stick in his hand like an old general on half-pay who had taken the command of an army of women.[1]

The Croatians and Servians always sing whilst working; but principally during the '*Moba*,' when they sing from morning to night, and sometimes also from night till morning.

The 'Moba' is a sort of country *fête*, during which no one is allowed to work for himself, nor for pay, but which is celebrated by working gratuitously for others. When the person for whom the work is done is rich, on their return from the fields in the evening the labourers assemble at a merry feast, and sing and dance until the morning dawns.

In autumn, at the time of the harvest of the Indian corn, how grand are the songs in the open air! On the great heaps of maize the women in

[1] In Russia the Superintendent of Works is armed with a whip. Women, in whatever condition, are not exempted from work, and it is not unusual to hear of infants being born in the fields, and to see the mothers carrying them in their aprons to the village.

their white floating garments look like priestesses; and when, simultaneously raising their sickles, they intoned the choruses, the effect was truly thrilling. In the evenings the *gospodar* (master of the house) gives them wine, and the kolo knits its graceful and supple chains to the renewed sounds of singing.

As the path that we followed brought us nearer and nearer to these women, whose turbaned heads in their red handkerchiefs made this field, which belonged to our host, look as if it were sown with poppies, we heard more distinctly their songs, sweet and slow like the cooing of doves, or quick and gay like the morning carol of the lark.

These choruses are for the most part improvised. Whilst we stopped to rest, these harvest-women began to sing:—

'If we were as the stars which shine in the skies, all the men of this lower world would twist off their necks to gaze at us.'

The mowers, who were up to their arms amongst the corn, and who seemed to be walking through a lake of gold, answered, singing to the same tune:—

'If we were as the flowers of the garden, all the young girls would become gardeners, and would pass their lives in smelling our perfume.'

A poet of the country says, 'Wherever you find a Slave woman, you will hear singing.' These women are really endowed with an exquisite gift of poetry. The songs which, like the birds, they improvise

during harvest-time, or in the evening in coming home from the fields, during their *fêtes* or réunions, on the occasion of baptisms, marriages, or deaths —on every domestic celebration, are models of lyric poetry. One might imagine that they had been composed by Greek poets, by some rustic Anacreon whose 'verses are sweet as nectar,' or by imitators of Lucilius and Nicarchus, those sparkling poets of comic epigrams.

Listen to this pretty Croatian girl, who is washing before a mirror:—

'If I thought,' she says, apostrophising her face, 'that an old man was going to kiss thee, oh! my face —I should go into the depths of the forest—And I would gather all the plants of wormwood—I would pound them and make a salve.—And so the kisses would be bitter to the old man!

'But if I knew it should be a young man! I would go into the smiling garden—I would gather all the roses—and I would prepare an essence. And so the kisses of the young man—should be sweet and perfumed, and should rejoice his heart.

'Ah! I would willingly go with him even to the mountains—rather than live in a castle with the old man;—I would rather sleep by his side on the bare ground—than on silken cloths by the old man!'

This poetry is true to life; the character of the Croatian peasant is completely reflected in it; one learns unexpectedly in it, as by an echo, the first confidences

of the young girl given to her bouquet of flowers, or to the stars, which she calls 'her sisters.'

'I am alone,' she sighs; 'I see my youth passing; alone in my sad chamber, alone in my sad bed, on which I turn agitated without finding any relief; on the right, no one; on the left, no living thing; under these soft coverings I have only bitter cares—By the great God, I will not remain in this state! I will buy a horse and a falcon, and will go forth on the royal road to Stamboul, to seek adventures!'

'Oh! nightingale,' says a young girl in another song, 'do not sing so loud—you will awaken my dear Lord—I put him to sleep myself—and it is I who should awake him—I will go into the perfumed garden—I will pick a lily—I will caress his cheeks with it—and my love will awake.'

Or again, it is a young girl who cries: 'Why am I not, alas! a fresh streamlet?—I know where I would run all joyous—Under the window of the friend of my heart—perhaps he would quench his thirst in me—perhaps he would bathe in my waves—perhaps I should touch his heart when folding him in my watery arms.'

In spite of the outspoken ardour of these 'feminine' songs, it is very rare that a young peasant succumbs to temptation or seduction—notwithstanding that on the borders of the streams, amongst the ducks and geese, one meets every moment boys of ten and girls of twelve years of age who bathe in the primitive costume of Daphnis and Chloe; it is

the innocence of the golden age; indeed, in their own houses women go about without any clothes whatever, and no one's modesty is shocked. Simplicity in costume is a mark of simplicity in manners. In proportion as people are corrupted, they depart from nature. Before the fall Adam and Eve were naked.

In this part of Croatia a girl's good character is held in great respect, and such a thing as infanticide is unknown. A young girl who has forfeited her fair name is thereafter disgraced and called '*Kuca*,' and all the young people insult her publicly, and treat as a lost being. In some southern Slave provinces, such as Hjes-kovac, after a marriage, if the bride is pronounced irreproachable, guns are fired off, joyous exclamations are redoubled among the guests, who then form themselves in a procession to carry presents to the parents of the bride. On the other hand, however, should there be proofs of lightness of conduct on the part of the bride, all the wedding guests are plunged in sadness, and the father must take back his daughter, or pay an indemnity to his son-in-law to make up for his disappointment.

But if the conduct of the Croatian girl is thus irreproachable before her marriage, it is unfortunately too often no longer so afterwards. The conjugal ties here have an elasticity quite Parisian, and the popular songs which celebrate the misadventures of husbands are full of a malicious suggestiveness

recalling our old Gallic ballads; and although the partner of her flirtations can be punished, by being put into prison, it is not often that the injured husband goes to law, and still less often that he revenges himself on his wife.

The chants that the women improvise round the coffin of a dead parent are as graceful as their love-songs are tender.

They complain of fate and of the grief of the family; they sing of the virtues of the dead man, or of the beauty of the dead woman. A lament of women over their deceased sister runs as follows:—

'She was as beautiful as a fairy—Her figure was tall and supple as a young pine-tree—Her cheeks white and pink as if she had stolen the delicate tints of the dawn—Her eyes were two precious pearls—Her eyebrows long and fine like sea-leeches—Her eyelids with their long lashes resembled swallows' wings—Her little teeth two rows of pearls—Her pretty mouth a sugar-box—And the whiteness of her bosom was as the plumage of the dove—When she spoke we heard as it were the turtle-dove cooing—And when she smiled there was a sunbeam.'

From the day of the death until the funeral day, the women do not cease to chant their grief. After the last ceremony in the house of the deceased, which is performed with an accompaniment of music, all those who have taken part in the interment sit down to a meal, and during the course of the year following

three great dinners are given in honour of the dead man; the whole village is invited to the last of the three, which takes place at night-fall. A peasant is often obliged to sell his cow so as to be able to procure the amount of wine necessary for his guests. When the sons have lost their father, they must go about during several days with their head uncovered. Formerly, amongst the Servians, if one of two brothers born in the same month in successive years happened to die, the survivor was tied to the corpse, and he remained so bound, until some member of his family came to deliver him, and to declare publicly that he would adopt him as a brother.

Here, in the Biskra country, as soon as a member of a clan dies, they run to the castle: 'My mother is dead.' 'What is it that you want?' 'Give me some stockings.' 'What for?' 'For the corpse.' 'But she never wore stockings all her life.' 'Oh! but she will want them in the grave, where it is so cold.'

Or perhaps some such dialogue as the following will take place between the lord of the castle and the peasant:—'My father is dead.' 'What do you want?' 'Some wood.' 'How many planks?' 'Four planks;' then the peasant makes a little calculation. 'Gospodar,' says he, 'I've no nails; give me some nails for the coffin.'

The relatives themselves invariably dig the grave; but when the deceased is a woman, very often no one follows her to her resting-place.

In a country where they sing at funerals, one can imagine that marriages are not left without music. But first of all, a few words about the way in which marriages are arranged—the age of the woman being generally between sixteen and twenty.

When on Sunday, in coming out of church after Mass, a young girl accepts a bouquet of flowers offered to her by a young man, she is regarded as his betrothed, and as it were set apart. No one else dares to pay court to her. Some days afterwards the *desko* or aspirant goes with two of his friends into the house of his betrothed, and asks for something to drink; food is also given to him; in fact, during the whole day great junketings go on, intermixed with songs and toasts. A young man however does not marry a girl until he is sure that she is healthily formed; and preliminaries are gone through to make certain that she is robust and sound. She then prepares for the wedding; these preparations last about a month, and her trousseau must be composed of at least five white garments, two pairs of boots, a cloak, and seven or eight silk handkerchiefs to tie over her head and round her waist; she must also have some ribbons, and a table-cloth for grand occasions. As for her dowry, it consists of a cow; without a cow a young girl would never find a husband.

On the day of the wedding the bridegroom comes with musicians to seek his betrothed, who must come out of the house alone, and walk the last in the train

of the group of friends who surround the husband. At the head of the procession runs a boy, holding in his hand a stick, to which are suspended handkerchiefs of many colours, and in the other hand an apple, a gruesome reminder of the cause of the fall of the first woman.

After the wedding-feast, at which all the neighbouring clans are present, they reunite in the house of the newly-married pair, where they sometimes remain eight days without going out, so taken up are they with eating, drinking, and singing.

The *rôle* of the young wife as servant begins at once; it is she who serves the guests at table; but the Croatian woman is so gentle, she knows how to put so much poetry into customs which would otherwise be coarse and rough, that she seems to be happy in the position assigned to her, and to find the day a *fête* day for herself as well.

If a child is born to the young household, and is to be baptized, it is laid on a wadded plank, and is carried by a young girl on her head to church. There is only one godfather or godmother, who is expected to bestow on it a cake made of white cheese, flour, and a little butter.

A girl who has just been married is called in Croatian *sneha*, when she has had a child *gena*, when she has reached the age of forty *baba*, which means grandmother, and when she has passed fifty *stara-baba*, which means old decrepit one!

We now proceed to religious festivals.

The Croatians prepare three months beforehand for the Christmas solemnities. During the four weeks of Advent they go in crowds to church. And as the churches are always situated on rising ground, it is a strange spectacle to see these long files of human beings making their way in the deep, thick snow.

The women carry candles and resinous torches; they march singing a canticle. In the midst of the darkness the fantastic silhouettes that these groups make as they advance, and the lights of their waving torches, have the most striking effect.

The Christmas canticles are the same to-day that have been in use three or four centuries; one of them imitates in its cadences the rocking of a cradle; all the verses of another end in vowels. Their rhythm is sweet and low. There is one, however, which is a war-march; and another in which all the living beings in the world are invited to come and put to sleep the infant Jesus. One has in it the crow of the cock, the warbling of the nightingale, the note of the thrush, the cry of the cuckoo, the cooing of the pigeon, the clucking of the hen, the croaking of the frog, the yelping of the fox, the bleating of the sheep, the neighing of the horse, the braying of the ass, the lowing of the bullock, and the roaring of the lion: nothing can sound more odd.

The day of the Epiphany, the curé or the vicar goes round to each house to sing the canticle of the Three

Kings. He next blesses the rooms and the stables in the name of the Magi, who are held in great veneration in this country. When the benediction is given the priest waves incense throughout the house. The servants range themselves round the table, on which is placed an infant Christ: every one kneels, and the canticle of the Three Kings is sung.

On the gates of the castle of Biskra is still to be seen this old inscription :—'In 1778 the Magian kings passed by and blessed this house.'

We returned to the castle by dinner-time. After dinner a *kola* came to take M. Quiquerez and myself to the baths of Krapina.

The kola is a primitive carriage which bears a very strong relationship to the Russian *téléga;* it is made entirely of wood, the sides of open work, like two racks; the after-carriage is filled with hay, covered with goat-skin, on which one sits, or rather lies. Two little Croatian horses, thin, but nimble as crickets, draw this cart at the speed of nine or ten miles an hour; leaping over boulders, tumbling down descents, without a break or check, with the fury of five hundred demons. It is necessary to hold on fast to avoid being pitched overboard.

The part of Zagorjé that we traversed was beautiful and fresh as the green valley of the Gruyère; this smiling country is called the Croatian Switzerland.

But it is a calm and tranquil Switzerland without its great alpine emotions; a Switzerland gay, open

and smiling, not a single snowy ridge raising its silver turban in the horizon, no grand walls of granite which seem to uphold the crystalline vault of the sky. On the contrary, hills gaily flowering, daintily skipping like those which the Scriptures compare to young sheep, exhibit all the graces of rustic nature crowned with corn or flowers, with a green belt of fields, and silver brooks.

The pine forests are here replaced by veritable forests of Indian corn, which, up to the very top of the mounds and little hills, lift their tall stalks two or three yards in height. We saw several churches which were built on these fertile hills. In the plains, field after field spread itself with royal magnificence, in some of which circled detachments of mowers and haymakers. In the shade of some giant oaks we saw the pointed roofs of a zadrouga. Near a bridge with a broken arch, covered with moss and starred with pale flowers, a young girl was standing upright upon the trunk of a dead tree lying on the road, and two gentle-looking cows were licking with their red tongues her sunburnt feet. A little further on, our coachman beckoned to a girl tending some geese in the neighbourhood of a well to bring us some water. She tied a rope round the neck of her pitcher, let it slide to the bottom of the well, and then drawing it up and gracefully balancing it on one shoulder, she came like Rebekah of old to give us to drink.

The road lengthened out in front of us so white

Gopcevic, a Montenegrin,[1] 'that a young man would be much less grieved at the loss of his wife than of his favourite weapon.' Many of the Montenegrins never go to Cattaro, which belongs to Austria, because they would be obliged to lay aside their arms on entering that town.

One of these Montenegrin chiefs whom we met at Krapina, was, if my memory does not deceive me, the famous Krco Petrovich, one of the greatest captains of the last war. Krco Petrovich has killed a hundred and twenty Turks with his own hand, and in these countries, as one knows, it is usual to count by heads. At the battle of Zagerach, in 1862, Petrovich saved Prince Nicolas, by picking up a bombshell which had fallen at the feet of his Highness's horse; he flung it back into the ranks of the Turks, where it burst, killing a dozen men. At the age of thirteen Petrovich performed the decapitation of his first Turk.

'His body is literally covered with wounds,' said M. Quiquerez. 'One ball even went through his neck; he has a dozen decorations, and when I took his portrait, I disappointed him terribly by telling him that it would not be good taste to paint him with every one of them on his chest.'

The Montenegrins have an extremely simple man-

[1] 'Le Monténégro et les Monténégrins,' by Spiridion Gopcevic. M. Gopcevic is a relation of the reigning Prince, and his book is certainly the most complete and most interesting that has ever been published on this curious country.

ner of making war, rendered necessary on account of their small numbers. They never come out against an army in regular battle array; they keep always on the defensive: hidden behind their rocks, they rain a shower of bullets on the enemy, and when he is decimated, and almost at the end of his strength and courage, they throw themselves upon him with the speed and weight of an avalanche, and kill and massacre him pitilessly with their terrible kandjars. On neither side is any quarter; the wounded even are not spared. In the conflict, each defends himself to the last extremity. A Montenegrin always keeps the sixth and last charge of his revolver to put an end to himself, should he by chance fall into the hand of the enemy. If he should be wounded, and his companions are too hardly pressed to take him on their shoulders, he begs them to cut off his head, so that he may not fall alive into the hands of the Turks.

Nimble as chamois, and sober as camels, the Montenegrins, unparalleled walkers, can, in twenty-four hours, assemble at the most distant point on their frontier. Their weapons, a loaf of bread, some cheese, a few onions, and a gourd of brandy, constitute their baggage. When it rains they wrap their *straka* (blanket) round their heads, and when night overtakes them, they stretch themselves on the earth, sleep two or three hours, and continue their road in the midst of precipices. They wait for

darkness in which to organise their attacks, to set fire to the Turkish dwellings, or to encircle with a garland of decapitated heads stuck on stakes, some village that has been but too bravely defended.

But let us return to Krapina, which is one of the most celebrated Baths of Croatia. In the evening all the bathers, according to the German custom, take supper *à la carte.* The dining-hall then resembles an international railway station, from the variety of types and costumes one meets. In one corner, at a little table, are two Hungarian country gentlemen, dark skinned, with black beards, wearing long boots, tight trousers braided round the pockets, frogged overcoats, and fringed cravats. In another corner a Viennese lady, in a toilet fresh as the spring and pink as the dawn, her hair floating down her shoulders, and bedecked with wild flowers, sits affectedly between two Jew bankers with profiles like rams, and waistcoats showing a great deal of shirt front. Alone at a table eating a great plateful of *nudel* (a kind of maccaroni), is a fat German from Styria, looking like a captive balloon about to burst. Further on are two curés smoking and drinking a bottle of Carlovitz; before touching the glass with their lips, they raise it, shutting the left eye to the light, the better to see its ruby colour. Then there are at other tables, picturesquely grouped, officers, inhabitants of the Borders, Servians, and Monte-

negrins, in their various costumes. In the midst of all these people eating and drinking, smart and prepossessing waitresses move quickly about, with their short skirts, white aprons, and slashed shoes.

There were two dining-halls, that of the first class, and that of the second class destined for the people of the country, who come every year by thousands, on purpose to get themselves cupped. The peasant thinks that he will die before the year is out, if he is not cupped on such and such a day of the year. The Government was obliged to interfere and to publish an ordinance on this subject.

The Slave, who is very superstitious, believes in omens, amulets, and sorcerers, in vampires that feed on corpses and the blood of the living; in *Wilas*, or beings of vague form which inhabit the depths of forests and the banks of rivers, and are perceived dancing in the light of the moon, with floating hair, and long white veils. It is the Wilas, they affirm, who cause the storms, and make the torrents swell. Woe be to him who listens to the perfidious voice of these fays of the Slavonian forests!

A phantom enveloped with a shroud, and carried from village to village by the clouds, personifies the plague in the eyes of the peasants.

On the eve of St. George the women go into the woods to seek flowers and spring herbs, which they throw into water taken from under a mill-wheel, and

the next day they bathe in this water, so as to absorb the revivifying forces of nature.

Does a drought continue?—a young girl is robed in no other garments but flowers and grass from head to foot, and led from house to house escorted by her companions, who do not cease to sing, to soften the skies and beg for rain. Gipsy women generally perform this ceremony, as pretty as it is pagan.

As a rule the peasant is very ignorant. In Slavonia and Croatia fifty per cent. of the population can neither read nor write. It was not until 1850 that primary schools were opened in the country; and as they are not established in every village, and as the villages are often very distant one from another, the attendance in these schools leaves much to be desired. Besides, the life of the clan is very unfavourable to intellectual progress, for children even at a very tender age are set to domestic work.

The manner in which justice is administered is also, I am told, not of a nature to insure moral progress. The complications and the tardiness of legal procedures are excessive. There are law-suits which last half a century; so advocates are engaged by the year, and they take care, most scrupulously, to make the case last until one or other of the parties is ruined by the costs of the proceeding.

The integrity of the judges is far from being above suspicion. Justice depends on the judge. I have been told that where a large proprietor has a law-

suit, he generally gives a dinner to the judges, and that the Amphitryon has the pleasure of hearing from his advocate at the end of the meal that 'the affair has been arranged with the judges with the aid of three or four hundred florins.'

Another time the special aim was to bribe an old judge, to whom they did not dare to offer money; they sent a beautiful girl to him; she gained the cause.

It is justice after the Oriental fashion. Another time a married woman complained of a gross outrage she had received from a certain individual; her husband was there to support the demands of his wife, and to claim damages. 'What!' cried out the judge, 'you demand four florins; it is too much; why, for five florins you might win over the most beautiful woman in Agram!' And he reduced the claim to one-half.

Justice is not less rare in politics.

If you question the peasant as to his judges, he will tell you that they are not rich enough to make them independent. And it is quite true that they are so badly paid, that if they had not perquisites they could hardly live.

Judges have been mentioned to me by name who still order the culprit to be beaten, although the bastinado was abolished three or four years ago. Strangulation by means of an iron collar fastened to a stake has now been superseded by hanging.

The peasant often pleads his own cause in court; he speaks with volubility and with much good sense. But he is very obstinate.

When some circumstance or other necessitates the forfeiture of the vineyard of which the peasant stands possessed on the usual conditions of usufruct, and when the sentence declares that the proprietorship has returned to the seigneurial owner,[1] the peasant (in a case quoted to me) received the sentence smiling.

'Why do you laugh?' asked the judge.

'Because I'm not going to give up *my* vineyard.'

'But it is not yours; it was lent to you. I shall send the gendarmes to turn you out if you go back to it.'

'When they are gone, I will come back.'

'If you do, I shall put you in prison.'

'When I come out of prison I will go back to it.'

'I shall sentence you to hard labour.'

'I shall complete my five years and return.'

'I'll have you driven back by blows.'

'You may have me beaten, but you can't cut off my legs, and I *will* return!'

The mayor of the village is nominated by the inhabitants, who each say in a loud voice, 'I vote for such an one.' In this way bribery is impossible.

[1] The sentence once given, the judge goes to the spot with the original proprietor and the usufructuary (the man to whom it was lent). The judge reads the sentence in presence of the parties, then taking a pinch of the earth, he puts it into the hand of the proprietor, saying, '*In nomine Cæsaris istud signum restitutionis tui boni terrestris datum est.*' The peasant is then forbidden henceforth to touch this land without a new agreement with the proprietor.

If the peasants choose one of their number who cannot read or write, the civil government of Croatia do not accept him, but officially appoint another man.

In Croatia there is much more municipal liberty than in France. The town-councillors are also elected by the peasants. The peasant who has the office of drilling the rural police is called a pandour. He receives about forty florins a year, wears a sabre and musket, and a high cap with feathers. Each peasant is required in his turn to go the round at night. Crimes are so rare, that when one does happen it puts the whole country in a state of excitement.

Wherever the pandour carries an order—a *presmo*, as it is called—he receives a glass of raki; when he has conveyed twenty in one day, he is in an indescribable state. The wife of one of them said one day, 'I won't have you pandour any longer; you get drunk every evening and beat me in consequence,' and she went to the Mayor, who dismissed him from office.

We slept at Krapina. The next morning, after having taken a few sketches, we got into our kola, and at nightfall found ourselves once more round the hospitable table of the castle of Biskra.

'Well,' said our host, 'what do you think of the Baths of Krapina?'

'Krapina? why, that it is charming when you are no longer there!'

CHAPTER X.

From Agram to Zakany—First Magyar Village—The Hungarian Army—Heroism of women—Kanizsa—An abduction—Hungarian roads—Nagy-Atad—The *puszta*—Arrival at a friend's house—A Nurse's song.

MY only reason for returning to Agram was to take the train which goes from this town to Buda-Pesth, passing by Zakany and along Lake Balaton.[1] At Zakany a local branch-line conducts one into the district of Somogy, where I wanted to go.

All the compartments of the third-class carriage in which I travelled were full of small employés hastening to spend the Sunday in the innocence and idleness of the fields, and of soldiers who were going to cut throats or be killed in insurgent Bosnia, for reasons as unknown as they were indifferent to them. In front of me was a tailor who resembled M. Andrassy. He had the same dark and thick moustaches, the same white teeth, sharp and pointed as those of the carnivora, the same powerful dreamy black eyes, thick curly hair, strong jaws, yellowish

[1] Better known by its German name—the Platten-see.

skin, and marked features of the Asiatic races. Upright as a drum-major and stiff as a stick, he wore a sky-blue cravat, sleeve-studs as large as saucers, and canary-coloured gloves. His hair was parted with an exactness which showed a practised hand, dividing his head into two zones. He held his hat on his knees with as much solemnity as if it were a globe. He gave himself an air of great importance, which amused me much; but how was it possible for him not to feel his own worth in a country where the greater part of the inhabitants are half-naked?

The train passed an encampment beyond the railway station of Agram; the soldiers who were leaving saluted with hurrahs their brethren below us, who were sitting in a circle watching a large caldron whose lid trembled under the burning caresses of a fire of fagots.

We rapidly passed the fertile fields which surround the town. On all sides extended rich vegetation, prairies of thick grass, and fields of Indian corn, whose long stalked heads waved in the wind like ostrich feathers. The only animation in the calm scene was the rising from time to time of a herd of bullocks from the tall reeds on the borders of some marsh, whilst the peasants slept under the shades of the oak-trees as their herds browsed in some leafy glade.

These Hungarian oxen with their silvery hides

seem cut out of marble, and modelled from ancient statues. They might have been the descendants of those in bas-relief on some Greek temple. Their mild and gentle air, their slow and majestic step, the imposing beauty of their aspect, harmonise admirably with these vast plains of classic outline. We also passed thousands of geese and many droves of pigs! What a happy contented air have these pigs of Hungary, sleeping in the sun, their eyes half closed! One cannot decently give the name of swine to animals like these, which recall rather the comrades of Ulysses than the companion of Saint Antony. If metempsychosis be not an idle invention, would that the gods would transform into Magyar pigs the many poor fellows who suffer so from cold and hunger, and the many ills of life. The life of a pig here is as happy as that of a Nabob, a privy councillor of Bavaria, a Viceroy of Egypt. To sleep at leisure under the cool shade of the trees, to feast upon truffles and whole crops of acorns, dreaming of a brisk pink progeny with their tails in cork-screws! behold the happy existence in this plentiful country of these philosophers, who, indeed, might be reproached with a little cynicism, and too easy manners: but no one here below is quite perfect!

The tableau changes. Marshes succeed to forests, and one sees in reality the lean kine that Pharaoh only beheld in his dream. The grass is short and hard like the bristles of a brush; crabbed and stunted

bushes dot the plains reddened by the sun; this in its turn passes, and the earth presents itself under an aspect full of vigour and youth, with crowns of golden wheat-ears on its brow. These are succeeded in their turn by fields of hemp. The cultivation of the hemp is an appropriate one in a country where the rope has always been so freely used.

We next come to a more populous district. Groups of huts ornamented with a crest of smoke show themselves, and we pass peasants on the roads in their Sunday clothes. We cross an interminable wooden bridge, under the buttresses of which the overflowing Drave divides into several arms; then at last we enter into the Hungary of Hungaries, into the country of cordiality and hospitality, of good wine, fine horses, and beautiful women. It is in this latitude that we catch the first sight of the *bunda* (large cloak) and the frogged *attila*, the long boots and moustaches and pipes of the Magyars; for we are at Zakany, where everything is Hungarian —costumes, language, manners, and customs. The physiognomy has no longer the soft, caressing, almost feminine air of the Slave; it is more strongly marked, manly and energetic, bronzed by the hot sun of the vast *puszta*.[1] The eyes here are intensely black, quick and sparkling under bushy brows. The nose is fine and arched, the teeth white,

[1] The immense plains which are the steppes and savannahs of Hungary are called *puszta*.

the hair bushy and wild, the frame athletic and tall, well squared, thin as that of Don Quixote; all indicates a race robust and supple, with rich young blood.

The same difference exists in their costumes as in their physical types.

The Croatian woman thinks herself more than dressed in her one garment; a Hungarian peasant who wears less than three petticoats at once imagines herself half-naked. The men, summer and winter, wear Astracan caps, or felt hats turned up with straight plumes, their waistcoats fastened with silver buttons and a *szür*, a long and ample cloth cloak cut after the fashion of the toga. Their *gatya* (hose), large and full as Turkish trousers, fall midway on the leg on a fine and well-arched boot.

The originality of these costumes, which vary according to the district, gives a great charm of locality in Hungary. You feel yourself in a country which is unlike all others; where the peasant, not submitting to the ignominy of our perpetual change of fashions, has had the good sense to preserve the costume of his fathers, with the language and love of his country. And what proud and bold independence breathes in these Magyar faces!

'When the name of Hungary strikes my ear,' exclaimed Heine, 'my German waistcoat becomes too tight; it is as if a sea stirred within me, as if I heard the sound of a clarion.

'In my heart resound anew the legendary exploits forgotten so long ago, the song barbed with the iron of the Middle Ages, the song of the Niebelungen.

'It is the same heroic tale, the same stories of heroes; the men are the same, only the names are changed.

'Their fate is the same, and though the proud standard floats joyfully, the heroes, according to the old story, are forced to succumb to the brutal strength of savages.

'And this time the bull has even made an alliance with the bear. You fall, Magyars; but console yourselves: we, we feel a shame still more bitter.

'At least by beings not unworthy you have been honestly overcome; for our part we have had to pass under the yoke of wolves, hogs, and currish dogs.

'They howl, and grunt and bark: blushes mount to my forehead when I think of the animals who are our conquerors.[1] But silence, oh! spirit of poetry, these thoughts excite thee; thou art sick, and silence is better for thy health.'

Being Sunday, the station at Zakany was crowded with villagers selling baskets of fruit, the men smoking their pipes with an Oriental sobriety.

A train arriving from Buda-Pesth brought battalions of soldiers. I sat at table next to a young

[1] The Prussians in 1849.

officer who was going to Brod, on the Save, to rejoin General Philippovich as his aide-de-camp. We had conversed during dinner, and learned there would be no train for three hours.

'Do you know Zakany?' I asked my neighbour.

'Not in the least; I am Bohemian by origin, I studied law at the University of Vienna, and I was going to pass my examination when I was offered a post on the Staff.'

'The village is only three-quarters of an hour from the station. Will you walk there with me?'

'With pleasure.'

And he rose and buckled on his sabre. We took the road to the left, a regular Hungarian road, broad and level, and not less than twenty to twenty-two yards wide, on which three teams could easily gallop abreast. At the top of the road we saw the first houses in Zakany, which were hidden behind the trees, but only the better to show themselves off, like the shepherdesses of Virgil. I have never seen prettier or better situated villages than those in Hungary. The houses, like nests buried in vegetation, stand each apart separated by a whitewashed mud wall or by an open palisade. There is only one story, which is on a level with a sort of verandah, not upon the street, but leading into a court at the back. The roofs are covered with thatch, and the walls tinted with colours, some more sprightly, others more subdued. The window sashes, painted green, are ornamented

with lace curtains and pots of flowers, although they are so small that two heads could scarcely look out at the same time. In autumn the whole length of the walls is covered with the green leaves of the tobacco plant, and the golden ears of Indian corn—two plants introduced by the Turks into Hungary.

The villages occupy an immense extent of land; in the distance they look like camps. The large street which goes through the middle is bordered by fine trees, which spread a delicious shade over the passers by.

Would the reader like to enter a Hungarian house? let him follow us. A young girl, on our asking to be allowed to enter, opens the door and stands behind it to let us pass in. How pretty she is, with her gay red boots like two clappers of the bell formed by her half-dozen of starched and flowered petticoats! The plaits of her magnificent black hair are interlaced with red and green ribbons, and hang like two silken bell-pulls down her back. Her slender figure is full of feminine grace. Our curiosity makes her rosy lips part and smile, and if she opened the door to us, it was because, in this old-fashioned country, hospitality still opens its doors to a stranger.

Do you hear those sounds from the court-yard?

Our presence has been discovered in the sties,—a result which causes as much sensation among the pigs as would the false news of the death of the Czar when first announced on 'Change. The geese

sleep around the well, their heads under their wings; the pigeons coo softly from the barn. Let us enter. Here we are in the kitchen carefully whitewashed every spring, and in the midst of which is enthroned a large square oven four feet high. Saucepans and frying-pans are conspicuous by their absence, and are replaced by large earthen pots; the walls, however, are artistically decorated with dishes and kitchen utensils of the brightest pewter. On the right and left of the kitchen are two tidy chambers, simply furnished, and indicating a prosperity that it does one good to see. An oaken bench, fixed to the wall, runs round each apartment. In a corner, on a very low bedstead, feather-beds are piled to the ceiling. These feather-beds, in all varieties of covers, are the pride and luxury of the mistress of a Hungarian household. A walnut-wood wardrobe guards as a precious treasure the linen woven in the winter. An earthenware stove like a monument, on which during very cold weather people sleep, occupies the place of honour in each room. Upon some shelves are ranged cups and globes, a mirror, a crucifix, or an image of the Virgin; lithographs representing Napoleon I., Francis-Joseph in the costume of king of Hungary, and Deàk, complete the furniture.

After having taken leave of the pretty young girl, we continued our excursion into the village.

The houses were all alike, and had no numbers, so

that it is difficult to distinguish them; and in certain large hamlets the peasants, to remedy this inconvenience, make a coloured cross on the front of their houses, letting it be known, 'I live at the red cross, or the violet cross, or the white cross.' Joseph II. (about 1780) wanted to number the houses; but the Hungarians thought they saw in this proposal an attack on their communal liberties, and opposed it.

We had now arrived at the church, whose bell-tower stood out in profile against the blue sky, and as we approached we heard distinctly the voices which mingled with the melodies of the organ. We entered. At the foot of the principal altar, resplendent with lights, and ornamented with flowers, the children of the village were grouped in a half-circle forming a garland; the women on the right, the men on the left, sang in chorus, and the voices rose full, fresh, resounding, piercing the dome of the church to rise to heaven's gates. The vespers were finished. The priest descended from the altar, and whilst the congregation were going out the organist played as a finale the air of a Hungarian waltz. It seemed to me as if the angels from the grand altar with their pretty wings were dancing in a circle like butterflies in a sunbeam. We placed ourselves in the porch to see the crowd pass out. First walked the children two-and-two, carrying flowers; then came young girls in rose-coloured petticoats bordered with black velvet, aprons white as snow fastened round the

waist with a broad ribbon, a shawl or silk handkerchief crossed over the bodice with its puffed sleeves: they carried a handkerchief in one hand, in the other a book of prayers. But what I admired most of all was the care and grace bestowed on their chaussure; certainly Cinderella must have had her origin in Hungary. All the women of this country have feet pretty enough and small enough to make the women of Andalusia jealous, from Cadiz to the Sierra Morena; very proud they are of them, and wear the shortest petticoats to show them off. Even the poorest girls have shoes fit for a queen, and as if the shoemaker's art of ornamenting them with stitching and high heels were not enough, they beautify them still further with gay rosettes and bows. For them the chaussure is the first and last extreme of elegance, the most seductive weapon; a true Hungarian woman would prefer to give up all her other clothing rather than show herself on Sunday without shoes.

These were the first peasants that I had met in Hungary, and I could understand the enthusiasm of the poets of the country who compare them to sweet doves, to rosy apples, to wild flowers, and who call their smiling faces 'flower gardens.' 'Yesterday,' sings a popular ballad of Kisfaludy, 'two doves flew into the garden of my neighbour; I looked at them both, not knowing which was the prettier; the one was fresh as a little fish; her cheek had the colours

of the dawn, which is not surprising, for two suns sparkled and beamed in her eyes; her hair was dark as night. The second was graceful and beautiful as the swan which glides on the even surface of a lake; her eyes reflected heaven like the corn-flowers in the fields. On her forehead, white as a lily, on her lips garnished with pearls, love beamed and darted into the heart of him who gazed at her. Let us go! here they come—This blonde,—I could love her well, but the brunette is charming also.'

Brunette or blonde, the traveller is as much puzzled as the Magyar poet to say which is the prettier; with the one as with the other, the eyes sparkle, and the lips and cheeks have the bright colour of roses.

The men of Zakany wear the little turned-up, straight-plumed hat, which formerly had ribbons added to it. Some wear cloth breeches tight fitting and braided at the pockets, and long boots embroidered with acorns and garnished with spurs.

The peasant men took the road to the inn, the women returned home in little groups, walking with a natural grace, their many-coloured petticoats showing a glaring variety of shades; their white stockings, with either red boots or black pointed shoes, made the broad road, a moment before so still, now quite gay and animated, the spectacle being both striking and interesting.

Whilst we were at Zakany, new relays of soldiers

arrived. We found them encamped in the neighbourhood of the station lying on the grass quaffing the drink of strong men, slivovitza, while the long sausages they held in their hands made them look like snake-charmers. From time to time they struck up a verse of a war song.

'They are singing; they are Hungarians,' observed my companion; 'no other nation has this enthusiasm and carelessness. To Oriental dignity this people unite French gaiety and Italian vivacity.'

'And yet,' I replied, 'this campaign is far from being popular with them. I read this morning in a Buda-Pesth journal that some of the regiments had all but mutinied; and that the authorities in some villages refused to make the requisitions of horses and carts ordered by the Government.'

'It is perfectly true. There is but one voice in Hungary, and that is against the expedition to Bosnia; but the spirit of the people is so warlike, that as soon as the Hungarian soldier is on the march he forgets all, and charges up to the cannon singing.'

Some words on the Hungarian army will not be out of place here.

The troops of the line alone are subject to the jurisdiction of the Minister of War, who presides alike over Austria and Hungary. The *Honveds* who compose the Reserve are raised directly by the Hungarian Minister for the national defence. The

Honveds are addressed in the Hungarian language, whilst the active army receive their orders in German;[1] they have also a special uniform. When one of their standards is blessed, it is an occasion of a great religious and patriotic *fête* in the town. The Bishop himself celebrates the ceremony with solemnity. The ladies of the district dispute for the honour of being godmothers to the flag; young girls dressed in white carry crowns and bouquets, family feasts are held, and fireworks are displayed in the evening. The part that the first Honveds (raised by Kossuth) played in the campaign of 1848 and 1849, in the war of independence, is well known. The imperialist army, often beaten and dreadfully harassed by these heroes, declared a war of extermination against them, and seldom gave them quarter.

The Hungarian soldier of the present day has, like the Borderer of Croatia, lost something of his savage and ferocious aspect. The famous Magyar Hussars[2] no longer wear tresses down their backs, and have preserved nothing of their ancient costume except the *colback* and the *dolman*.

[1] The army of Austro-Hungary when on peace-footing numbers 250,000 men; that of Russia is 700,000, of France 470,000, and Germany 450,000.

[2] The name of *Hussar* comes from *husz* twenty, and *ar*, price, that is, the price of twenty, or what is worth twenty. The equipment of a horse soldier cost formerly as much as the equipment of twenty men on foot; and as a Hungarian magnate was obliged to bring twenty foot soldiers to serve under the royal banner, in case of war, for one mounted soldier, the latter obtained the name of Hussar.

Before the law for compulsory service, enlisting was a spontaneous or voluntary act. It is easy to awaken martial instincts in a nation so essentially warlike and chivalrous. Recruiting took place at the head-quarters of the district on *fête* days, or at a fair. The hussars, preceded by gipsy musicians dressed up for the occasion in gaudy costumes, in waistcoats and caps of scarlet, advanced at a walk into the midst of the crowd, and made an appeal to its patriotism. At each halt the gipsies played national airs or dance music, and the spectators sang in chorus, and danced the intoxicating *czardas*. The hussars dismounted, mixed with the dancers, clanking their spurs in rhythm in the midst of the applause of the multitude. Their grand and off-hand manners, the attraction of their uniforms embroidered in gold or silver, their beautiful plumes, all exercised an irresistible fascination on the young people, who on the spur of the moment, and in the midst of dancing, seized the sabres, took possession of the shakos of the hussars, and made themselves soldiers on the spot.

Amongst the people, whose organisation has been almost republican from its origin, the conscription was of rare exception. The Jazyges, the Coumans, and the Heidukes, who penetrated into Hungary much later than the Magyars, and who were the remains of ancient Hun tribes, enjoyed the privilege of free government under their elected

captains, on condition of being the first to march to the aid of the State in case of war. The villages inhabited by these agricultural soldiers were still little republics up to the war of 1848. In the Middle Ages the magnates formed the body-guard of the king, and the nobility the national army. Those who possessed land were alone called to defend the country. Those warriors who had aided the first kings in their conquests had received gifts of lands, in exchange for which they had to give their military service. In the case of failure of male descendants, the land returned to the Crown as sole proprietor of the soil. The army was not systematically organised until the time of the kings Sigismund (about 1410) and Mathias (about 1458). Each district was expected to furnish a contingent of mounted soldiers, proportioned to the number of its inhabitants. The prelates and magnates had also to keep up at their own expense bands organised on the model of those of Italy, feeding and equipping them. Besides which, the State, as its share, kept up the famous Black Legion, which cost it more than a million of ducats annually. King Mathias held these brave horsemen, whose bare arrival on the field of battle was sufficient to put the enemy to flight, in such high repute, that he was often pleased to talk familiarly with them, to partake of their meals, and himself to bind up their wounds.

Courage amounting to heroism in the Magyar

countries is not a distinctive virtue of the men alone; the women equally possess this attribute.

The history of Hungary has from all time been made famous with the glory of their patriotic deeds. When the Turks came to besiege a town, the streets resounded with cries of joy; men, women, soldiers, would with a unanimous voice, swear to observe the following conditions, dictated to them by unbounded patriotism:—'The word capitulation is forbidden; if any one dares to pronounce it he shall be punished with death. When all the provisions are exhausted we will eat each other, the victims to be chosen by lot; women shall occupy themselves in repairing the walls, they shall follow their husbands to the breaches and in sorties.' When an enemy gave the final assault the women ran to mingle in the ranks of the besieged; they were only to be distinguished from the men by their blind and impetuous courage. Some fought hand to hand, others from the tops of the walls rolled down upon the assailants enormous blocks of stone, or poured floods of boiling oil upon them.[1]

In all periods during the troubled history of their country, the Hungarian women have invariably shown manly courage, and souls full of strength and resolution.

'My wife and my sword,' exclaimed the soldier poet Pétöffi; and he added, 'If my country has ever need of my arm, my wife herself would buckle on my

[1] 'Histoire de Hongrie' by Boldenji.

sabre, and blessing us both would say, "Go, be faithful each to the other!"'

When in 1848 the cry resounded from the Carpathians as far as the sea, 'Our country is in danger,' the Hungarian mothers themselves armed their sons, wives followed their husbands, sisters their brothers, betrothed their beloved ones. More than one woman fought under the uniform of a hussar or a honved. One wealthy young girl, named Szentpaly, performed prodigies of valour at the siege of Komorn. Another young girl served in the ranks as a private soldier, and was promoted to the grade of a brigadier without her comrades having ever suspected her sex.

The moment for starting had arrived; I took leave of the young Austrian officer, who had been my companion of an hour, saying, 'Au revoir en Bosnie!' then I installed myself in a fine yellow carriage occupied by three or four persons. In travelling, far from avoiding society, I seek it with eagerness. One can learn so many things talking with one's neighbour, especially on these little local railway lines, on which if there be a certain recognised time to start, there is not the least idea when they should arrive. They economise steam, economise materials, economise the employés, the road—all; but this economy would be absolutely ruinous in a busy and crowded country.

I was told that a peasant, on its being suggested

that he should take the train from Kanizsa to Kapornak, answered, 'No, not to-day; I am too hurried; I shall walk.'

Kanizsa, which we passed on our left hand, is a small town of twelve thousand inhabitants, ignorant and happy, like those princes who have no histories written of them. As soon as we had left the station the sky became as grey as a soldier's cloak, and took up a decidedly threatening aspect towards us. Large clouds began to fly, scared, under the lash of a furious wind; the plain was black with their shadow, as if a great flight of ravens had passed over the land darkening it with their wings. The trees trembled with fear, and rustled as though preparing resistance. It would seem as though the souls imprisoned in the old trunks were awakened and screamed in their fright. Dark threatening clouds gather in masses in the stormy sky; and all of a sudden, as if the torrents of these aërial mountains overflowed, an inundation precipitated itself upon the earth with the noise of a cascade or a water-spout. The horizon vanished, views disappeared, a grey wall formed round us, shutting us up as in a prison. The tempest lashed the windows of our carriage, and rebounded on the iron roof, with a noise as of bullets. The train stopped in the height of the storm at a little station lost in the plain, where I had to get out to go to Nagy-Atad, and from thence to Nagy-Korpad to my friend's house.

Following his advice, for he had written to me at Agram, I had telegraphed the hour I should be due at the station; but it was in vain that I turned to several Hungarian peasants who were standing at the sides of their rustic carts, wrapped in their large cloaks or *bunda* of sheep-skin, the woolly side inwards, and who were smoking their pipes as calmly as if the skies, instead of torrents of rain, had been pouring down sunbeams.

The station-master came to my aid, and explained to me that these peasants were improvised drivers; having nothing to do at home, they had come to the station in the hope of picking up some traveller.

'How much do they want for taking me to Nagy-Korpad?' I asked.

The station-master translated my request, to which one amongst them answered—

'Eight florins.'

'And how long will it take?'

'Six hours.'

'Very well, let him take my valise.'

Climbing by the axle of the wheel, I scrambled into a basket-work vehicle, which was filled with hay.

We were just on the point of starting when an open barouche, arrived at the station, the panting horses covered with foam and mud. It pulled up in front of the cart, and a tall coachman in sky-blue livery covered with braid, with a little Hungarian cap and high boots, sprang to the ground, advanced

towards me, took me up in his arms, and literally lifted me, as if I had been a feather-bed, out of the cart into the barouche. With the same ease he seized my valise, jumped upon the coach-box, and was off at a gallop without uttering a word. The peasant was so astonished at the scene that he stood watching us with gaping mouth. When I recovered my senses I had a hearty laugh. Truly I find that Hungary is a country of charming surprises; I had been abducted like some beautiful girl—in the language of the Opéra-Comique—to calm the transports of a faithful lover.

The rain had transformed the sandy road into a river of mud. The wheels of the carriage were buried occasionally in an alarming manner, but the horses by violent efforts always dragged us out. In a country where, as in Hungary, quarries are wanting everywhere, the maintenance of the roads is a work of difficulty. Stone is so rare that I am almost surprised not to see it in the windows of the money-changers along with ducats, jewels, and other objects of value. When the roads are much broken up, travelling can only be carried on with bullocks; and as it takes a dozen sometimes to drag a single cart, if the traveller is overtaken by the rain at some isolated inn, it is utterly impossible for him to continue his journey, and he will have to wait sometimes whole weeks until the sun and the wind have once more dried the highway.

The road was as deserted as that which leads to the dwelling of a ruined man; nothing to see save an endless extent of yellow mud except by an oak tree where a little girl, with her dress over her head, had taken shelter. Pétöffi has made a popular ballad on such another little scene in touching words. 'Under a tree,' he writes, 'a fair little girl has taken refuge, waiting for the shower to be over; from the threshold of my large doorway I watch her smiling—"Come here, white dove, come in, until the rain has ceased; sit down by my side on this pretty box; if it is too high I will lift you on to it; if it is too hard, dear child, I will carry you in my arms."'

At last at the end of an hour the rain ceased; as the great clouds came sailing up, the horizon beneath them glimmered and lightened; through their torn films fragments of blue sky appeared. Sunbeams timidly struggled through, the full daylight returned, the joyous beams of aurora, shedding a smile as of spring-time. Under the leaves, bathed by the rain, and sparkling with silvery reflections, little cries for help were heard, the shaking out of wings; the insects began to hum, the butterflies to flutter; the wet grass sparkled with diamond drops having all the colours of the rainbow. On all sides were delicious peeps of landscape in all its interesting details, fields of golden corn, and church steeples whose silver crosses were lighted up into flame as

they caught the beams of the sun. A fresh, iridescent light filled the air, the very earth seemed to tremble —not with fear of the past tempest, but with delight at being once more caressed by the sun's rays, as with the welcome return of the dawn.

Going at a headlong gallop we traverse the little town of Nagy-Atad, whose white houses in our present mood give us the idea of girls in white dresses overtaken by the rain and resting under their umbrellas, until the roads should be once more in a state to continue their journey.

On the market-place, which was full of black puddles, were the booths, half-demolished by the rain, of some travelling pedlars. From the long poles hung the torn and saturated canvas. The whole had not a little the resemblance of a shipwrecked fleet, a similarity kept up by the large cases and bales of all sorts of goods scattered on every side like waifs and strays.

On leaving the town the carriage ascended to the right; after crossing a little stone bridge it turned abruptly: we had arrived.

'Ah! here you are!' cried my friend, appearing at the door of a pretty house with green shutters; 'how fortunate that I happened to be at Nagy-Atad, so that I could send my carriage for you, for without it I hardly know how you could have got here.'

'In a peasant's cart. I had already concluded the bargain,' I said.

'Ah! my dear sir, you would have arrived to-morrow morning, after having spent the night in the mud; did my coachman easily find you out?'

'At a glance; one might have supposed you had trained him like a St. Bernard's dog; he did not conduct me, he carried me off.' And I related, much to my friend's amusement, the scene of the abduction which had taken place at the station.

'Come along,' he said, taking me into the house; 'I will introduce you to my colleague; he is the accountant and cashier of the administration of the domains of the family Sina in this district.'

Baron Sina, who has been dead some years, was one of the largest territorial proprietors of Hungary. He himself hardly knew the extent of his own lands, having visited during his whole life only five or six out of the eight or ten large properties which he possessed.

We entered into the dining-room, which was full of children, then, passing into a little *salon*, we found the two ladies. After a few minutes' conversation and taking some refreshments, my host gave the signal to depart.

'I am going to carry you away from civilised life,' he said; 'I'm going to conduct you to the midst of a desert, to a *puszta*.'

'All very well,' put in his friend, 'but I am against your departure, and shall cut the traces of your carriage if you do not promise to return and dine

with us to-morrow at mid-day. The fair of Nagy-Atad begins to-morrow. M. Tissot must see a Hungarian fair.'

We both accepted the invitation with unfeigned delight.

Two very light carriages were waiting for us in the court. My friend's wife got into the first with her child and maid; he and I occupied the other. The horses, fast and spirited, set off as quick as lightning. Soon houses, roofs, and church-towers disappeared from our eyes. An immense steppe, a boundless plain; an ocean, but of firm earth; a sea of verdure, calm, motionless, silent, like a dead sea, rolled its vast even prairies as far as the eye could reach. It was dotted with fields of corn, which looked like golden islands in the immense space; not a song of a bird was to be heard, not even that hushed subdued murmuring which is the voice of the fields. It was the silence of Immensity.

We were on the *puszta.* This Hungarian word means literally empty space. When this space is cultivated, as in this case, the name puszta is also given to the various buildings which serve for the agricultural working of the steppe.

Upon the black heavy earth of a road which was barely traced, for here people walk where they like over hedge and ditch, our carriage-wheels rolled on noiseless as on velvet: it seemed to me as though I had entered into a new world, and I experienced all

the delightful sensations that the charm of the unknown affords.

The more one travels, the more one observes how true is the theory of the influence of our surroundings, and of the configuration of the soil and of climate upon man. The Swiss who live amongst mountains, the Bedouins who live in the desert, and the Hungarians who live on the *puszta*, are all of them free people. If we study the histories of these nations, we observe that they have kept up a continual struggle for the maintenance of their independence. After having driven out the Slaves who occupied the country, the Hungarians drove off the Turks, and then the Germans. 'Is it true then,' in a popular song a young peasant asks of his father, 'is it true that I am free, that I shall never have to submit to a yoke or servitude?' 'It is true, my son; we have been freed; God bless him who has given us liberty!' 'Tell me his name, father; my heart bursts with gratitude and joy. To whom do I owe a free country?' 'Thank the guardian of our country; thank the people, my son.' 'Where *is* the people; where does he live? I will go and kiss his feet.' 'My son, a free man should never prostrate himself, but always look God and men in the face.' In this proud speech one recognises the soul of the inhabitant of the Hungarian *puszta*.

We sped on, always with the same rapidity. The day sank in a horizon red as blood. Around us the

atmosphere was light, the dust seemed gilded as in the desert, and night came on rapidly, almost without twilight, as it does in the East. The fires lighted by the setting sun gradually went out, and the sky took a bluish slate colour, from which the stars stood out with the brilliancy of rubies. Low down in the horizon the moon seemed to swing like a silver censer, and the milky way appeared like the luminous smoke that had escaped from it. Some tall poplars threw their slender shadows on a field of corn. The rays of the moon lighted up the roofs of the houses, and I perceived one, a pretty little house whose windows were illuminated and thrown open at our approach. The carriage turned into a court-yard, and was saluted by the barking of a large dog: we had arrived at my friend's home.

I was taken into the visitors' room—a very handsome one with a table laden with nicknacks, albums, and photographs—and half-an-hour later I was invited to sit down to an abundant supper. At the end of the meal the nurse put the child to sleep by singing to it. It was the first time that I had heard the Hungarian language sung, and never song sounded so sweet and melodious in my ears. Hungarian, like Italian, is a powerful language, without harshness, whose gliding gentle intonations have a marvellous euphony. It sounded like the warbling murmur of a little streamlet in the moss, or the breeze stirring the foliage. The Hungarian alphabet has thirty-eight

letters with eight inflexions, harmoniously accentuated with delicate and varied gradations like the scale of a musical instrument. Original, brilliant, florid, full of colouring, and of movement, it is *par excellence* the language of imagination, of poetry and feeling. What was it that this nurse sang? the most tender things, the most fond that ever dropped from the lips of a mother.

'Little child, thou must grow—oh! pretty little mouth with pearls! thy cradle shall be of rosewood, and the angels will weave threads from the rainbow for cloth to wrap thee in!

'A beautiful leaf from the golden nut tree shall be thy covering! the evening breeze shall rock thy cradle! the kiss of a falling star shall awake thee! a soft breath shall play around thee!

'The breath of the lilies shall float o'er thee! soft silk shall caress thee! joy shall colour thy little cheeks, and butterflies shall fan thee with their brilliant wings!

'The silk-worm shall weave thy garments, the fairies shall smile upon thee! their benediction shall give thee love, and may God come to thy help in all places!'

CHAPTER XI.

A story of brigands—Two Slovac engineers—Patko—Bétyars and 'poor companions'—The Pandours—Sobry—Mylfait—A Jew who passed a 'mauvais quart d'heure.'

AS soon as coffee was served, my host himself brought a collection of pipes, and we had a long talk, whilst smoking Turkish tobacco, which enveloped us in its perfumed clouds. Out of doors a death-like silence prevailed, not even a stray cricket was heard. One might have imagined oneself in the centre of the Great Desert.

The evening was as calm as one on which, ten years before, when there was also a full moon, this house, as I now learned, was attacked by brigands.

'My predecessor,' my host said, 'when the affair happened, was sitting just where you are, smoking his chibouk and taking his coffee.

'All of a sudden the door opened, and three bétyars[1] entered, each armed with a gun in one hand and a knife in the other.

'"If you move," said the one who appeared to be

[1] Vagabonds and brigands are all classed under this name in Hungary.

their chief, "you are a dead man; give us your money."

'"I've got none," said the master of the house, with a resolute air.

'"That is what we are about to find out," said the bétyar. And he went towards a cabinet which was over in that corner.

'My predecessor arose, seized a knife that chanced to be on the table, and threw himself on the robber. Instantly one of the bandits, who was keeping watch at the door, discharged his weapon at him, aiming full at his chest; he fell down dead on the spot bathed in blood.

'One of the drawers of the cabinet contained 6000 florins, which the brigands carried off.

'From that time we have never kept any money in the house, and our doors are locked, as they used to be even in towns during the Middle Ages, at nightfall. Iron bars have been fixed to all the windows, and in that room over there there are guns enough to sustain a siege.'

'Did you ever see these brigands again?'

'Not those, but I have seen others, for they roam about like the gipsies. From the forest of Bakony they emigrate to the banks of the Theiss; and they even go as far as the Carpathians. But they are not so terrible as their reputation. One must know how to manage them. If my predecessor had been more hospitable he would got out of the dilemma as well

as possible. Whilst we were at breakfast one day, two years ago, a bétyar entered the kitchen, and asked to speak to the master. The cook, pale and trembling, came to me.

'I lighted my pipe and went out; on the threshold of the door I met a fine-looking man, still young, with a very sensible and intelligent face, holding his gun concealed behind his cloak.

'"What do you want?" I asked.

'"Money," he said, with the most natural air possible.

'"I have not much."

'"Oh," said he, smiling, "at Baron Sina's there is always money."

'"Do you smoke?" I asked, wishing to give another direction to his thoughts, and to gain time for reflection.

'"Yes."

'"Well, here are some cigarettes; do you know that kind?"

'"Oh yes! I have smoked some excellent ones at the house of the curé."

'"What made you turn bétyar?"

'"They wanted to make a soldier of me, and I objected, so they sent the gendarmes to seize me, and I escaped."

'"But are you not afraid that the pandours will catch you?"

'"No, the pandours are cowards, they always come up too late."

'We talked for ten minutes; I slipped a florin into his hand, and he went away enchanted with me.

'They are all like that, good fellows enough when one is friendly towards them, and when one does not take too much amiss their manner of regarding *meum* and *tuum*.

These knights of the highway play the great lord gladly; and with ladies their manners are gallant and courteous in the extreme. Yet they like cruel pleasures, after the fashion of all violent and despotic people.

Once in a csarda,[1] two long-legged Slovac engineers came in amongst some brigands just as they were in the midst of their dinner: these gentlemen were in a merry mood; they obliged the intruders to dance in their shirts on a table all night, whilst they themselves ate and drank, and screamed with laughter.

But some weeks after, by a singular turn of affairs, the legs of the chief of this very band were dancing in the wind. The persons whom the Hungarian brigands especially delight in tormenting are the Jews and priests, because they are rich; there is no torture that they do not invent in order to amuse themselves with their contortions and their agony. They beat them unmercifully, they tie them to crosses, they shoe them like horses, they fasten them by the feet to a branch of a tree, or bury them up to their necks on the road-side. The celebrated

[1] An isolated inn in the *puszta*; it is pronounced *tcharda*.

Patko one day met a Jewish merchant who was going to market with honey; he took off the Jew's clothes, covered him all over with the honey, and then rolled him in feathers, so that the unfortunate man resembled some animal in a fable. When he arrived at the gates of the town, the women and children hurried away shrieking, and all the dogs followed at his heels.

The people, who are amused at these broad farces, and who, in imagination, idealise the life of a brigand, never betray a bétyar, and always take his part against the gendarmes. In the long winter evenings, in place of fairy stories such as are related in Germany, the legendary exploits of Sobry, Mylfait, and others, enchain their interest.

All these bétyars have become the heroes of popular ballads, and if one finds a book in a peasant's house it is a recital of their great deeds.

The history of brigandage in Hungary is full of chivalrous traits, which reveal the thirst for adventure, the longing for dangerous and daring deeds, much more than the bloody instinct of murder and pillage. One day a brigand was condemned to death. The pandour who had to take charge of him to the foot of the gallows gave his prisoner a good dinner, and then let him escape. Three months later the same pandour fell into the hands of the same brigand, who regaled him to the best of his power, and set him at liberty.

On another occasion a band of a dozen brigands entrenched themselves in a glass manufactory, on the borders of Lake Balaton. After exchanging shots for three hours with the attacking force, a truce was concluded between them. The brigands invited the pandours to drink; and after an hour's rest, the fight began again, and finally ended to the disadvantage of the brigands, who had to surrender.

'I begin,' said I to my friend, 'to be extremely interested in your bandits. I find them much more interesting than the heroes of our Parisian novels; do tell me some stories about them.'

'Most willingly; make yourself some cigarettes while I fill my chibouk.'

Drawing from his amber mouthpiece a long puff of blue smoke, my entertainer thus began:—

'I must tell you that there are many species of brigands; there are some dangerous, like the bétyars, and some inoffensive, like the *Szégény Légény*, or "poor fellows," a name they have given themselves after a well-known old refrain—

> "*Au service de l'Autriche,*
> *Le militaire n'est pas riche.*"

'Badly paid, badly fed, they do not like "serving the king." The son of the puszta, enlisted by force, incapable of bending to discipline, soon takes a dislike to military life, and deserts on the first opportunity. Not daring to return to his village, he takes refuge in the forest or steppe, where he is obliged, in order to

avoid starvation, to steal from time to time a sheep or a lamb. His companion and confidant is his fleet horse, often like himself poorly fed; he thus passes his life finding a refuge sometimes in a solitary inn, sometimes in the hut of a shepherd, or at the foot of some haystack. The "poor fellow," or "poor companion," is not a brigand in the usual sense of the word. Born of honest people, his appearance is clean and tidy, and the village girls do not disdain him. This rover of the steppe is the favourite companion of the shepherds, who cheerfully share with him their bread and bacon. The *Szégény Légény* are only formidable in parts of the country where they are in great numbers, and where they demand hospitality with threats.

'When they go about in bands of twenty or thirty, it is always on foot, and their weapons consist of bludgeons; they enter isolated houses, just as if they were at home, and demand food; and on Sundays they even venture into the village inn to drink and dance.

'Their costume is not different from the other peasants and shepherds. Their manner of stealing is sometimes very original.

'A fine young fellow stationed himself one Sunday morning at the gate of the castle of a certain Count. When the countess passed on her way to church the young man saluted her politely, and begged her Grace to be so good as to present him with twenty

pounds of bacon and thirty loaves of bread for the "poor companions" who were in the neighbouring forest. The countess promised what he asked, upon which he departed with many thanks.

'Indeed, in former days, some of the proprietors actually gave a certain sum to the *Szégény Légény* so as not to be troubled with them; they made an arrangement with them, paying "black mail," as the following anecdote shows.

'A nobleman, during one of his walks in the puszta, met a "poor companion," who saluted him as if he knew him—

'"Ah! it's you, Gusté," said the count, "where did you come from?"

'"I was in prison at M—, and I've escaped."

'"Very well; but I beg you, my good fellow, not to steal my sheep; if you do, I'll have you put back into prison again."

'"Then, sir," answered the escaped prisoner, "will you *give* me one of your sheep every year, and I will never steal any from you?"

'The count promised the sheep, and Gusté went off into the town to seek for work. Some one seeing him cut wood in the forest, exclaimed—

'"Take care, Gusté, they'll catch you again."

'"I'm not such a fool as to let them take me," he answered, coolly going on with his work.

'If the "poor companion" has not been a vagabond too long, and if bad company has not made a bétyar

of him, he often reforms, and marries, and becomes an excellent herdsman, for whom the puszta has no secrets.

'The regular bétyar, on the other hand, whose picturesque air is unlike that of the "poor companion," is born a thief, and takes to the life of a brigand as his vocation. His enormous hat, his black hair falling in long curls upon his square shoulders, his thick eyebrows, his large ferocious-looking eyes, his face burnt by the sun, his massive chest seen through his tattered shirt, all combine to give him a wild and terrifying look. He carries a whole arsenal with him—a gun, pistols, a hatchet and a loaded stick, though he very rarely commits murder. The Hungarian brigand contents himself with pillaging castles, plundering travellers, and with making the lives of the herdsmen of the puszta a burden to them, for their vigilance is powerless to protect their flocks against this marauder. He wages war also with the gendarmerie. A horse that he covets he is not long in appropriating. As cunning as an Indian, he gets into the pasture land at night, and carries off, without making the slightest noise, and with an incredible dexterity, the horse or the sheep that he is in want of. Should it be a pig that he has set his eyes on, he entices it to the edge of the forest, by throwing down ears of maize to tempt it, and then suddenly knocks it on the head with a blow of his *fokoch.*

'If a wedding is celebrated, the bétyar invites himself to the feast, and chooses the prettiest girls to

dance with; and if any quarrel takes place, he knows that his comrades will take care to revenge him by setting on fire some lonely dwelling in the puszta. There are some bétyars who have the audacity to attack houses even in the larger villages; if they are disturbed, they retreat fighting, firing off their muskets. In the month of September 1861 four great fellows on horseback, armed from head to foot, encamped before Baya, where one of the largest fairs in Hungary is held; they stopped in succession sixty carts, and took possession of over 15,000 florins. In the month of October of the same year an extraordinary affair happened in Transylvania. Eight brigands surrounded the house of a proprietor; they tried to break in the outer door, but as the operation was rather difficult they next attempted to get in by the window. The proprietor, awakened by the noise, seized his gun, and threatened to shoot the first who should approach. The brigands began a regular siege which led to a parley; the besiegers declared that it was hunger alone that drove them to this extremity. The proprietor negotiated so well that he got off with a few loaves of bread, a pound of bacon, and three bottles of brandy.

'The Hungarians say that the number of brigands has much increased since 1849, under the Austrian rule. Before that epoch, however, the traveller could seldom avoid meeting a number of gibbets ornamenting the road, like the telegraph posts of to-day;

the law ordered that the bodies of criminals should remain hanging in the air until they fell to pieces. A traveller one day seeing several children playing merrily under a tree from whence hung a skeleton, stopped his carriage and said to them—

'"Children, are not you afraid of that horrid skeleton?"

'"But why should we be afraid of him?" they answered, "he was our father!"

'Before 1848, energetic steps had been taken in Hungary against brigandage. The ordinary police, the gendarmes, and the pandours of the district were all especially charged with the task of pursuing the marauders; and in the districts which were more harassed than others, there were, besides, "persecutores" or brigand-hunters, who, in disguise, were on the look-out for them, especially at fairs and markets. In ordinary times they were on horseback, and dressed in uniform, which varied in each district. Hardly a generation back they were to be seen in Syrmia wearing a cuirass, and armed with a lance. The *Handagny*, as these men were called in Basska (Southern Hungary), carried a *fokoch*, that is a stick with a hatchet, and two pistols, and a lasso to catch those who sought to flee.

'But what the gendarmerie and pandours of to-day are deficient in, is knowledge of the country; to get information, they often unconsciously seek it from the very men whom they are charged to arrest!

'Besides, their uniform serves to put the brigands on their guard. The forest of Bakony, above all, is very fatal to these unfortunate agents of public justice. Hidden in ravines or behind trees, the brigands shoot them as hunters do the wolves, by lying in wait.'

'Was it not in this forest of Bakony—the largest in Hungary, which I shall have to cross on my way from Füred to the Danube,—that Sobry used to hide himself with his band?' I inquired.

'Sobry was everywhere; he had the gift of ubiquity, but he usually carried out his most audacious deeds with only a single companion. This famous brigand was said to be the only son of a very old and noble family. Of a hot and romantic temperament, the head of it disappeared of a sudden, after he had wasted all his patrimony. Some weeks later the name of Sobry, hitherto unheard of, was in every mouth, and was the terror of the rich. One fine day the Count returned to his deserted castle with a fortune mysteriously acquired; every one suspected that he was identical with Sobry. He married, again ruined himself, and disappeared. Then entire Hungary was filled anew with reports of the exploits of Sobry. But after an absence of several years the Count again appeared, and when he died he left an immense fortune.

'Sobry had the manners of a fine gentleman. One day he and his band surprised the castle of a rich magnate who was temporarily absent. He had all

the approaches guarded, bound the servants, and then went himself to re-assure the wife of the owner of the castle.

'"Madame," he said, "you are alone, you have nothing to fear from us. Be persuaded that we have nothing but the most respectful sentiments towards you."

'And while he spoke he made a bow to the very ground.

'"But as we are hungry," continued he, "and as you have the reputation of keeping the best table in the whole district, will you do us the honour of dining with us?"

'The lady, who had great presence of mind, and who knew Hungarian brigands, smilingly replied—

'"I accept your offer since it is you who are master here." Then turning to her maid, who was cowering down, pale and trembling in a corner, she said, "Go and order dinner."

'"A dinner of four-and-twenty covers," added Sobry.

'"A dinner of four-and-twenty covers," repeated the lady to the girl, "do you understand? and tell the cook to give us all the little dishes that he makes best, and all the provisions that remain."

'When the maid had left the room, Sobry, approaching the Countess B., said with the most exquisite politeness—

'"Madame, I grieve to confess an unfortunate weakness of mine—I like good wine."

'"But as it is a national weakness," observed the lady, "you have nothing to blush for."

'"I am aware, madame," continued Sobry, "that though your table is the best in the country, your cellar rivals your table."

'The countess, pretending to be much flattered by the compliment, bowed.

'"Will you therefore, madame, allow me to offer you my arm to go down to the cellar? We shall be able to choose for ourselves, and in this way we are sure not to make a mistake."

'Continuing to make the best of a bad business, the poor lady accepted the brigand's proffered arm and went down with him to the cellar to choose the oldest bottles of Tokay.

'When dinner was announced, the countess, conducted by Sobry, sat at the head of the table and presided over the meal; the brigand chief drank many toasts to her, as well as to her husband and family, and towards one o'clock in the morning, after having, according to Hungarian custom, kissed the hand of the lady, Sobry left with all his companions, without carrying away a single silver spoon, even as a memento.

'Sobry, it is said, possessed also the art of dressing and acting a character to the life. He once stole the clothes of a bishop, and undertook a pastoral tour in the presbyteries of Lower Hungary, where he was received with all the honours due to his rank.

'One day a gentleman in a superb carriage drove by on the high-road. By the side of the coachman sat one of the hussars of the district in uniform. As they came near the town an old beggar with a venerable white beard approached the carriage to ask alms.

'The gentleman stopped the horses, and made the old man get in and sit near him.

'"You are very badly dressed," said he; "come with me, and I'll give you new clothes."

'They went to the best hotel, and after having dined well, they went to a tailor.

'"Now don't forget what I have already told you," said the gentleman to the old man in entering the shop; "when you speak to me, always call me your son."

'They chose various things: the "son" respectfully asked his "father's" advice. The purchases were put into the carriage; the moment of payment had come. On looking for his purse, the noble stranger was surprised not to find it, and said he must have forgotten it at the hotel, so he got into the carriage to drive back first, leaving the old man in the shop as a pledge for the goods that he carried away.

'But the "father" waited in vain for the return of his "son." The latter had driven off and escaped. Afterwards they found out that the unknown gentleman was Sobry.

'There is another version of the history of this

man, which seems more probable; that he was simply the son of poor peasants, who made him a swineherd; and that as he was vain as he was handsome, he robbed his master to buy a hat with ribbons, an embroidered mantle, and large fringed trousers. Discovered and condemned to prison for two years, he succeeded in winning the affections of the wife of one of the keepers; but a young shepherd, who was also a prisoner, tried to supplant him. Sobry killed him, and succeeded with the help of the keeper's wife in escaping. He returned to his old companions in the forest of Bakony. They elected him their chief, and he soon made himself famous.

'To do him justice, he never attacked poor people. One day he met an old woman whom one of his band had robbed; he summoned the guilty man, and blew out his brains in the face of all his troop, solemnly assembled.

'Sobry was so popular, that whenever there was a *fête* in the village, he knew he could always attend it unasked, without fear of arrest or of being betrayed; the peasant girls disputed for the honour of dancing with this Hungarian *Fra Diavolo.*

'If violence and bloodshed were distasteful to Sobry, who preferred to have recourse to address and cunning, Mylfait and Pap, on the contrary, never hesitated to commit murder and assassination.

'Mylfait had for some time suspected the proprietor of a mill of being hostile to him, and of having

informed against him to the pandours. One night he surrounded the mill with his band, killed the miller, and then shot every person, man and woman, in the house.

'Yet this terrible bandit had his hours of gaiety. A Jew who had taken a lease of the harvest of gall-nuts in a neighbouring forest, lost his way and fell into the midst of Mylfait's band, who were sitting round a fire before which a sheep was roasting. The Jew was armed with a double-barrelled gun, but he took care not to use it.

'"Sit down," said the bétyars to him, "our dinner is just ready; you shall have some with us."

'"You are very kind," said the Jew, delighted at the chance of getting a dinner for nothing.

'He regaled himself with several slices of mutton, and drank as much as any two brigands. Then lighting his pipe—

'"Gentlemen," he said, rising and taking off his hat, "I am extremely obliged to you for your hospitality, and I thank you. Adieu!"

'"What, you are going to leave us already!" said Mylfait, twirling the end of his moustache, a habit he had when some absurd idea came into his head.

'"I am very sorry, but I must—my family will be in a great fright at not seeing me return as it is."

'"So our society is not good enough for you?" said Mylfait with an angry look; "you despise us."

'"By no means, I assure you," protested the Jew, laying his hand on his heart.

'"Listen: any one more polite than yourself would at least have offered, before rising from table, to pay for what he had taken; and you have eaten and drunk in a scandalous manner."

'"I thought it was my duty to do honour to your dinner," stammered the unhappy merchant, in whose ears Mylfait's voice sounded like the distant thunder.

'"Let's see; what money have you got?" continued the brigand chief.

'"There's my purse," said the Jew, whose blood was congealing with fright.

'"And your pocket-book, where is it?"

'"But if you take my pocket-book too, I shall have nothing left."

'"You have dined; you won't want any more money to-day; give it up."

'"Here it is."

'"Thirty florins!" exclaimed Mylfait, taking three notes of ten florins each out of the leathern pockets of the note-book; "and you dare to make a fuss about such a trifle! Josi," called out Mylfait to one of his band, "give me that gentleman's gun, and help him to take off his clothes, which we are unwillingly obliged to keep in pledge. He can redeem them when he likes by paying a second and last instalment of thirty florins."

'In vain the Jew begged, and prayed, and wept. He did not move the brigand.

'"I know an infallible means of drying your tears," said Mylfait in a mocking tone. "You shall dance, for you are cold; now a *czardas*[1] will warm you. Come along. Start the music."

'Four of the bandits advanced with violins and bag-pipes.

'"Your Grace, I assure you," cried the Jew, turning his suppliant eyes towards Mylfait, "I assure you I have never learnt to dance, and I don't know the czardas at all!"

'"Ah! you don't know the czardas! you refuse to give us the little amusement that we ask of you! Well, you must give us some compensation instead."

'"What compensation?" asked the poor man in a voice full of anguish.

'"Go and stand there against that oak. See, you may put on your hat," added the chief, throwing it to him, for they had seized it also.

'"Will your Grace tell me what for?"

'"Oh! you're going to dispute with us? Here, seize and take him there."

'Whilst two bétyars took possession of the Jew and conducted him to the destined tree, Mylfait loaded the double-barrelled gun, which he had taken from his guest.

'"I am going to try if your gun shoots true by aiming at your hat; would you prefer having your eyes bandaged?" he asked.

[1] The czardas or tschardach is the Hungarian national dance.

'"For Heaven's sake, spare me, your Grace, have pity on me, for the sake of my wife and my children!" howled the unhappy man.

'Mylfait was inflexible; he slowly raised the weapon, pretended to take aim at the hat, and fired. The ball broke a branch above the Jew's head, who, believing himself killed, staggered and sank down.

'"Be off; you are a worthless coward," said the brigand chief, and he allowed him to escape.'

As my host finished this anecdote, the clock struck one in the morning.

'And now,' said he, 'suppose we go to bed, as in the French song of Malbrook?'

As for myself I would willingly have remained up all night to hear some more stories, but that would have been to abuse my friend's hospitality.

'Good-night,' said he, accompanying me to the door of my room, 'and if you dream of bétyars, be sure to remember that there are bars of iron outside all the windows, and two doors, of which one is plated with iron, guns in my room, and a big dog in the court-yard.'

CHAPTER XII.

Dawn on the puszta—The dwellings of the labourers—The rustic prolétariat in Hungary—Extent of the domains—The labourers on them—The revenue and produce of estates—The Harvest—The Fair at Nagy-Atad—Various races and types—Visit to the Monastery at Nagy-Atad—The beer-garden—Election scenes—The *Czardas*—The district prison—Return to the puszta—Popular Hungarian ballads.

THE stories about the brigands which had prolonged our sitting up the night before to an hour most unusual in the puszta, where every one goes to bed and rises early, did not disturb my slumbers. Up betimes next day I unhooked the heavy wooden shutters which intercepted my communications with the outer world, and which gave to my chamber the air of a prison. My mental vision, flying beyond the iron bars of the window, lost itself in the luminous clouds in the horizon. I saw the vast plain, bathed in the sunlight, unfolding with a sort of rhythm its solemn undulations. My eye hovered in space without meeting a single obstacle; no mountains, no hills, no hedges nor barriers dividing the land; nothing

but an open immensity, infinite, without limits, of a pale green, the monotony only broken by fields of ripe corn here and there, standing out like golden islands, and furrowed, as is the sea by ships, by carts drawn by silvery-coloured oxen, fierce-looking with their long crooked horns, and in their slow and measured tread. On the left was a vast isolated granary, of a dull white, and with numerous blinking windows fitted with wirework or venetian blinds. On the right extended a curtain of poplars, tinted with rose by the rising sun and a few groups of oaks. And though this was all, yet the landscape was more varied in aspect, and more full of tone and colour than any I had ever seen. The flood of tender light which poured over the plain produced the most astonishing effects of beauty and novelty; rays of blue, violet, and yellow were spread over the immense green carpet, the corn, and the flowers, making the dew sparkle like rivers of diamonds. Pale tinges of pink, like a maiden's cheek, spread on the pearl grey of the heavens; whilst the little rosy clouds which floated by like flights of flamingoes or of doves, conjured up all sorts of thoughts of beauty and grace. There were some so soft, they looked like cushions edged with lace or fringed with gold. From every quarter sleeping nature awoke. Under the trees in the garden was a general and noisy joy, quarrels of lovers, cries of despair and triumph. Butterflies fluttered against the tall white lilies, the

roses blushed a deeper hue from the kisses of the sun, even the pale daisies welcomed the morning visits of the bees. Quails passed in busy flocks, the swallows wove their airy garlands, the air was full of the songs of birds and the humming of insects; from every side rose delicious perfume. Behind, in the court-yard, the cocks were heard loudly flourishing their defiance. What strength, what calm and tranquil youth, in this dawn on the puszta—this sunrise awakening to new life not only the birds and flowers, but all creation! And in the contemplation of this aspect of health-giving nature, this picture of truly Oriental grandeur, one can better appreciate the dreamy and sensual character of the Magyar peasant.

I was roused from my silent reverie by my host wishing me good morning, and inviting me to breakfast. The dining-room itself looked gay and its distempered walls of cream-colour gave one an appetite. The sideboard, laden with old Hungarian plate and covered with flowers, sparkled with silvery light. Dogs' heads and figures in porcelain served to contain tobacco; and ranged upon a round table a stand of pipes appeared to be alive in an especially ardent ray of sunshine. Perched upon a china oven, pyramid-shaped, was a small glass barrel of brandy which sparkled like the little waves of a brook. A large clock on the wall, flanked by a number of prints in black frames, completed the picture. Whilst

a robust servant with bare arms and feet, and fair hair, was waiting on us, my friend said—

'This is how we are going to spend our morning; we are first going to visit the dwellings of our labourers; we will then take a turn in the grounds, and at eleven o'clock we will start for Nagy-Atad.'

Breakfast being over, I went into the court where the coachman was harnessing the horses.

What a charming subject for a sketch is the court of a Hungarian house, with its kitchen-garden, its well with high right-angled beam, its stables and pigsties, which the melons poetise with their large leaves and globes of gold, its fowl-house, its dogs growling in their kennel, its cats stretched out in the sun, with half-closed eyes, dreaming of fat mice!

The carriage was ready, the coachman waiting on his seat, upright and proud as a heiduke, in his round frogged jacket, little turned-up felt hat, and his moustache as stiff as Hungarian pomade could make it. My host joined me, and we started off, as one always does in this country, at railway speed. The speed with which one skims over these vast plains, where teams have nearly as much liberty as a ship at sea, is enough to make one giddy. It is easy to fancy one is caught in an eddy.

We had sped on thus for a quarter of an hour, when we perceived some thatched roofs emerging from the thick foliage.

'Here we are,' my friend said, jumping down from the carriage. We entered a dirty, most odoriferous enclosure, where were dunghills polluting the atmosphere, ragged clothes hanging on the hedges to dry, stretches of stagnant water in which geese were wallowing with all the pleasure of pigs, surrounding a well which was out of order, and whose beam, raised like a solitary arm to the skies, seemed to implore help. In sheds, half-hidden by nettles and weeds, in the midst of which, like monstrous spiders, some pumpkins climbed with twisted spirals, were heard the eager gruntings of hungry pigs. Thin dogs with haggard eyes and sharp teeth growled with a ferocious air round the thresholds of the doors, waiting in vain for the long-expected bone.

This was the spot in which all the labourers attached to the property by a yearly contract, lived.

The houses, which were built of a stiff clay, and were in lines like barracks, had only one story divided into two large rooms, in each of which were huddled ten to eighteen persons. The door gave access into one common kitchen, portioned out into six hearths, for six families, and this kitchen led into the other rooms. The beaten soil was all they had for flooring. Each family occupied the space allotted to it, and stood up for its boundary with a ferocious selfishness. These spaces, without parti-

tion walls, were furnished in exactly the same manner; with a bench, two chairs, a table, shelves fixed into the wall, a petroleum lamp fastened to the ceiling by a cord, and a bed which affords sleeping-room for the whole family, with the addition of a mattress spread on the table.

'Ah! Sir *Ispan*,' cried out a woman coming up to us, 'our house won't hold us any longer. Only think, eighteen persons in there! My little girl, who is six, sleeps at my feet crossways, my husband at my side, another child next him, and my youngest at my other side; really there's no room.'

How far is all this from the patriarchal organisation of the Slave clan! 'Each for himself, in a room for all,' such is the maxim of these people, more neglected and more unhappy than the animals, and who must look back with regret to the time when they were serfs, and when they had at least a cabin to themselves and bread certain for the morrow.

In these buildings, which are worse than the barracks, all those individuals who, from the 24th April to the 1st March, come with or without their families to hire themselves as labourers to the landed proprietor, are lodged without distinction.

There still exists in Europe property which, large to excess and to the limits of absurdity, is worked for the advantage of one individual; wherever this is found, the same monstrosities exist, the same horrible contrasts between extreme riches and extreme

misery—on one side unbridled luxury; next door, the most absolute destitution.

These enormous Hungarian domains are the remains of the ancient Roman custom, formerly the ruin of Italy; indeed, a little reflection will show that a rule so disastrous must disappear in the future. The cultivation of a property in Hungary requires a whole army of labourers of different kinds. The estate of the family Sina, in the district of Simongat, to treat of one amongst many, comprises six pusztas, and is directed by six *ispans* or managers like my friend. The extent of these united pusztas is 10,350 hectares, some 39 square miles (formerly the estate consisted of 200,000 hectares, some 780 square miles). The number of workmen employed here is 500, without reckoning. 200 shepherds in charge of 150,000 sheep, and 80 swineherds keeping 4000 to 5000 pigs. And if we include in these statistics the wives and children of all the labourers, we arrive at a population in all of not less than 1500 souls. Each workman receives thirty florins annually. In addition he has lodging and fuel, about 9 bushels of corn and 27 bushels of rye, and a little over half an acre of pasture land; the labourer has also the right to feed a cow and to fatten four or five pigs. As for the women and the young girls, they are not paid at all, except during harvest-time when they work in the field. The estates of Simongat are administered by six superintendents,

consisting of the chief,[1] a cashier, an upper forester, and three under foresters; they produce an annual revenue of 300,000 florins.

We had got back to the carriage, and were talking of seed-time and harvest, and rural economy, whilst our horses carried us at a full gallop across the sunny plain. Far away, like black stars lost in the azure, we saw some eagles hardly visible in space. Crickets and beetles chirped and hummed with all their might, intoxicated with the burning heat. On the horizon hung a veil of gauze like a floating curtain of brocade.

At the end of an hour's drive on the steppe, we came suddenly upon an enormous field of corn which was being attacked by a hundred and fifty reapers. The corn falling in such vast quantities produced a sound as of waves dying away on a long sea-shore, leaving behind them a broad fringe of foam. About a hundred men and women were tying the fallen corn into sheaves, under the direction of overseers, and they piled them up with as much ardour as if they were collecting spoils from an enemy's camp, upon large carts, each yoked to six white bullocks. These sunburnt workers, with their fierce moustaches and thin and athletic figures, worked with an activity, a zeal, and fury, as if they were fighting a battle.

[1] The head superintendent receives a salary of £600 a year, besides a house, servants, and horses. These positions are more sought after than places in the ministry.

They swept off the corn as they would have swept off an enemy's encampment. The men all wore the Magyar costume; a shirt with full floating sleeves, only just long enough to cover the chest, and blown about by the wind, showing, as they worked, a back burnt by the sun; large full linen trousers, kept up at the waist by a handkerchief, or a leathern strap, and either a felt hat, or black sheep-skin cap.

On our return towards home we passed by a barn or granary; there were seventeen men unloading the sheaves; each had to discharge 2000 sheaves in the day. The puszta which my friend manages produces on the average 220,000 bushels of corn, 22,000 bushels of potatoes, about the same quantity of maize, and double that amount of colza, which latter is made into oil. Seventy bullocks are required for no other purpose than the transport of all this produce.

At eleven o'clock we started for Nagy-Atad, overtaking on the road, which is some forty to fifty feet in width, stragglers who were going to the fair. There were vehicles of all sorts, from the basket-work car, which one meets everywhere in Hungary, to the large cart covered in with matting or thatch, a sort of movable house, that even two thousand years ago, in the time of the Scythians, was much used. The small carts of travelling pedlars were full of boots and hats piled up in pyramids. In the midst of the various carts galloped peasants on horseback,

their cloaks floating from their shoulders in the wind. We passed other carts laden with barrels and sacks of corn, upon which were sitting women and girls, their pretty costumes and graceful attitudes giving them a most picturesque air. Foals, yoked four abreast, gambolled by the sides of the horses and mules, and frightened with their capricious bounds the flocks of geese which walked slowly and solemnly with their yellow legs waddling in the green edges of the road, stretching out their long necks.

After dinner, which was lengthy and gay, like all Hungarian dinners, we went to the fair. What a curious, confused, noisy assemblage of types, physiognomies, and costumes, of men and animals! One might have taken it for a vast encampment of diverse nations,—a halting-place of Asiatic tribes on the threshold of Europe.

The Hungarian peasant may be recognised at once by his large hat, and his long black hair shading his burnt face; by his long moustaches, his short pipe, and the *bunda* which he wears summer and winter; when it is fine weather the hairy side outwards, when it rains or is cold the reverse is exposed. Thin, slender, wiry, the Hungarian has an open frank countenance; an expression lively, soft, yet proud; the high cheek-bones of the Tartar, and the calm and dreamy manners of the Turk. Robust as the earth which bears him, one cannot imagine a handsomer peasant. His features have a wild majesty and nobility, and

the imperious accent of his voice shows that he is of a victorious nation, a chosen people, a kingly race. By his side the Slovac appears crushed, conquered, sad; his walk is timid, hesitating, as if he were accustomed to receive blows. He is the slave. The other is the master, the ruler, the conqueror of the country. The German peasant, dressed in his broad-cloth and heavy boots, with his rubicund face, broad as a full moon, his square shoulders solid as a wall, and his great paunch, has the air of a burgomaster in an operetta. We also met, like wandering phantoms, Wallachian gipsies with their long shirts, full, curly black beards descending in a point to their waists, and long curling hair divided in the middle, and falling over their shoulders, as in the pictures of our Saviour; though some tie it on the forehead. They were bare-headed and bare-footed, carrying large troughs cut out of the trunks of the oak trees of the forests in which they lived. These gipsies, tall in stature, have large regular features, their whole physiognomy exhibiting a grave severity. The gay-coloured dresses, yellow, green, and red, of the Catholic peasants form charming contrasts to the white Oriental-looking costumes worn by the Calvinistic women of Rinya-Szent-Kiraly; these peasants veil the chin and forehead in such a manner as to hide their face completely, with the exception of the red lips, white teeth, and brilliant eyes.

A Hungarian fair is divided like a town into

certain quarters. Let us cross over first to the one where the kitchens and eating-houses are in full life. In earthenware pots placed upon tripods, a grey mixture was cooking of bones and meat, which made one think of witches' caldrons, or of cannibals. A little half-naked urchin lying in the mud was blowing a sulky fire, whilst another, equally ragged and dirty, under the superintendence of an old woman leaning on a long stick, was slowly turning a spit bearing a young lamb or youthful pig. We saw men drinking, sitting on the ground Tartar fashion, round a cask resting on trestles, and shaded from the sun by branches of trees. And in little arbours, formed of twigs and leaves twisted, were eating-houses, from whence Bacchanalian songs were already heard.

Turning to the left, we were in the quarter where were collected furs, pelisses, dolmans, and ready-made clothing, and vendors of pipes, crockery, boots, hats, and sheep-skin caps, linen and cheap printed cottons. I saw some ornamented pelisses, embroidered in red and yellow on a white ground, looking, in the warm light, like vestments fit for the Magi or Satraps of the East. I asked my host to buy one, which he did, obtaining it at the ridiculously small price of forty francs; the embroidery alone, of stamped leather, must have taken a skilful workman a week to make.

We next came to an exhibition of strange-looking

pottery, of a primitive and clumsy mould. The flowers painted on plates and boxes, or embroidered on tobacco-pouches and pelisses, are the same which one finds among the tribes of the Asiatic steppes. Indigenous industry seems to have remained where it was after the conquest, when the Magyars lived still under their tents; but this fact is easily accounted for in a country where the peasant is his own architect, his own carpenter and wheel-wright, where his wife weaves the linen and cloth, makes up most of the clothes, prepares the soap and candles of the household, and where there are neither wants on the one hand, nor luxury or comfort on the other.

Let us pass through this confused assemblage of wagons, carts, and barrows, and vehicles which resemble the Russian *téléga*, and we shall come to the quarter for fruit and vegetables. Here the vendors stand full in the burning sun behind their magnificent water-melons, which are unsurpassable in fragrance, and flavour, and size; even pine-apples are not so delicious as these fragrant water-melons, which melt in the mouth like sherbet; and large as they are, the Hungarian eats a whole one at a meal, just as we should an apple or a pear. We see piles of the pods of Turkish pepper, called in Hungarian *paprika;* these green pods when dried become red; then they are husked, and the powder, cayenne pepper, constitutes the ingredient of all the

sauces of Hungarian cookery. It is an excellent preservative they say against fevers, and an infallible remedy for want of appetite.

Sacks of corn, colza, peas, and maize were lying on all sides, leaning one against the other ready opened, to enable the buyers to judge of the quality; and in the midst of the square, around a well with a bucket, were gathered thousands of oxen, horses, pigs, and sheep, under the charge of their respective keepers, *gulyas*, *csikos*, *kanasz*, and *juhasz*.

These nomadic shepherds present in its greatest purity the true Magyar type, which our painters, if they could only study it after nature, would soon render classic in all its Oriental and splendid beauty. The forms of these men are incomparable, their powerful and yet supple figures reminding one of Roman athletes; and what dignity, what nobleness, and at the same time what ease their gestures, attitude, and walk display! The simplest Magyar peasant looks as if he were born a great lord, and had been accustomed from infancy to command.

The *gulyas* or cowherd has the brown skin of the Arab, the same flashing eyes, and thick moustache pointed upwards; his long hair shining with oil is often plaited in two ends and crossed on the chest; he wears an immense wide-brimmed hat, which he dips in the well and uses as a cup; a large mantle of white wool embroidered with red flowers, in which he can sleep out of doors; his large fringed trousers are

kept up by an embroidered belt, and he is armed with a long stick terminating in a little hatchet, which serves him against the attacks of bulls and wolves. During the extreme cold, the *gulyas* draws near the woods and farms, and shelters himself at night in a reed tent of conical form, like those of certain tribes in the interior of Africa. The herds allow no one to approach them but their own *gulyas;* they fly at the sight of a stranger.

The *csikos* or horsekeeper wears a costume still more original. Long spurs are attached to his boots; he carries in a shoulder-strap or attached to his saddle a gourd covered with foal-skin; the thong of his whip is ornamented with leather rosettes of all colours, and the great pouch in which he carries his tobacco is embroidered with flowers like a Turkish table-cloth. The *csikos* has in his physiognomy something more of independence, more of pride and daring, than the cowherd; he has a sentiment of superiority which lends a dignity to his manner; he passes his life on horseback, and nothing can equal his agility and skill. He is the *gaucho* of Europe. The *csikos*, like the Jewish horse-dealer, is a cunning fellow, and knows wonderfully how to conceal the vices of the horses which he takes to the fairs, and practises with skill the art of changing the colour of a horse's coat, especially if the horse has been stolen.

The *kanasz* or swineherd is more or less of a bandit.

He leads an existence still more irregular and savage than that of the cowherd or horsekeeper, for the swineherd seldom quits the thick oak forests in which he keeps his pigs. These are the men who swell the ranks of the *Szégény légény* or 'poor companions.' As to the *juhasz* or shepherd, he is quiet and peaceable enough, and never comes into contact with other society than his own except at the fair, and of all of them causes the least trouble to the superintendent of the domain.

The country people were sauntering about, whip in hand, talking with great animation. In Hungary fairs are not markets only, nor frequented for the purpose of buying and selling alone; but they are reunions, the general rendezvous in the country, where people come to meet each other, to discuss affairs of local interest, and in which the electoral struggles and voting take place. Formerly the enlisting for the army was carried on at fairs, and even now at these popular resorts, all national movements are first set on foot.

On the roadside we met various beggars, magnificent beggars, one might say, draped by the sun in cloth of gold, and leaning on their sticks in an attitude worthy of Don César de Bazan. The Hungarian beggar must be related to the Spanish beggar; he has the same calm and grand demeanour, and his accoutrements present the same absurd mixture of tinsel and sordid rags.

As we were leaving the fair, my friend said—

'I am going to propose to you a visit to the Franciscans of Nagy-Atad; the ladies are about to drive home, and we shall rejoin them in an hour.'

We went in the direction of an old church at the end of a square, which from an architectural point of view was very insignificant, as indeed are all the Hungarian churches,—a fact not to be wondered at in a country which has been ravaged successively by the Tartars and the Turks, and incessantly disturbed by civil wars.

Just as we were going up the steps of the monastery the door opened, and the superior, who in Hungary is called 'the president,' stood before us.

He was a man with a florid complexion, built like a Bacchus, and dressed in a taffeta robe; he wore a large straw hat, and smoked a pipe of tobacco in which was anything but incense.

'Will you come in, gentlemen,' he said; 'will you come in?' and his worthy rubicund face seemed to blossom like a tulip.

'But you were going out; we are disturbing you, I fear.'

'Not in the least. The thermometer has risen three degrees since noon, and I am thirsty—oh! so thirsty, do you see, and I was going to get a glass of beer at the restaurant. We'll drink some bottles at home instead; it will come to the same thing. Do come in.'

He conducted us to the refectory, a large low vaulted room, and as dark as a cave. The high oak wainscot reached to the arched and barred windows. On the walls hung what looked like large black spots; these were some old smoky pictures, whose colours had become indistinguishable through lapse of time; at the end of the room was a large earthenware oven pyramid-shaped; all round the hall were oak benches shiny with use. An odour of victuals and greasy food pervaded the room; and sitting at the table, from which the cloth had not yet been removed, it being still covered with the remains of the dessert, crumbs of bread, corks, and empty bottles and glasses, were four or five monks, their complexions yellow as wax, their heads tottering with age, their backs bent, and looking altogether so old and broken, so shrivelled and shrunk, so decrepit and dumb, that they seemed more like a row of stuffed owls; their bushy white eyebrows hung over their sunken eyes, which were half-closed as if they had already entered upon their last long sleep.

The superior or 'president' made us sit down, and disappeared, soon returning from the cellar with a great demi-john of holy water, whose round proportions very much resembled his own in miniature.

'It is very good,' he said, pouring out for us some juice from the Lord's vines.

Then smiling out of one corner of his eye, he carried the glass to the light to examine the limpid

colour; then clinking it against ours, he swallowed the liquid at a gulp, with a pleasure which was amusing to see.

From the refectory the 'president' took us to his room. As we were traversing a long corridor as bare as a Zulu warrior, a tall woman with her sleeves tucked up came out of a doorway. I could not help looking surprised; the monk explained that she was the cook, boasted much of her talents, and wanted to keep me to supper so that I might judge for myself.

In the 'president's' room we found quite an arsenal —guns, sabres, and pistols; a book-case of carved oak, whose glass-doors were furnished with green curtains hiding sugar-basins and jars of jam. We sat on the sofa, and our conversation was as capricious as the smoke of our pipes and cigars. At last we came down to the church, the altar of which is ornamented with two wooden statues, Saint Wendolin, patron of shepherds, and Saint Agatha, patron of virgins, who was represented as holding forth to the spectator on a plate something which might be taken for a couple of halved lemons.

From the convent, the 'president' came with us to the restaurant, kept by a Jew, and frequented by gentlemen of the long robe, of the sword, and of the church. An odd place enough; it consists of two rooms, each furnished with a sofa and a bed. The customers looked as if they had come there by invitation. Between the cup and the lip religious discus-

sions were heard which were truly Greek to French ears. To hear the monks in this country talk, you would imagine that they had nothing religious about them but their coats. In 1848 many of them, finding that it was not good for man to live alone, demanded the restitution of the old law, allowing priests to marry. Rome refused, but certain curés and monks disobeyed, followed their own will, and publicly put in practice the injunction at the creation to 'increase and multiply.' And I have repeatedly heard, as a quite common occurrence, of priests presenting their children to visitors!

On coming out of the restaurant we witnessed an election scene, which was very amusing. In Hungary the candidates for parliament canvass for themselves like commercial travellers, to keep their interests warm. They arrive at head-quarters on a Friday or market-day, or on a Sunday, and establishing themselves like the late Mangin[1] in the public square, discourse for hours together, endeavouring to prove that no one can be equal to themselves, that they alone can save their country; in fact that they are the best candidates. One of these candidates had just arrived at Nagy-Atad. He had caused several chests

[1] An eccentric personage for twenty years well known in Paris, a sort of glorified cheap-Jack, who sold pencils. This trade he conducted in a handsome carriage, from whence he made orations of such extraordinary eloquence and originality, extolling his wares, that he never failed to draw crowds of hearers, and with a handsome presence and rich dress produced a remarkable effect; finally he amassed a large fortune, and retired about the time of the Franco-Prussian War.—*Tr.*

to be piled up in front of the shop at which he had taken up his quarters, and, mounted on this improvised tribune, harangued the crowd; but the opposition being overwhelming, it was in vain that the unfortunate orator tried to make himself heard; each time that he opened his mouth his voice was drowned in cries and shouts. At last, tired of the contest, we saw him descend from his pyramid of boxes, and retire sheepishly into the shop from which he had come out.

We returned, as promised, to dine with my host's friend. On our arrival, a girl of sixteen, with fair hair and soft blue eyes, came up to us, dressed in white fur, a lamb-skin, all embroidered with leather-work; it was our present host's daughter, who, as a joke, had tried on the pelisse I had bought at the fair. It became her to perfection, and with its warm colours, and its embroidery in relief, showed off to advantage the bewitching grace and fresh youth of the fair wearer, and made a charming picture.

A table laden with fruit and other refreshments was spread for us in the garden. The animation increased on the road; carts passed by at full trot, yoked for the most part to four strong horses; foals gambolling quite at liberty, with a bell round their necks, followed them. Beasts, carts, and men hastened rapidly and noisily by. On the other side of the road we saw a little inn on some rising ground, from which proceeded sounds of violins and cymbals, lively and melodious.

'Suppose we go and see the peasants dance?' proposed the ladies.

'An excellent idea,' was the common response, 'let us start.'

On fair days, Sundays, and *fête* days they always dance in Hungary. We arrived at the inn, just as the musicians were playing the first chords of a *czardas* (tchardach). The czardas is for Hungary what the polonaise is for Poland, and the waltz for Germany. It is the national and popular dance. The peasants had deposited their bags and sticks in a corner, and danced with all the fire of passion. They began by slowly turning round, clicking their heels together; then taking their partners by the waist, they made them pirouette and whirl round with an ever-increasing excitement; they then set them down, but only anew to take and whirl them off still more boldly; then all of a sudden, this feverish ardour abated like a changing wind. Next their partners, gently, with movements full of languor and softness, assumed the most coquettish and seductive *poses*, whereupon the ardour of the men was again lighted up, their enthusiasm burst forth once more in wildly earnest transports; in the paroxysm of their excitement, they struck themselves on the back of the neck, uttering guttural and wild cries of joy. It is not in the towns, but in the country, that one should see this truly Magyar dance, the czardas, which paints so well in lively colours the character

and manners of the people, their fire, their bursts of passion, their sudden depression, their vibrations, their anger, their melancholy fits and the languor of love.

Attracted by the music and noise, fresh couples continually arrived, put down what they were carrying, and gravely, without saying a word, mixed with the crowd, leading their wife or betrothed by the waist. The single hall of the inn was soon full, and the hostess, who was standing behind her casks, did not know whom to attend to first. The girls who should have served the customers had to dance with those who had no partners. Beggar women ornamented the threshold of the doors smiling, and as immovable as caryatides. To have a complete idea of the picture, the interior of the inn must be imagined. The roof was supported by heavy projecting beams, black and smoky; the glazed mud walls were cracked, threatening destruction; rickety chairs stood in front of lame tables, shining with grease; in one corner on the ground were a pail of water and a basket of rubbish and a broom; and on a miserable fire a saucepan was trying to boil; ragged clothes, torn cloaks, and trousers of an indescribable colour hung on wooden horses, recalling those wretched garments taken from the victims of suicide or murder that are to be seen hanging up in the Morgue.

The day was going on; it was time to start. About

five o'clock we got into the carriage to return to the puszta.

'That house over there has an odd look,' I said as I pointed out on our right a square house of two stories, which, with white walls and little black windows fitted with iron bars, looked somewhat like a large double-six.

'That is the district prison.'

'The prison! I should like to see it very much.'

'It is quite easy to do so, I believe.'

A sign was made to the coachman to draw up. We got out, and passing through a door that was not even locked, we entered into the court, where the jailer, a tall military-looking red-faced man, his hair closely cut, and a bunch of keys fastened to his side, smoked his chibouk, between two gendarmes.

'This gentleman is a stranger,' said my friend, introducing me, 'and he is anxious to visit your prison.'

'Willingly—hum! hum! most willingly,' said the jailer, coughing; 'such damned tobacco, they make it so strong now! an odd way of making up for its bad quality!'

He got up, and puffing like a broken-winded horse, ascended the five or six steps conducting to a long corridor, on which the door of the prison opened.

The largest key grated in the lock, the plates and bars of iron fell with a lugubrious noise, and the

heavy door opened, creaking on its hinges. We saw in a little cell of from about thirteen to sixteen feet, lighted only by a small air-hole, a young woman, very pale, with reddened eyes, who immediately hid her head with its disordered hair in her hands, quickly turning her face to the wall.

'What is she accused of?' whispered my friend into the jailer's ear.

'Infanticide.'

I afterwards learned that abortion is practised on a vast scale in all the Calvinistic villages of this part of Hungary. The women do not want to have more than two children, and have recourse to the most barbarous habits in order not to exceed this limit.

The jailer opened a second door which led from the first cell. Lying on a mattress, a broken jug by her side, was a woman sobbing. She had killed her husband with a blow of a hatchet, and had boiled the corpse.

'Will she be condemned to death?' I asked.

'Certainly.'

Capital punishment has never been abolished in Hungary. Murderers, parricides, infanticides are all hanged. Formerly, the nobles could be put to death only by the sword; the sword was even used in the case of women of noble birth. During the three days which precede the execution, the condemned is taken great care of, and well fed. At the end

of the third day the executioner brings him for his supper a capon, with a cord round its neck. Formerly the capon, served in this manner to those who were to be beheaded on the morrow, had its head cut off, and its legs and wings fastened with a red thread. Executions still take place in the open air, and with an antique solemnity. The condemned is conveyed bound in a cart open at the sides, with his back to the horses, so that he cannot see the gallows erected for him. Opposite him is the priest, who prays in a loud voice. The carriage is surrounded by an escort of men armed with guns, pikes, and pitchforks. The church-bell tolls the funeral knell.

Before leaving the prison the executioner, who wears red breeches, asks pardon of the condemned for being obliged to put him to death. Then, accompanied by soldiers who are bound to protect him against the people, if unhappily he should perform his horrible task badly, he goes to the scaffold by a different road from that taken by the criminal. As soon as he has accomplished his sad office, he takes his hat in his hand, and goes round collecting alms to pay for mortuary masses for the soul of the dead man.

Thirty years ago the bodies of those who were hanged remained on the gallows until they literally fell to pieces. The superstitious people used to come in the night to cut off a shred of the dress, or,

what they valued more, the little finger; if any one had in his pocket a little finger of a man who had been hanged, he imagined he could steal without being found out, or even without being seen by any one.

The sun was sinking when we left behind us the road of Nagy-Korpad, to cut across the steppe. The peasant men and women who passed us going to the village improvised short songs, simple and expressive, yet seemingly to me more full of humanity and originality than the German *lieder;* perhaps the love expressed therein is not so ideal, but it is truer. Here is one of the songs which was heard on the road behind us, and of which the breeze wafted the melancholy and sonorous notes:—

'Thy neckerchief is soiled; it is easy to see thou hast no one to love thee; give it to me; I will wash it; I will be your true friend.'

A conclusion so tender to a beginning so prosaic!

Amongst these popular songs, which celebrate love, wine, war, and the chase; amongst these songs which tell of the glory and disasters of their country, the joys and sorrows of the heart, the dangers and pleasures of the brigand's life, of the czikos (horse-keeper) lost in the puszta in the midst of herds of wild horses, there are some which are perfect *chefs-d'œuvre* of lyric poetry and musical melody. Poetry, like music, is born with the Magyar peasant; and some of the melodies, improvised on the return from

a fair, during a bivouac of shepherds, in the midst of a dance, of a night's travelling under the starry skies of the steppe, have been taken possession of by the Gipsies, who have set them to original characteristic music, diversified with a thousand variations on the enchanted strings of their instruments.

END OF VOL. I.

PRINTED BY T. AND A. CONSTABLE, PRINTERS TO HER MAJESTY,
AT THE EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY PRESS.

119